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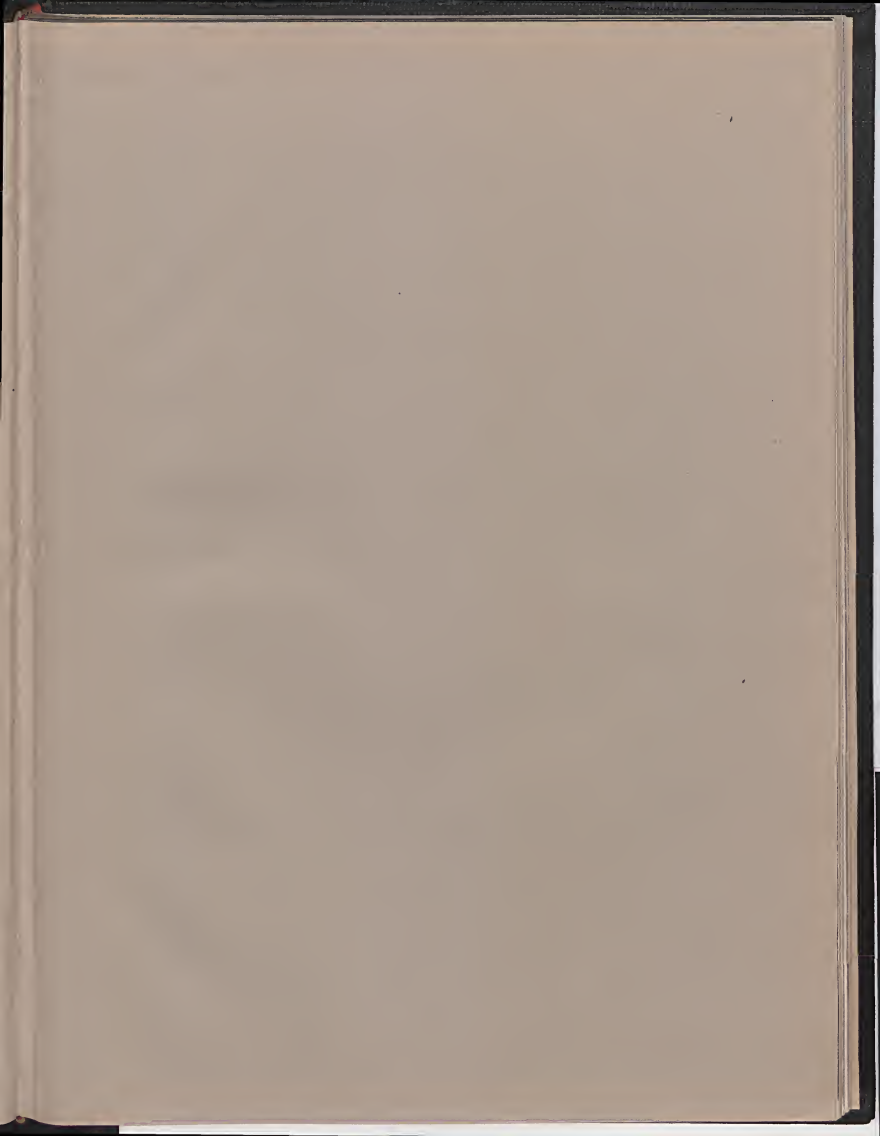
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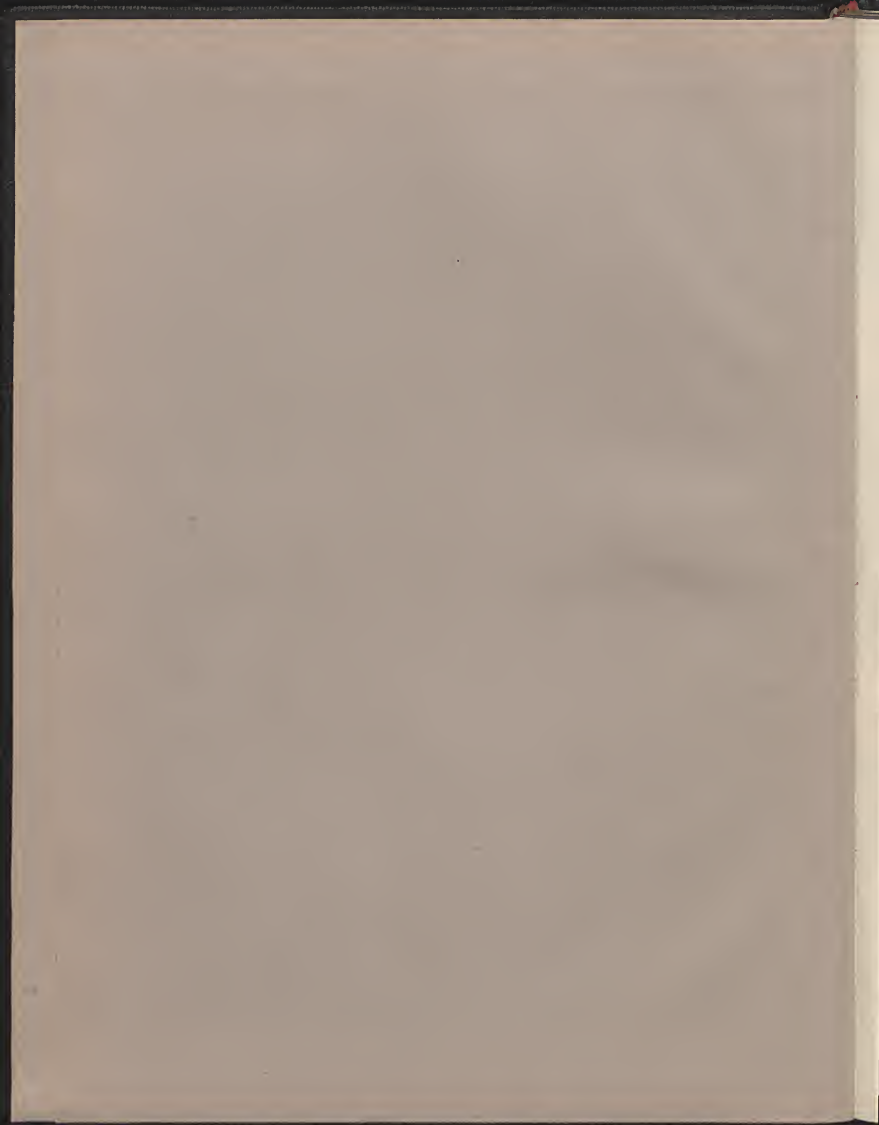
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The Student

Vol. 1, No. 1

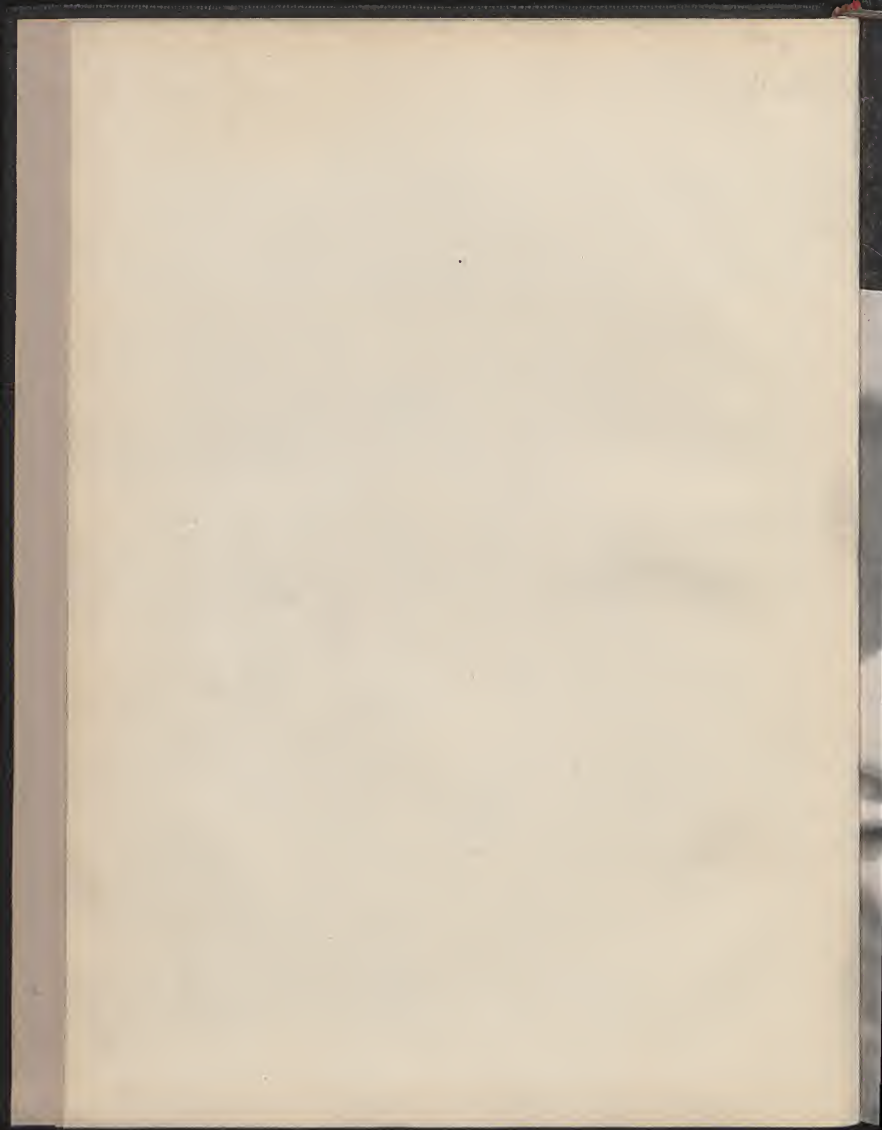
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The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 1

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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October

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he thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love,

I see thee stand where all thy sisters melt
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of the fruitful year,
And on thy cheek a tear.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute;

A hectic splendor lights thy days to sleep,
Ere the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun, who prays;

High and faint-heard thy passing migrant calls;
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep;

The sun swings farther toward his love, the south,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers.

Would that thy streams were Lethe, and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow,
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness.

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fore us forth to roam,
Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire,
Woven of blood and fire,
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm,

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly, to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a Mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair.

John Charles McNeill

"October" is used with the permission of Professor J. L. Memory, a nephew of John Charles McNeill and owner of the copyrights to McNeill's volume of poetry, "Songs Merry and Sad."

The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 1

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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The Spirit of Fall

Fall, the time of the year when color prevails, school opens, people draw closer together, and football becomes America's national sport. The zest, the spirit, and the color were caught by Les Fox when he snapped Darlene Herman in action for the cover.

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February and April by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: \$2.00 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C. Printed by Edwards & Broughton Co., Raleigh, N. C.

STUDENT Reviews

Sweet Thursday by John Stienbeck

A Time To Love and a Time To Die by Erich M. Remarque

A Time To Love and a Time To Die, ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, New York, Harcourt Brace and Company, 1954.

Erich Maria Remarque's most recent book is the simply written, compelling story of a young German soldier's return to Germany from the Russian front at a time when

the Nazi regime began to weaken in the months after Stalingrad.

Ernst Graeber, the young German, is bitterly weary of war, and with the sight of a ruined Russia around him, he begins to wish for his home, for order, warmth and an end to the constant horror of death. His is the age-old silent weariness, a despair too complete to afford itself expression, for he has begun to realize the enormity of the German crimes. One of Graeber's friends tells him, "For ten years we have been isolated—isolated in a hideous, inhuman and ridiculous arrogance that cries to heaven."

As Graeber nears home on furlough, he is surprised at the destruction that has been done to Germany since the bombings began. The order and security he had hoped to find on his return are not there; in their place is something very near to chaos, for the bombardment has taken its toll. He is unable to comprehend at first; when he goes to his home and finds it destroyed, he at last realizes the truth. Germany is being brought to her knees by foes more powerful than herself, and the end can only be a question of time. He cannot find his parents and begins a frantic search for them. All records by means of which such people are found have been disrupted.

At the house of his family's former physician he meets a young

(Continued on page thirty-six)

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The Blind Life

Most of us as children played the game "Follow the Leader." We followed, blindly, whatever the leader did, and wherever the leader went, not thinking, just following. All too many of us, as students, are still playing the childhood game; we allow ourselves to be directed by the popular thing to do. We refuse to take the initiative, have confidence in our own judgments, or realize our own worth. We are striving, if indeed we are striving at all, only to be left alone and achieve the approval of the group.

Wake Forest has been known for its ability to produce leaders in the past 120 years. The college still has the ability and desire, but do the students? In the past the individual student felt it his responsibility to seek, by taking the initiative, the necessary steps toward knowledge. Now, however, the tendency is to feel that "knowledge leads to responsibility" and too many students do not want that burden.

It is not popular to seek out a professor after classroom hours or to request stack privileges in the library. Outside reading and parallel are taken like the proverbial "bitter gall"—dodged if possible and skimmed at best. To take down the name of a book suggested by the professor is frowned upon rather than taken as an opportunity to get a broader outlook. The situation has gotten to the point where the faculty does not expect the student to work.

The student who seeks what lies under the *dramatis personae* of the faculty is looked upon as coddling the professor and thus viewed with suspicion by the others.

This student has the initiative, the inner direction, to get the most out of his educational opportunity. As a rule he pays no attention to the inane platitudes or petty prejudices of the group and eventually emerges the leader, looked upon with amazement as Phi Beta Kappa, or *Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges*. The inner drive practiced as an undergraduate pays dividends in graduate or professional work.

The outer directed, imitative students of this apathetic generation find a "social security" in being one of the mass. These sneer, call their inner directed fellow student "brain" and maintain the same mental horizon with which they entered Wake Forest. The outer directed want nothing to interrupt their placidity. Being one of the gang is the important part of college life.

The student who fails to do his best is not being honest, either with himself or the person paying his way. He cannot see that opportunities offered, and not taken, have a habit of not returning. He refuses to believe that being a follower can become a habit, just as hard to break as smoking.

In *The Divine Comedy* as Dante entered Hell, he noticed a group of souls milling about the gates. He asked his guide, Virgil, how was it that these were neither in nor out, and why they lamented so. Virgil answered: "This miserable fate suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived without praise or blame. . . . These of death no hope may entertain: and their blind life so meanly passes, that all other lots they envy. Fame of them the world hath none, nor suffers; Mercy and Justice

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The Student

OCTOBER 29, 1954

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scorn them both. Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

F.H.A.

The Student and Baptist Youth

One hundred and fifty copies of this and the December issue of *The Student* are being sent to Mr. Harry D. Wood who is conducting the "Get Acquainted with Wake Forest College" program in the Leaksville-

Reidsville area. We are glad to support Mr. Wood one hundred per cent in his effort to show the young people of that area how Wake Forest College has served, and continues to serve, the people of North Carolina. By knowing what the College stands for, these Baptist students can more readily appreciate the needs which Wake Forest will have in the coming years.

The Student and Bowman-Gray

Copies of this edition of *The Student* will be made available to the Bowman-Gray Medical School and to the State Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem. The editors hope that by being a part of this collaborate effort, a closer relationship between these Baptist Institutions can be established, for such a relationship is surely needed.

Since 1834 Wake Forest College has graduated men of character — leaders in virtually every field throughout the United States. As a student here, you have the same opportunity, if not a better one, than the Wake Forest men and women who have gone before you. It is our sincerest hope that you will make the best of this opportunity, and that whenever possible, you will let us help you.

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Tony Wrenn

Resurrection In a Various Language

by William Laughrun

Tom Salesworth was thinking how much better it was to be out of the hospital, away from the smell of alcohol and disinfectant, sterilized sheets and antiseptic nurses. The broken leg had mended nicely, too. Still a little sore and stiff, but the salt water made it feel more flexible.

The crests of the waves broke just below his shoulders and slapped against his chest with a sharp clap. As long as he kept low in the water, it was very easy to walk. He floated with the bobbing waterline like a cork, his feet rising and falling on the sandy bottom. Whenever he stepped on a piece of seaweed, it sent cold chills all over him, especially in the leg that had lain in a cast for the past six weeks.

He was nearly a hundred yards out, and back on the beach he could see his mother lying on the blanket. Next to her was Evelyn, his fiancée, wearing that ridiculous straw hat he had sent her from Juarez. What in the world had ever possessed him to buy such a monstrosity? And what did the Mexican girl have to do with it? Oh, yes. He and Miguel were standing on the corner just across the International Bridge talking to the soldiers. Two more weeks, the soldiers said, until they could return to the Distrito Federal. Juarez? *Cómo?* Nothing but *turistas*. "Cahn we tayke yore peecture, see-nor?" mocked one, and they all had a big laugh. Then the black-haired girl with the huge gold earrings passed, walking toward El Paso. She reached

the corner, then turned, and started back, "Aye! Mira, hombre! Buena par' el plato," said another, and the muscles tightened under his green, sweaty shirt. *Chhh, cállate!*" Shut up! "Vamos," and the soldiers walked after the girl, talking loud enough to be heard. Curiously, but not with embarrassment, she made him remember Evelyn, who had a pair of earrings similar to those that the Mexican girl wore. He wondered if she were still at home, if she were still thinking of him. But of course she was. And he had to send her something. He reached in his pocket and counted what money he had left from the last check. Three dollars and some change. He and Miguel crossed the street to where the street-vendor was crying his wares to the passers-by.

"Si, señor, you dohn haf to speak Spanish. I speak English very well. You like the *sombrero de paja*? Only five pesos, an' ect is the finess quality . . ." "Oye, cuate," said Miguel to the vendor, "no es un gringo!"

"No, señor, por su puesto, tres pesos for the hat. Eet is yours, señor." When neither spoke, the vendor questioned humbly, "Two pesos, señor?"

She had laughed at first when he gave her the hat. She had a lovely, clear laugh. "You darling! Certainly I'll wear it. I'll never let you leave me again for a second. You can never send me another gift as long as you live!" How long ago it seemed, and how much waiting! They had had little time together, and Evelyn had been very patient, even after the accident when he was bitter about everything. He knew that she had been afraid to talk to him then, because he always made some sharp cynical retort that invariably ended in his own disgust and her crying. Yes, he had much to compensate for.

Both of the women on the blanket were watching him. He smiled at them and waved, then lowered himself into the water up to his chin. He was standing there lightly on the sand when a side-current caught his feet and swept him out a little way under water. He struggled violently against the undertow, but the weak leg was useless. His bursting lungs and muffled choking gradually subsided, and in a few seconds he was drowned.

Robert Cabot, the chief lifeguard, sat in the center chair, thinking to himself: "It can't happen today. Tomorrow, maybe, but not today." Obviously, everyone was having too much fun. And sometimes he would forget the possibility of it. It was just one of those things that didn't happen at all. But when it did, he knew, all the minutes of forgetting were caught up together, and all the anticipation that had covered many weeks was brought to bear in the single shock of a few seconds.

He saw the children playing in the surf, giggling and romping with sand in their hair; the men lying on their

backs, able to forget everything but comfort—warm relaxation in the abstract; young women tanning their bodies in the warm salty sunshine. It was a warm summer, and they were a family of bathers never to be disturbed.

He could remember how a crisis, a drowning, disrupted the comfort of the family with an intoxicating anticipation of shock, and yet with the pleasant assurance of safety. He remembered how the abstract would suddenly become the wonderfully concrete, and how passive sensuality or contemplation would take on all the past excitement the observers had ever known.

you know when we found his body it was so badly burned that you could not tell who he was and remember by the highway when the girl kept screaming for someone to pull her out from under the truck and nobody would because they were afraid it would explode and you could even see the broken glass in her face and the time the boat capsized on Lake Catherine when the loud smack of wood against water meant that you would probably drown and you kept swimming and swimming till they finally pulled you out and where were the rest of them? some were never found you know. All those things would happen again out there in the water. Everyone would scatter about with wild anxiety, remembering how it was the last time it happened, and they wouldn't want to miss it.

Cabot looked down at the woman on the blanket. Mary Louise was married to a marine stationed at Camp Leland, and both of them lived there, but she drove down to the beach—about twenty miles—every day. Usually her six-year-old niece came with her, and they would spread their blanket in front of his chair. She was plump, in her thirties, and she had a habit of smiling slyly at everything that was said, as though it invariably held a double entendre, and she wanted it known that she had caught it. She had traveled a great deal, she knew some places that Cabot knew, and she was not unattractive. She and Cabot were talking when Tom Salesworth limped out into the water, stopping now and then to look back at his fiancée and wave.

"Do you fellows really enjoy living on this island?" she asked.

"It's not so bad. We can leave every night—and usually do," said Cabot.

"The military throw a lot of parties out here, don't they? Up there at the pavilion?"

"About every night."

"Well, I should come down then sometime, maybe, huh?"

"There's no doorman, if that's what you mean?"

"It's just that there's nothing at all to do around the base, and it's always terribly hot."

"Why don't you bring your husband down sometime?"

"Oh, he never goes anywhere. A few days ago he

had to spend some time in the field—building an obstacle course, I think. He caught dysentery and now he's afraid to leave the house. I remember when we used to have great times. He was a pretty good sport before he joined the marines."

Cabot looked out over the water. Everyone was staying close to shore. The tide was going out, and it rolled the sandy bottom into a slow, even slope all the way out to the sand-bar.

"Mind if I sit under the umbrella?" asked Cabot.

"Sure, come on down," she answered smiling. He took another quick look up and down the beach, then back toward the beachhouse, and climbed down off the chair.

"Say you're from California?" he asked as he crawled on the blanket. She leaned down on her elbows beside him.

"Originally, yes, You know, I told you the other day we'd travelled a lot. Now we just follow the marines. San Berdoo, New Orleans, Washington, then back out to San Diego. While Chuck was in Korea, I stayed with my sister in Seattle. That's some town. Ever been there?"

"No, but I . . ."

"Hey, look at that little fish swim!" she interjected, pointing to her niece, who was flailing her arms in the breakers but making no headway.

"Oh, she's a corker," said Cabot.

"I'm scared to death to let her go in, since she's not

my kid. That's why I come down here—so you can keep an eye on her. She's a doll, all right." She smiled up at Brown, rested her head on his shoulder very casually, and watched her niece playing in the surf. The breakers were growing higher now, and the whitecaps more numerous.

"It's getting rougher, isn't it?" she said. But her cheek was warm on his shoulder and the soft, curly hair tickled his neck, and he did not hear what she said.

"You know it would be different if she was mine. You can imagine how it would be—keeping somebody else's kid—but she just loves to swim, and I guess this is the safest place to let her go in."

At that instant the mother of Tom Salesworth shouted, "Tom! Tom! Help!"

Robert Cabot jumped from the blanket and kicking hard to run, threw sand on Mary Louise. She raised up and strained her eyes to see what was happening, but she couldn't. There were too many feet running across in front of her.

Stretching out his legs until the tendons behind his knees ached, Cabot hit the edge of the surf and kept running. He dived, came up quickly, and wiped the water from his eyes. He could not see Tom Salesworth, but fifty yards to the right he saw someone with a crew-cut swimming out in the same direction. He lunged and started swimming again, blindly, trying to keep his head above water.

When at last he saw under one of the breakers the shallowness of the sand-bar, he stopped and planted his feet firmly in the sand. The other swimmer from shore had cut across in front of him.

"This is where . . . he went down," said the other, gasping convulsively for breath. Cabot looked over the water and under the whitecaps for a head, a hand, or a shadow, but still could see nothing. He pointed to the right of the man with the crew-cut.

"You swim over that way . . . not too far out." Cabot felt the side-current pushing against his ankles and washing the sand from under his feet with a slow but powerful tug. For the first time he began to be afraid; a paralyzing fear numbed his arms and his legs, a fear of not finding the man that had washed out. He had not blown his whistle at the man, not warned him of the side-wash, not been watching when he was pulled under, and he was not ready when the woman cried for help. Too late all the way around.

Taking another deep breath, he lunged forward again and watched for a sign of Tom Salesworth. Another few yards and he treaded water, the salt burning his eyes. Suddenly it came to him, a flash of insight that for the moment seemed to solve the whole situation. Of course, the man would not be here. He would be down to the right, where the side-wash would have carried him, near the place where the other man was swimming. But

(Continued on page twenty-four)



Wrenn

*In this century the military atmosphere has permeated even
prepare for our vocations, we find ourselves expecting
In these two features are related experiences with the military
this summer. These young men were
for what some believe to be inevitable, the world-engulfing*

STUDENT VACATIONS IN

Three Wake Foresters Train at Naval OCS

by Charles Newman

In Newport, Rhode Island, in a maze of schools ranging from that of Quartermaster to that of Gunners Mate, sits the Navy Officer Candidate School. This training school is open only to college graduates, preferably to men who have previously served in the Navy—many had been in from 10 to 20 years. But the Navy has planned for undergraduates, too. For Reservists who are students in colleges or universities that do not have Naval ROTC, a program called Reserve Officer Candidate School has been added to the many schools already located at the Naval Station in Newport.

For the college men the school lasts for eight weeks in each of two summers. (Regular Officer Candidate School lasts 16 weeks.) Upon completion of college work and two summers' training, Reserve Candidates receive a commission as Ensign, USNR. From there, they serve three years on active duty, as indicated in an agreement with the Navy.

Of the some 500 Reservists in OCS last summer, there were three Wake Forest men: Owen Herring and Charles Newman, both enrolled in their first summer's training, and Tom Caudle, who finished his second summer of required work.

The work in ROCS is not easy. Courses for the undergraduates are the same as those for graduates in OCS, and not much different from those taken by the

old salts who have been "white hats" for ten or more years. Seven subjects are outlined for the candidates while at the school. Naval Weapons, a course involving the make up of weapons and how to use them, is among the hardest.

Learning the parts of a sixteen-inch battery is only a matter of memorizing; but learning how and why each part is where it is, is another matter. But, as the saying goes, things go on this way for a while, then suddenly get worse. One of the most useless courses of the entire Navy set-up is this: students learn how to aim the large guns to hit the target every time—then they are told that a complicated machine is aboard every ship to calculate instantaneously what they spend three weeks learning.

But the three weeks were not in vain. Someone has to decide what goes into the machine, and this is the Gunnery Officer's function. Undoubtedly, many men out of the 500 will later take over this job.

Navigation is a more interesting subject. It is an easy matter to follow the signs down a highway to a destination, but there are no road signs in the middle of an ocean. The navigator, then, has to compute his ship's position and its estimated course. Wind, tides, ship's speed, compass errors, currents, and a slip of

(Continued on page thirty)

ated eve of life. Rather than being able to
expect² subjected to the draft, ROTC or Universal Military Training.
itary Wake Forest students had
were ing or sightseeing; they were training
engulfary clash with communism.

IN HIS MILITARY AGE

ROTC Cadets Camp at Fort McClellan

by William Pate

Fort McClellan, Alabama, squats in a mountain bowl encircled by ridges. In the morning the mountain ridges are outlined against the sky before the sun rises. In the evening the sky glows for a few moments before darkness clamps down like a blanket.

When the 68 of us left our homes June 18, the weather was cool and pleasant. We tossed our luggage in automobiles, squeezed in with it, and set out for six weeks of what we were told would be intensive army training. Training designed to make officers and men of us all. We were going to be soldiers for a month and a half and we felt pretty proud about it.

Most of us detoured to Atlanta, Georgia, that Saturday night to celebrate a last bit of freedom. Mighty Atlanta increased its population as Wake Forest men from all parts of the eastern seaboard showed up at downtown hotels and Georgia Tech fraternity houses. With a few memories and a few headaches we arrived at Fort McClellan, ninety or a hundred miles away, the following (Sunday) morning.

Sunday afternoon was a melee of processing and orientation. All Wake Forest men were assigned to Company A, second and third platoons, of the ROTC battalion. In the second platoon Sfc. Howard Rarden, one of our own Wake Forest instructors, tucked his men in their allotted bunks. In the third platoon a big

soft-spoken master sergeant, M/Sgt. Dickerson, guided his charges through a maze of equipment, barracks assignments, and confusing details.

Fort McClellan is the base for two Army schools. One is the Army Chemical School; the other is a Women's Army Corps Training Center. We were interested in both. Professionally, though, we were concerned only with the Army Chemical School. The Chemical Corps ROTC Summer Camp was set up to receive young officer candidates from schools all over the nation.

Wake Forest's contingent was the second largest group in the Camp. The Regular Army cadre for our company consisted of officers and enlisted men detached to other schools or assigned for the six weeks tour from Airborne units around the country. We knew them only by their rank and last name unless they came from our school.

Major Frank Wright, Company A commander, came from the ROTC unit at Texas A and M, along with one platoon of A Company made up entirely of men from the same school. Sfc. Karl Fisher, cadre first platoon sergeant, was from Wake Forest. Second platoon sergeant, Sfc. Howard Rarden was another Wake Forest man. M/Sgt. Dickerson, third platoon sergeant, we knew was from Atlanta. It was rumored that he headed a high school ROTC unit there.

Lieutenants Light, Allen, and Horton were Airborne officers assigned to our unit for the summer. They were the rugged individuals, the epitome of the tough, fighting soldier who walked tall and lived and breathed combat. In our eyes there was a sort of halo around these three. We listened with awe to their accounts of battle and vowed to ourselves that this was what we, too, would someday be.

The Chemical Corps ROTC Summer Camp is a specialized training course in chemical warfare. It is manifested in classes in the open and practical field training, in addition to swift gambit of every phase of the Chemical Corps. But it is more than that. It is the dust and sweat of the field, mosquitos and heat rash, aching and sleep-starved bodies. It is the off-duty hours, the week

M/Sgt. Dickerson is no longer soft-spoken and fatherly. His eyes gleam under his helmet liner and his voice seems to reverberate to Choccolocco Gap and back.

"If you people can't get out of those barracks faster than that, you'll be coming out for a couple of hours this evening with your foot lockers at port arms."

"The next man to ask me what he's supposed to wear at reveille, I'm gonna squeeze his neck 'till his head pops off."

And Dickerson crushes an imaginary neck between his two big fists.

The three lieutenants are around you and behind you and among you, watching and waiting for that first mistake. And you sweat, straining to do it right the next time and hoping the hatred welling up doesn't show in your face. You gripe and curse when you stumble into the latrine at 4 a.m., throw water on your face, dress in the barracks and make that five-second dash to reveille formation. You wonder just how much it is really worth, when you have done 15 or 20 repetitions of every exercise in PT, then have to "take 10" push ups for not getting all your gear back on in 30 seconds.

But when you hit that week of bivouac on Pelham range you wonder why you did not realize you had it so easy before. By the time you have marched five hot, dusty miles with gas mask and rifle, spent the day on obstacle courses, trudged those same burning miles back to your area only to leave after supper on a night problem in pitch blackness, then, and only then, do you realize how wonderful barracks life is.

Bivouac means sleeping in a two-man tent with your rifle and your gas mask at your side and rain in your face. It means a face full of tear gas if you do not get your mask on in time. But it is not all bad. You remember the times you sat on the edges of a broken trail and listened to the cadet platoon leader make the listening post assignments. You remember the watermelon feast by carbide lamps in the company area or the only time you ever really got cool—in a spring-fed pool hidden in the forest whose waters must have been 40 or 50 degrees.

Fort McClellan was hard work for us and nobody denies it. But when the end came around we quickly forgot the nasty things we said about our three lieutenants, or that feeling in the pit of our stomachs when Sgt. Dickerson bellowed our names. We took what the Army threw at us because at first we knew we had to, and then we had learned that we could take it.

Most of our understanding of what the Chemical Corps ROTC Summer Camp had done for us came in those last few days. We knew six weeks had not made us officers, but we learned to appreciate what those gold bars meant. They did not make us all 30-year men either, but we developed a healthy respect for the Army system.

Autumn Ballet

Leaves
Pirouetting
To the ground,
Pausing now in arabesque suspended,
Revel
In their art new-found.
Their pas de deux by Nature's eye attended.

Leaves,
By the wild North,
Set to motion,
Recreating innate dances, sally forth
Suppliant, bend to whispers and to sighs
Mimic
Themselves (in ages gone) to music
which the wind supplies.

Jim Dunn

ends in Tallapoosa and Atlanta, Georgia, the chapel services on Sunday, and Protestant and Catholic services in the field.

The Summer Camp is a potpourri of experience in living that cannot be told with facts or statistics. You have to go through it to understand it. You learn quickly and if you forget you learn again. You do not leave your bunk unmade in the morning or forget to lock your foot locker when you leave your barracks. When and if you do forget, you are reminded in graphic, Army fashion. If you fail to obey commands, the generous number of push ups you get in morning physical training are good reminders that you will obey the next command. And you learn to do exercises by the side of roads with a nine and a half pound rifle resting on your hands because you unwisely scratched your nose while at attention. Or you did them on the rifle range because a pocket was unbuttoned.

SEMINARY CAMPUS

by Charles Newman

Wake Forest College is undergoing a change. In a year or two, the college will leave the town of Wake Forest and move to another city. In Winston-Salem, only the traditions and the spirit will be the same—everything else will be new. But what is to become of the old campus, where the college has stood for some 120 years?

The Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, the newest Southern Baptist institution, is buying the old campus—from the buildings and the athletic grounds to the magnolias. The three-year old school has about 300 students at present, but after the college is gone, that number will rise to more than twice that amount, perhaps even more. For the seminary's use, the campus will have to undergo many changes: some of them not so big, but others, as big as new buildings that will rise among the magnolias.

Perhaps the biggest change will be that of the Social Science Building. In 1900, the red-brick structure was erected as a gymnasium. For thirty-five years, it served in that capacity, then it was remodeled for use by the Social Science Department. Since that time, it has served not only that use, but also as a meeting place for men and coeds—after they came to Wake Forest. The building now has little future planned for it. Seminary architects plan to remove it. The cost of repair

and upkeep on the old building will be too great, say seminary officials. The wear and tear of basketball games in seasons long past, and the thousands of students who have passed over its oiled floors have been too much for the antenna-topped building.

A new reading-room section will be built on to the Library in the place of the present one. The two-story stack room section is to be retained and used as it is presently being used. On the second floor graduate students will replace the law students.

The Alumni Building, which has been on the south side of the campus since 1906, has an uncertain future. The first floor of the building, which has, according to legends, been burned out twice in its forty-nine years of housing—first, the medical school, then the English and Physics Departments—is to be held as a stand-by for classrooms should the seminary's enrollment call for it. If it should be used, the upper stories of the building may be sealed off or perhaps used for storage.

At Reynolda, Wake Forest students will have a new student-center located at the end of the plaza. At the seminary, too, the students will have a new student-center, but this one is to be housed in what is now the Chemistry Building, or the "Lea Laboratory," as it is listed in college publications. Architects say that the ivy-covered walls of the buildings are the most archi-

tecturally beautiful on the campus. The sinks and faucets of the laboratories are to be taken out and replaced with possibly a soda fountain, easy chairs, a piano, and other recreational facilities. Also in the sixty-six year old shell will be rooming facilities for guests of the seminary.

The chapel, one of the newest buildings on the campus, will remain the same on the outside. Inside, the stage will be removed. In place of the rows of wooden, straight backed chairs will be pews. The interior will be remodeled so as to give it the distinction of a sanctuary. It will be totally redesigned along more ecclesiastical lines. In the basement of the chapel will rise a stage in place of the ROTC equipment now below the auditorium. Instead of weapons, there will be equipment for audio-visual training, and instead of military plans, there will be dramatic productions.

Johnson Dormitory, long the habitat of upperclass coeds, will continue its dormitory use. Couples without children, single women, or single men, as the space is needed by the seminary, will take charge of the halls. The suites arranged in sections up and down the long halls are suitable for occupancy by any of the three classes of students.

Shall I Forever Walk Alone?

Shall I forever walk alone?

Beside the sea and hear the waves
which are never alone, but in
company with currents and foam
and shells and fish which she presses
all to her cheek to hold them there
so she will never be alone.

Shall I forever walk alone?

Beneath the moon that holds close a
black sky, and gazes steadfastly
at planets which return her gaze,
and looks at stars who wink at
her, and trips a golden path across the
water to whatever else she needs
for company.

Shall I forever walk alone?

Within a world where people walk
in twos and fours and crowds and
laugh and talk and share with
each other the things I can not
share, since now I walk alone.

Lord, shall I forever walk alone?

Tony Wrenn

Bostwick Dormitory, originally used by the men students of old Wake Forest, will be refitted with long-needed plumbing and used to house couples without children, instead of the freshmen coeds who now room behind the tall pillars.

Hunter Dormitory, the residence of many male students since it was built in 1914, will still house single men, but not until after it has undergone a modernization and general repair. Simmons Dormitory, which has seen fraternity men come and go since fraternities have existed around Wake Forest, will have a complete change of occupants. Instead of pledges running in and out of the five sections, children of seminary students living in the fifteen apartments planned for the building will have taken their places. The three floors of each of the sections are to compose an apartment. As the building now stands, it will not have too much to be done to it. Stair wells are to be cased-in so as to insure privacy for each of the apartments.

Wait Hall, the Music-Religion Building, which the seminary now partially occupies, and the Johnson Building are to be used almost as they are now. Wait Hall will continue to house the administrative offices of the new institution. Any changes in any of the three buildings will be made after a few year's usage shows the needs. Instead of Spanish, Biology, and Psychology, classes of Old and New Testament, Theology and Philosophy of Religion will be held in each of the buildings.

As for the gym, the athletic grounds and Groves Stadium, the seminary officials do not say. Certainly Gore Gym can be used by the seminary students for their recreational use. The golf course would be welcomed in any school, and the seminary will be no exception. But Groves Stadium has been a puzzle to all who have heard of the purchase of the campus. What could a theological institution do with a football field, complete with seats for 15,000 and a press box? Some quote Dr. Sydnor Stealey, president of the seminary, as saying he will use the stadium for an inverted Babylonian hanging garden. Other tales of its use have circulated among alumni of the college and friends of both institutions. Some say that the seminary will use it for visiting evangelists; others say that intramural football will be played there. But no one has been able to guess its future.

Some \$800,000 has been allocated for remodeling the whole campus and for a tentative housing project, planned by Six Associated, Inc., of Asheville, the architects retained by the seminary for the project.

Physically, the campus could not be expected to change a great deal. The same buildings, still surrounded by the magnolias, all nestled inside of the old rock wall, will remain. The students and faculty will change; Wake Forest College will change; but to those who return after the removal the same traditional campus will remain.

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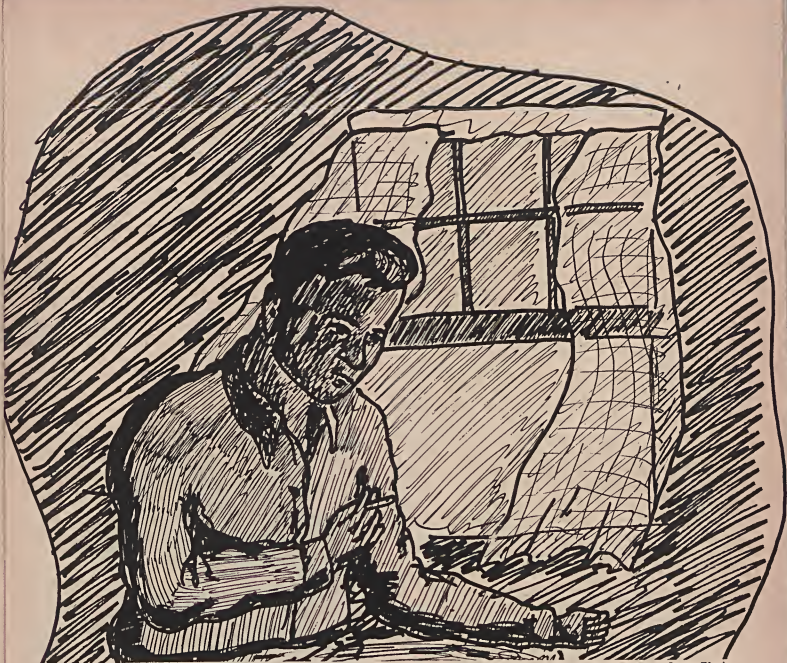
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No. 1



Larry Black

Wherever You Go

by Durrell Bullock

It wouldn't be long now. At eleven-thirty he had heard his parents ascend the stairs from the living room. They came down the hall past his closed door and went into their own bedroom. His mother had paused outside his door before following her husband.

"Jim must be asleep," he had heard her say. "Do you think I should put his window down?"

"No," his father had replied from their bedroom.

"I know, but it's going to rain. It's been thundering all night. I don't want it to rain on his bed."

"Martha, the boy's seventeen now. I think he's able to put his window down if he wants to."

She had left then and gone into the room with her husband. Jim heard the door close behind her. He threw back the sheet which covered him and sat on the edge of the bed. From the night table he took a pack of cigarettes, chose one, and lit it. His hand trembled slightly.

No, it won't be long now, he thought. They're going to bed and in a little while I can leave.

Julia would be waiting for him. Five blocks away on

Third Avenue, where the bridge crossed the railroad tracks, was Eddie's, open each morning until two. At twelve-thirty, Julia would be there. He didn't want to be late.

His mother opened her bedroom door and came into the hall. Jim crushed his cigarette in the ashtray and flattened himself on the bed again as her bare feet slapped past his door on the hardwood floor. She went into the bathroom and he could hear the sound of water in the basin as she brushed her teeth.

The clock on the night table ticked loudly; its flüorescent face seemed to grin at him in enmity; the sound of its rhythmic ticking was a discouraging laughter which screamed, "You will not make it, will not make it. . . ." It was eleven forty-five. His mother was still in the bathroom.

Good God, he thought, why doesn't she hurry up and go to bed? He stared at the clock and waited.

His mother left the bathroom and her feet slapped a slow route towards her bedroom. She paused in front of Jim's door and quietly called his name. Jim remained silent, his eyes fixed on the clock, his breathing rapid and heavy. His lips moved, forming the words like a silent prayer:

"I'm all right. It's not going to rain, not tonight. Go to bed. I'm all right."

His mother stirred outside his door. Then he heard the door knob rattle as her hand grasped it and he buried his head deeper in the pillow and shut his eyes. She opened the door and stood in the doorway. She said nothing, nor did she move. Jim could imagine her peering into his room through the darkness, wondering if he were asleep. He wished she would leave.

"It's going to rain in that window tonight," she muttered. "I ought to put it down."

But she didn't. Jim heard her step back into the hall and close the door behind her. The sound of her retreating footsteps was barely audible, as was the distant squeaking of bedsprings as she climbed slowly into bed. He was out of bed quickly then. He fumbled his way hurriedly into the clothes he had thrown across his desk chair. The noise of the clock droned methodically through the dark room as the luminous hands swept precious time away from him. He sat on the edge of the bed, felt around on the floor for his shoes, then crammed his left foot into the wrong one. Cursing his haste, he tied his shoes, still aware of fleeting time. At last he was ready to leave. It was twelve-fifteen.

The screen went up easily and noiselessly. He climbed out onto the porch roof and the damp night air tickled his face and arms and made him shiver. He closed the screen behind him, tiptoed across the shingled incline of the roof, and climbed easily down the oak tree whose limbs slouched against the side of the house. On the ground, he broke into a run toward Eddie's. He did not look back.

It was lightning when he breathlessly saw Eddie's. The thunder was closer and more frequent, but he ignored it, barely hearing its rumble. He ran to the front door of the white frame restaurant, opened it, and went inside.

His eyes looked everywhere at once as the screened door swung shut behind him; a thousand questions shot through his mind in a matter of seconds as he wondered if she would be there. At first, he saw only the group of three men seated at the counter in the rear, talking loudly over cups of coffee. They looked at him as he entered, then went back to their own conversation. He stood beside the juke box momentarily as it vibrated under the tension of a loud rhythm and blues tune which he had heard countless times before at the beach earlier in the summer.

Then he saw her. She was sitting alone at the third booth, nursing a milk shake through a straw, glancing through a woman's magazine which lay open on the booth counter before her. A cigarette in the groove of an ashtray beside the magazine had burned down almost



to its end. She looked up as Jim approached her booth, and her smile greeted him as he slid into the seat opposite her.

"Well," she said, "I see you made it."

"Yeah. I ran all the way, but I'm here. You been waiting long?"

"Long enough to drink a shake, smoke a cigarette, and look at a magazine. But I did them all at once, so it didn't take too long. Have any trouble getting out?"

"A little. The folks think I'm still in bed. At least, I hope they do."

Eddie, a short squatty man, his forehead spotted with perspiration from working over the grill, came over to the booth to get the order. Eddie had opened his place years before, worked it alone, and had come to know practically everyone in the neighborhoods around him.

"Out pretty late aren't you, Jim?" he asked. The smell of beer caked each breath. Business had evidently been slow tonight, and Eddie had had empty time on his hands.

Jim didn't answer, but ordered a soft drink and lit a cigarette.

"Your folks mind you being out so late?" he asked.

She looked at him and started to smile, but didn't.

"I don't really know. I never asked them, and they don't ever say much of anything about what I do. Daddy's still out somewhere and mother went to bed about nine. Got tired of waiting for him, I guess." She turned the page in the magazine and leaned closer to it to study an advertisement for expensive dresses.

"I wish I could dress like that," she said, and held the magazine so Jim could see the picture of a sophisticated career girl dressed in a tight beige suit, lounging against the side of a custom sports convertible. "Just think," she said, "some people really live like that."

"You'd get tired of it, trying to decide what to spend your millions on next. People that seem to have everything always have the worst time in life."

"Did you get that out of some book?" She studied the picture again, and Jim watched her, amused at her interest. "Just look at that car," she said. "If I had something like that to move around in, I'd never stop moving. You ought to see the one Daddy has. Moves like a turtle with a broken leg."

"Is he working late tonight?"

"Who, daddy?" She pushed the magazine aside.

"That's what mother would like to know. He stays out like this about three nights a week; he'll come in about four in the morning. Mother used to worry about it, but now she just goes to bed and doesn't say anything. Guess she's got used to it by now."

"I'm sorry," Jim said, and then regretted saying it. Julia looked at him and grinned faintly. There was a somewhat puzzled look on her face, as if she was wondering why he should be sorry. What would he do about it, anyway?

He watched her as she lifted the big paper cup out of its metal holder to drink what was left of the milk shake. Her blond hair rested against her forehead in loose confusion, but it seemed to fit perfectly with the white dress shirt which hung down to the legs of her faded blue jeans. Her lips carried the trace of lipstick which had evidently been applied hours ago.

Nevertheless, Jim thought, I wish she would comb her hair. It would look better. He felt suddenly as

though he would like to comb it for her himself. He would like that; to be able to sit next to her, talk to her, comb her hair for her. He started to move over to her side, but she looked at him and wanted to know where he was going, and he leaned back in his own seat and said, "Nowhere."

"Have you got a comb?" he asked suddenly.

"Why? Does my hair need it?"

"It doesn't need it exactly. I'd just like to see you comb it."

"That makes a lot of sense." She pulled a comb out of her shirt pocket and started pushing it through her hair. "Look any better?"

"Yeah. Make it look like it did this afternoon at the pool."

"Well, how did it look then?"

"Good."

Julia looked at him somewhat confused, as though his description didn't tell her anything. Jim grinned back at her, remembering the way her hair had looked when he saw her for the first time at the local swimming pool that afternoon. He had seen her, alone, sitting on the edge of the pool, dangling her feet in the water. She had not been in swimming then, and her hair was dry and short, and combed into a deep wave in front; it even seemed to glisten a little in the sunlight. He had stood on the opposite side of the pool and stared at her a long time before he finally went over and started talking to her.

Julia tossed the comb on the table. "Is that all right?" she asked, leaning up to see herself in the mirror on the wall.

"Looks pretty good."

Eddie appeared through a door at the rear of the cafe bringing Jim's drink.

"Sorry I took so long, Jim. I had to get it out back. We're out up here in front."

The beer smell was stronger, fresher. Eddie disappeared through the same rear door.

"Did you see me staring at you this afternoon?" Jim asked her.

"No. Did you?"

"A long time. I was trying to figure out if you were by yourself."

"Is that all you were thinking about?"

"Not exactly. There was more."

"What else?"

"I'd better not say. You might not appreciate it."

They talked for a long time, their conversation augmented by cigarettes, another soft drink apiece, and the continuous rumble of the corner juke box. It was a conversation of trivialities; a dialogue of easily forgettable things which killed time and riveted their attention upon each other.

For Jim, though, it should be more than an early morning conversation. He wanted it to last and be more

than just a nighttime rendezvous which would die as soon as they left here and afterwards exist merely as a memory of how exciting and good it had been. He could feel the excitement of it rushing through him, now, as he sat opposite her, fascinated by the whispery softness of her voice, the way her cheek dimpled when she smiled, even the very idea of being out with her. He wanted it to last; the two of them sitting there together, even until daybreak, talking, smoking, listening to the records, laughing. . . .

But it had to end. Julia made the first move.

"It's pretty late," she said. "I'd better go."

"I'll walk you home, then."

"Oh, no. No, it's just a block or two, really. I'll make it all right."

Jim paid and they went outside. A swift, damp wind hit them; then the first drops of rain seeped through the black clouds and splattered against them.

"I'd better run," Julia said. "I'll see you tomorrow. I enjoyed it." She turned and started to leave hurriedly.

"When tomorrow?" Jim shouted.

"Any time you want to," she called back to him.

"Call me when you finish work."

It was raining hard when Jim got home. He had run the first three blocks, but then the downpour came, driven by a stampeding wind which gushed water into his hair and eyes. So he walked the last two blocks, thinking about Julia. It was futile to run; he was drenched already.

He knew he was in trouble before he went into the house. From the sidewalk, he saw that his bedroom light was on; then his mother came to the window and stared into it. But she could see nothing. The window was closed.

"Damn this rain," Jim muttered.

He used his own key to unlock the front door. In the hall he paused to take off his wet shoes. His mother called to him from upstairs.

"Jim, is that you?"

"Yes, mother. Who did you think it was?"

She met him at the head of the stairs and blocked his way.

"Jim, where have you been? Don't you know it's raining?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well?"

"I took a walk. I couldn't sleep."

"A walk?" Her voice rose. "Do you know it's two o'clock in the morning? Where did you go?"

Jim felt the nervousness rise slowly from somewhere in his legs and crawl through his body.

"Nowhere. Let's talk about it tomorrow," he said impatiently. He started to go to his room, but she grabbed him by his arm.

"I want an answer. Do you know how worried I've been?"

Jim stared back at her, his face inches from hers. Worry had frozen her expression into a blurry stare. Jim looked at her and felt suddenly sorry for her.

"Let me dry off and I'll tell you," he said. He got a towel from the bathroom, dried his hair and face, then went to his own room and put on his pajamas. His mind seemed to flutter with ideas of how he should tell his parents, what he should say, and their reaction when they knew the truth. Whatever they say, he decided, it was worth it. I saw her and I'd do the same thing if I could see her again.

His mother came into the room, her thick grey hair pressed against her head by a net. She sat on the edge of the bed and just looked at him, staringly, imploringly. Her gaze made Jim nervous. Why doesn't she say something? he wondered. Why does she just sit there, staring, tearing me apart with her eyes? That look will kill anything I say; even if I talked all night, she'd just look at me that way, and she'd be saying no to whatever I said.

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't look at me that way. Let me explain."

"I'm waiting," she said.

His father came into the room, yawning, pushing the hair out of his face. He tied his bathrobe together and sat next to his wife.

"Let's make this quick, Jim," he said, yawning again. "I've got to go to work tomorrow, you know. Where did you go tonight?"

"For a walk," he answered, avoiding his mother's stare.

"In the rain?"

"It wasn't raining when I left. It started on the way back."

"On the way back from where?" his father demanded. "Damn it, Jim, let us know something. I'm too tired to pull it out of you."

Jim lit a cigarette and began. Skeptically, he told them about meeting Julia at the swimming pool that afternoon, how they had planned their Monday morning date for twelve-thirty as she was not supposed to date on school night.

"I waited until you had gone to bed," he concluded. "Then I went through the window and met her at Eddie's. After that, I came home, but it started raining before I got here." He paused to crush his cigarette in the ashtray, then looked up into his mother's stare. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I haven't done anything wrong, have I?"

"This girl you met," his father said rubbing his eyes; "where does she live?"

"Fifteenth Street."

His mother's stare fell to the floor and rested there, shocked. "Lord," she said. "What is she, a waitress?"

"She goes to summer school. She failed math and

(Continued on page thirty-one)

Quill Words

FROM THE STUDENT'S INK POT

Next to the circle in front of Wait Hall there stands what remains of a tree. The trunk, some twenty feet tall is completely stripped of bark, and the only use that has been made of it in the past few years has been to tack various notices on it. There have been some suggestions to rid the campus of the broken remains of past glory.

We are completely against such a move.

This landmark represents something of the tradition of Wake Forest that few of us realize. To remove it would only take away from the college some of the old familiar moss that we all have become used to.

If that trunk could talk, it could tell of the time some wag placed two empty beer cans on the sundial;

or it could tell Mr. Snyder many secret mutterings of the students after leaving his "store"; or still, it could tell of the Army wives during the war who waited eagerly for their husbands to be transferred to a post other than Wake Forest. It could speak of the "inadequate" street lighting of the campus not so long ago, and of the waiting coeds around the front of the student-center door, and of the slow-moving line that forms in front of the Administration Building on registration day.

But if the trunk could talk, it would have lost its symbolism, and, consequently, have outlived its usefulness. Then the powers-that-be would be justified in cutting it down.

Birth of a Nihilist

A tragedy in one act
by William Laughrun

Dramatis personae:

II Penseroso, a thoughtful but naive individual who finds hedonistic delight in the pleasures of his intellect.

Skeptical Chorus, a shoddy device of the author that can be ignored with negligible damage to the plot.

(It is very quiet on stage — a good time for thinking thoughtful thoughts.)

Curtain rises on II Penseroso.

II Penseroso: "Gosh, . . . je pense!"
(with enthusiasm)

(After a meditative silence, the Skeptical Chorus floats on stage from the left wing.)

Skeptical Chorus: "Hey, buddy."

II Penseroso: "Yes?"

Skeptical Chorus: (A murmur that cannot be heard beyond the prompter's box)

II Penseroso: "Pense-je?"

Skeptical Chorus: "You got th' idea."

II Penseroso: "Je pense que je pense."

Skeptical Chorus: "Pense-tu, hein?"

II Penseroso: ". . . ?"

(A prolonged silence—still a good time for thinking.)

Curtain falls.

Ronald

Laugh. Yeah, go ahead and laugh. I'm a ghost, and here's some hysterics for you. My name's Ronald. Have your fun if you want to, but I've been around long enough to see batches just like you pass beneath this magnolia-leaved campus.

Lately I've been holed up in a big inkpot in the Student office. I developed a kinda blue hue in that thing, but it was a pretty good base for operations. Had to get out recently, though. Seems there was a rumor that a new regime was going to take over and knock the old Social Science building down. I shoulda known it was just the same old rumor. Anyway, the boys in power stalled them off another year and I moved back in.

Like I said, you don't believe in me, but I've gotten some things done the past few weeks. Now, you won't find me getting the credit for it, but I'm the one who preserved all the Wake Forest traditions in that game with V.P.I. I saw right off it would never do to let those Virginia Gobblers foul up all the precedents and lose. I think I did very well.

I went over to Bostwick dorm the other night and turned loose a few

(Continued on page thirty-five)



Mitchell

Of course I don't study with
any one else.

The Changed Into

by Mary Ellen Lively

"We've made a good change; this one's really different!" Her father looked up cheerfully from his breakfast and beamed at Peg as she came into the room. "We've never had a maid before who could cook like this!" He was too enthusiastic to notice that Peg, absorbed in her own thoughts, had responded only slightly.

She sat down, her freckled face preoccupied, and sipped her orange juice. With an effort, she roused herself enough to ask disinterestedly, "What's her name, Daddy?"

"Mahilda Parker." He glanced toward the kitchen door and lowered his voice. "She's an intelligent person, Peg; way above the average maid. She and her husband had good jobs and were going to night school before he died. I guess she moved to our town to get away from things that remind—" he stopped abruptly as the kitchen door swung open.

A tall colored woman came in, bringing Peg's breakfast. The warm fragrance of food followed her from the kitchen.

"Good morning, Peg." Her mellow voice was pleasant. Peg regarded her with growing interest. Something calm, strong, made her face almost beautiful.

"Hello," Peg said.

In the five years since her mother's death there had been a long series of maids. They usually didn't stay long, it was too much responsibility to live on the place so that Peg wouldn't be alone when her Dad was out of town. The maids came and went. But this one did seem different; she wouldn't mind responsibility.

"Breakfast looks good," Peg smiled to be friendly and glanced down at the juicy little sausages and fluffly omelet.

"I hope it will be." The new maid looked back with steady, friendly eyes and smiled before she returned to the kitchen. An unexplainable feeling of trust surprised Peg.

She ate slowly, trying to retain the comfortable feeling. It gradually slipped away and by the time she had washed down the last of the omelet with a gulp of milk, her mind was wrestling with the problem again.

"Daddy," she searched his face with her serious green eyes, "if there was something more important to you than all the world, you'd give up anything for it, wouldn't you?"

Her father was absorbed in his newspaper and didn't answer.

"Wouldn't you?" Peg probed, "Daddy!"

"Huh," he started up from his newspaper, trying to recall what she had said. Unable to remember, he gave the breakfast remains on his plate serious consideration for a studied minute and then concluded genially, "Yes, I suppose so."

"I thought you would," Peg assumed the air of one taking a fateful step. "Daddy, I'm going to set Freddy loose."

She savored her father's look of surprise and then rose and went over to the large plant-filled aquarium that was Freddy's home. The morning sun, shining through the window, silhouetted her thin little figure by the glass aquarium. Peg had labored over this home for Freddy; it was filled with choice green moss and a variety of little plants and even had its own pond, made from a large, flat jar top.

"You've spent so much time catching insects to fatten Freddy up," her father was still surprised; "why do you want to let him loose now that he's one of the healthiest frogs in captivity?"

Peg was searching in the greenery for Freddy; he had an irritating way of hiding under a leaf. She found him and held him in her hand while she surveyed him with sadness.

"He is a fine animal," she concluded, "but Daddy, I don't think I should be fooling around with frogs anymore. When a person is a freshman in high school, they're too old for frogs." She couldn't bring herself to tell him about her plan.

Her father rose from the table. "Well," he said, "it'll be a shock to Freddy to be taken off unemployment pay after he's gotten so used to it." He came over and gave Peg's shoulder a casual good-bye hug. "Poor Freddy," he sympathized, "things are tightening up everywhere these days."

He left the room, pleased with his joke. Peg stood looking after him, hurt that he could laugh about something so important.

Mahilda came in from the kitchen to clear away the breakfast dishes. Peg was ashamed to be seen holding a frog; so she quickly put Freddy into her skirt pocket. If Mahilda had noticed him, she gave no indication.



Sally Patterson

On the way to school that morning Peg stopped by the vacant lot where she had found Freddy. It was a delightful spot, completely given over to trees and tangled bushes and a timid brook that hid itself among overhanging ferns. Peg went to the side of the brook; this was the place to leave Freddy. She took him out of her pocket and stood looking at him. He sat quite contentedly in her hand, his knobby green skin bright in the sunlight that came through a gap in the trees. He blinked his eyes sleepily and looked very much at home.

A lump rose in Peg's throat and her eyes felt wet. "He trusts me so," she thought, "he thinks I'll take care of him. He might have forgotten how to catch bugs."

She smoothed the top of his gnarled little head with her finger. Freddy blinked in the sunlight and looked pleased. "You're my friend," she said softly to Freddy; "it's not that I want to leave you," she gave his head another gentle pat. "All the other girls are changing so," she felt stifled by hot misery, just remembering. "If Jimmy ever gets to like me, I'll have to change." Peg's whispered voice choked; "please understand,

Freddy; if my plan's going to work, I've got to leave you."

A tear splashed down on Freddy's back and he moved over to escape from this salt water phenomenon. Peg put him gently down by the edge of the brook and ran through the tangled bushes without looking back. In her misery, she scarcely noticed that briars cut her legs.

She tried to concentrate on her plan during the rest of the day; she tried to imagine herself grown up. But the memory of Freddy haunted her. He was her friend, almost like a part of herself.

She was a dejected figure that afternoon when she came in the kitchen door. Lank brown hair dropped about her freckled face and her green eyes were two mute pools of woe. Her thin shoulders hunched over under the frilly blouse.

As she entered, Mahilda looked up and her eyes softened. "Hello," she said, "do you like jelly doughnuts, Peg?" Her mellow voice and the fragrance of the kitchen were soothing.

"Uh huh." Peg's thin face brightened a bit and then

pain clamped over it again. "But I've got to get rid of Freddy's . . . of that aquarium with the green plants in it first." Peg couldn't bear leaving it there, even for a while. Her pain made her reckless, "I used to have a frog in it, but," she hurried on, "there's nothing in it now."

Mahilda's back was toward Peg as she took the doughnuts out of the oven. Her voice was kindly . . . "I took that aquarium out this morning, Peg. I noticed that there was nothing in it and thought maybe you meant to clean out the plants; so I did. It's in the garage."

Mahilda picked up a fragrant hot doughnut from the baking sheet with a fork and laid it on a little plate. "Try one of these," she said, "maybe you'll like it."

Peg munched the doughnut, savoring its tangy sweetness. She began to feel less lonely, almost comfortable, sitting there with Mahilda in the kitchen. The feeling of trust that drew her to this woman's dusky calm grew. Mahilda seemed like a citadel of strength; a steel hand gloved in kindness, to which she could cling.

For a long time, Freddy had been her only confidant; now she discovered with surprise that she wanted to tell Mahilda about her plan.

"Do you think it's all right," she began, "for a girl to ask a boy to a dance? Don't you think it's all right?"

Mahilda looked at Peg thoughtfully, "Wouldn't that depend on the occasion and the boy?" she asked.

Peg was disappointed by this stodgy answer. "It's our spring dance," she said with rebuke in her tone, "and the boy is Jimmy Randall." Enchanted by the magic of the name, she went on more enthusiastically.

"He's a junior, Mahilda, and he's dated Aubrey Whitel—twice! Of course," she reassured herself, "it isn't as if Aubrey liked him; everybody knows she's crazy about the captain of the football team—but she has dated Jimmy and she's a senior!"

Peg popped the last of the doughnut into her mouth and the succulent jelly melted slowly on her tongue. She postponed swallowing to savor the intense tanginess as long as possible.

She pictured herself at the dance with Jimmy; the girls would stare and stare! They wouldn't laugh about her frog anymore; they'd see that she was one of them—"Is that Peg Barton?" they'd say. "She looks so old. You'd think she was nearly sixteen!" Even Aubrey would smile and be nice—Oh, if he'd only go! Peg swallowed the last trace of her doughnut with a gulp.

"Do you think he'll go with me, Mahilda?" Anxiety filled her green eyes. "Do you think he will?"

Mahilda debated her answer for a moment, torn between Peg's plea for reassurance and fear of encouraging false hopes.

"How well do you know him?" she asked.

Peg squirmed off the kitchen stool and stood up. "I don't know him very well," she admitted slowly, her face downcast; "but," she bolstered her hopes, "he's spoken to me in the hall twice, and one day he sat at the

same table I did at lunch." She tried not to remember how crowded it had been.

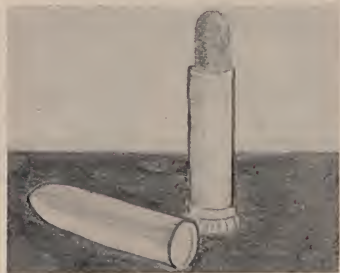
Mahilda's dark eyes looked seriously into Peg's uncomfortable face. "Why don't you wait until you are better friends before you ask him to a party?"

Peg was stung. "I can't wait, Mahilda, I can't," her voice rose. "Everybody's going to this dance, and I'm going too! I'm going with Jimmy! . . . that'll show them I'm grown up." All her hopes and anxieties pressed in and she despised Mahilda for being so calm, for not knowing. "You don't understand, you don't know what it's like when everybody changes and leaves you out. It makes you scared." Peg's voice choked in a wail of agony and she started out of the room ashamed of her outburst.

Mahilda's words stopped her before she reached the door; her mellow voice throbbed. "I know what it's like to be afraid, Peg."

Peg turned around, still ashamed, but interested by the throb of sincerity that enforced the words.

"When things change, it makes most people afraid, Peg. You don't know what a change is going to bring and you'd rather keep things the way they were, but you



Patterson

can't; so you're afraid. Most people know what that kind of fear is."

"You don't seem afraid." Peg's voice was low, unconvinced and she didn't look up.

Mahilda turned back to the stove and lifted the rest of the doughnuts off the baking sheet onto a plate. When she answered her voice was expressionless. "I am afraid, Peg, but I'm trying not to be. When my husband died, I wanted to die too, but I have to go on living."

She turned to face Peg and smiled into the troubled green eyes. "You're coming to a wonderful change in your life. You may not like it now, but when you get

The Changed Into • Mary Ellen Lively

used to it, you will. Don't be too impatient—you can't change completely in a day."

Peg looked up uncertainly and then ventured a weak grin in response. She had found an ally, someone who understood how she felt.

"If Jimmy will go to the dance with me, I'll be all changed," she said. "Everybody will realize that I'm grown up."

"I hope it works out that easily for you," Mahilda replied. "Even if it doesn't this once, it will soon, so don't be impatient."

"It'll work this time," Peg insisted quickly, "it's got to." She hardened her resolve, "I'll ask him tomorrow."

The next day was Thursday. Peg got up ten minutes early and dressed special. She put on her nicest cotton blouse and skirt and brushed her hair a long time. "If only my hair wasn't so straight," she thought, "and I didn't have freckles!"

Her father was too absorbed in his newspaper to notice her during breakfast, but Mahilda commented on how nice she looked; so Peg started off for school in high resolve, determined to ask Jimmy on the first opportunity.

He passed by her in the hall that morning and she called out his name. She spoke so softly that he didn't hear and when she opened her mouth to call again the sound wouldn't come. He passed on and Peg leaned perspiring against the wall. Her hands felt clammy and her stomach churned; for a few minutes she was afraid that she was going to be sick from fear.

All morning she was nervous. At lunch time, she knocked over her Coke bottle and part of it spilled on her skirt. Nobody noticed because Peg was sitting alone at the end of a corner table. She glanced around to be sure and certain that nobody was looking, she slipped out of the lunch room to get an excuse to go home and change clothes. She was excused for the afternoon because going home and coming back would take up most of the remaining two hours of school.

Spilling the Coke became as welcome as a stay of execution; it gave her two hours off and made it impossible to ask Jimmy that day. Peg felt freed from a terrible task.

When she came to the kitchen door, Mahilda looked up with surprise.

"I'm not playing hooky," Peg hastened to explain; "honestly, I've got a real excuse. Look." She triumphantly spread out the folds of her skirt for Mahilda to see the stain. "I spilled a Coke on it."

Mahilda's eyes twinkled. "You aren't glad to have nearly ruined a skirt, are you? Take it off and let me rinse it out before the stain sets."

Peg pulled off the skirt and sat on the kitchen stool in her blouse and slip while Mahilda washed it.

"I was glad," she admitted; "it was awfully hard to ask Jimmy. I got so shaky that I just couldn't. I was glad to come home and wait till tomorrow."

"If I were you," Mahilda's voice was pleasantly casual, "I don't think I'd ask him at all until I knew him better."

Peg was instantly on the defensive. "I've got to ask him, Mahilda. Just like you said, people have to change and I'm changing. If he takes me to the dance, everybody'll know I'm grown up. And it's just a week from next Saturday so I've got to ask him tomorrow."

Mahilda wrung out the skirt and said nothing. Peg didn't notice the look of concern in her eyes.

"It sure is a bother for things to change," Peg



Patterson

complained and then added an afterthought. "Could I have one of those jelly doughnuts, Mahilda?"

"They're in the cake box." Mahilda was squeezing the last bit of water out of the skirt.

Peg got two and munched on them, alternating between taking a bite from each. Mahilda went out to hang the skirt on the clothes line and when she came back Peg had almost finished the doughnuts.

"Why do things have to change if it makes this much trouble for people?" Peg asked. "What good is change if it just makes people unhappy?"

Mahilda's smile was wistful. "I've wondered about that myself, Peg," she replied. "After thinking about it I decided that it is the only way God could make us grow. Maybe it's like that frog you used to have; he had to change from a tadpole before he could be a frog."

"Oh, that wasn't any trouble for Freddy," Peg said disdainfully. "That comes natural to frogs."

Mahilda turned away. "Sometimes it doesn't come so natural to people." She stood remembering, her face averted.

"It will with me," Peg felt almost convinced. "I'll ask Jimmy tomorrow and if he goes with me, I'll be all changed as easy as . . . as a frog."

She tried to be confident all the rest of the day.

The next morning, she got up early and dressed special in her second nicest blouse and skirt. "I'll ask him as soon as I see him," she told herself in the mirror.

She ate breakfast and left the house feeling quite brave. She didn't notice that Mahilda was quiet, or that she stood in the doorway, looking after her.

As Peg passed by the vacant lot that morning the charm of its brook and shrubs was especially appealing. "I wonder if I could find Freddy," she thought. For a minute she paused, wanting to go into the comfortable shade and look for him. A bird trailed an invitation from somewhere in the trees. "I'll bet he's still there," she

Self Preservation

Now no other there is
save myself, my own
who from my life can
make or break whatever there
is of great and low and build
therein on what is left.
so, of what is mine, i will
leave this idea to all who
follow, and must learn as
i that finally, ultimately, yes
that now, no other there is,
save myself.

Tony Wrenn

said half aloud and started down the path that led to the brook.

The ground was damp; mud oozed up around her shoes and left red rings. Peg stopped. "I can't get dirty," she thought, "Not if I'm going to ask Jimmy." She turned around regretfully and walked back to the paved sidewalk. She wiped her muddy shoes on some grass that grew between the sidewalk and the street. Then she hurried on to school.

All morning she watched for Jimmy. She waited in the halls until the last minute between classes and then ran to avoid being late. As the morning wore on and he didn't appear, Peg's bravery began to slip from her. The same uneasiness clawed at her stomach. "I'll have to ask him," she insisted to herself; "it's got to be today."

The lunch hour passed and afternoon classes dragged slowly by. Peg began to fear that she wouldn't see him at all. The gathering after classes in the school yard became her last hope.

As soon as school ended, the empty yard was transformed. Groups of two and threes emerged and crowded the broad pavement walks with bright colors and gaiety. The too-shrill laughter of teen-age girls blended with the halting mumble of voices just turned deep; shrill and deep joined in a chorus of uncertain youth.

They looked quite poised and sophisticated to Peg as she watched through a hall window for Jimmy to appear. They seemed to be playing a new game of attraction in which everyone was sure and capable, except Peg herself, who stood like an urchin on the outside. She hovered by the window, half-hidden and peeked out.

Suddenly Jimmy and Aubrey Whitsel came down the school's broad main steps and lingered on the walk, talking. Peg's heart twisted painfully—"He's asking her! He's asking Aubrey."

The misery of this threat gave her the impetus she had lacked. She hurried down the hall toward a side door that led into the yard. In this last moment, her plan had been jerked away from her and was being destroyed by Jimmy himself. "He's asking Aubrey!" Peg fairly flew along the hall—thinking only of preventing the unexpected catastrophe.

She went through the door like a small freckled hurricane and was half-way across the school yard, running toward them, when she became conscious of herself and slowed down. She tried to walk casually the rest of the way.

Just before she reached them, Aubrey hailed several football players and bid Jimmy a hasty good-bye. He stood looking after her and his face began to turn an angry red. He was still watching the retreating group when Peg spoke to him.

"Hello, Jimmy." Her voice sounded scared and she tried to strengthen it. "Hello," she repeated.

Jimmy turned his head and looked at her vacantly as if he were trying to remember who she was. His face was flushed with anger.

"I'm Peg Barton, Jimmy." She looked into his eyes, trying to get him to really see her, instead of remaining immersed in his own thoughts.

"Oh yeah," he said vacantly, "hello, Peg." He was silent, smarting from something Aubrey had said, and he waited disinterestedly for Peg to explain why she was bothering him. She felt like a small pup jumping up to gain the notice of a splendid youth who disregarded it.

"Are you taking anybody to the dance, Jimmy?" she asked.

"No . . . no," he repeated emphatically, his voice resentful. "I'm not taking anybody." He turned his proud head to look after Aubrey. His yellow hair glistened in the sun.

Peg was filled by a surge of relief and she asked her question hopefully.

"Would you like to take me, Jimmy?"

For a moment he seemed not to have heard her and then the question reached his full consciousness. He jerked his head back to look at her, his blue eyes wide with surprise. "What?"

"I said, since you're not taking anybody, would you like to take me?" Peg was embarrassed by repeating it,

(Continued on page twenty-four)

THE STUDENT'S

Third Annual SHORT STORY CONTEST

"The Student" will offer \$15.00 for the best short story written by any freshman or sophomore of the Wake Forest student body. A second prize of \$10.00 will be offered for the runner-up. All entries will be judged by the faculty advisor and staff. Both stories will be printed in the December issue of the magazine.

Poetry Contest Added

A \$5.00 prize will be offered for the best poem submitted by any member of the student body.

SUBMIT ENTRIES TO The Student OFFICE BY NOV. 15

The Changed Into

(Continued from page twenty-two)
and she blushed and wished she could get away from his stare.

Jimmy's expression changed slowly from surprise to a smile. The adoration of this scrawny freshman salved his vanity and he looked at her with the scornful condescension of the young.

"Well, I'll tell you," he drawled, pushing his shoulders back and laughing at her with his eyes; "I like to go stag." He tortured Peg by speaking slowly. "But thanks," he continued, hardly able to contain his laughter, "thanks for the invitation."

He was a proud blond statue—glistening in the sun. Peg turned ungracefully from his presence. Hot tears of shame swelled up in her throat and she tried to fight to push them back.

Jimmy sauntered over to a group of boys and began talking and pointing to the little figure that was hurrying away. They snickering laughter burned into Peg's back. She tried to force herself to slow down and walk away, but Jimmy's voice continued in a low rumble and fresh bursts of snickers followed his words. She abandoned all pretense and ran.

Tears began to slide down her cheeks and she couldn't stop them. She ran by groups of boys and girls who stopped talking and stared after the red-faced, weeping figure in surprise. She heard their muffled questions and comments behind her back. She felt that everybody in the schoolyard was watching her flight with curious eyes. It seemed to take hours to run down the block out of their sight.

She ran blindly until her legs ached and huge drops of perspiration ran down her face.

"Freddy," she thought, "I'll find Freddy. I shouldn't have ever left him—Freddy."

She ran into the tangled growth of the vacant lot. The briars tore her legs and several of the cuts began to bleed. She caught her skirt on a shrub and ripped loose in her haste—leaving a patch of cloth on the

shrub. She ran to the brook and dropped to her knees in the mud, frantically lifting the fern leaves.

"Freddy," she pled to the frog that was gone. "Oh, Freddy, I'm sorry I left you. I don't want to be grown up, Freddy—please!" She became almost frenzied, parting the leaves like one half-crazed, splashing in the mud with her knees and hands as she searched.

"I don't want to change, Freddy—" Freddy?" her voice rose to a shriek and tears flooded down her cheeks. She put her face in her muddy hands and tears, perspiration, and mud blended into a gritty paste.

She stayed there, calling and searching, until after dark. The trees and tangled shrubs became a place of terror in the night, even the whisper of the brook took on an ominous sound.

Peg was afraid to stay any longer. She stood up, stiff from kneeling in the mud, and trudged out, her eyes white in her mud-spattered face. She walked numbly toward home, not caring who saw her.

She looked like a pathetically scrawny outcast. She was begrimed with mud, and her legs and arms bore bloody scratches from the briars. Her streaked face was almost encircled by damp, stringy strands of hair. She kept her head bent, puffed eyes staring at the ground. Lighted windows in the houses she passed stretched out golden fingers in the darkness and beckoned to her, but Peg didn't see.

Mahilda met her at the door; she was going out to search for the second time. She looked at Peg with amazement for a minute and then put her arm about the drooping shoulders and drew her inside. Peg stood looking down at the floor, too spent emotionally to be embarrassed.

Mahilda sought for the right thing to say; she decided to be casual. "My," she said, "you're late." The kindness of her tone caressed Peg's heart like oil on turbulent waters.

"Oh Mahilda," Peg's voice was worn and despairing, "I can't find Freddy: I've looked for him all afternoon."

Mahilda stood silent, thinking. It was so painfully familiar—the frustration of wanting to go back. The fear of trying to go ahead. Her eyes were luminous with unwept tears when she spoke.

"There's no need to look for him, Peg," she said slowly. "He's gone."

Peg stood with bent head and said nothing. "Gone . . . gone . . . He's gone," the words seemed to vibrate and multiply. The girl and woman stood listening.

Mahilda tightened her arm about Peg. "I have your dinner in the oven," she said. She began to lead her toward the kitchen. "It's still warm. It would be a pity not to eat tonight, especially since you've begun to gain weight."

Peg felt a faint flicker of interest and then she stiffened, drew away.

"You don't have to be nice to me," she said reproachfully. "I'm not a child."

Mahilda began to set out Peg's dinner. "I'm not being nice to you," she turned to smile. "You're my friend." She drew something out of her apron pocket. "Here," she said casually, "try on some of this lipstick. I bought it for you today."

Peg picked up the slender gold cane and looked at it. "I don't know how to put it on," she said. "I never had a lipstick before."

"I'll show you," Mahilda offered. Peg began to respond to the warmth of the kitchen, and the magic of Mahilda. She looked up with a trace of an uncertain smile.

"All right," she said.

Resurrection

(Continued from page seven)
how far? he asked himself, and the hope vanished as quickly as it had come.

"Do you see him?" he called over. The man raised his head.

He called again, but there was still no answer. Lowering himself in the side-current, he allowed it to pull him over to where the man was standing. It was much further than he had thought.

"Can't see nothin' here," said the

man with the crew cut. "Looks like he's done for." The man looked back toward shore. Everyone was standing at the edge of the surf, and the other lifeguards, as well as some of the bathers, were swimming toward them.

"No. Just a minute. He's here somewhere. Couldn't have washed far. Let's go down farther. That's where the tide would have carried him." At first the man looked resentfully at Cabot, then tacitly agreed to continue the search. They swam slowly, watching the surface of the water, which was gradually becoming rougher; the wind had changed directions. It came from the shore now. Without any reason Cabot turned his head back toward the beach. Over the top of the beachhouse he could see it. The water became very cold and chilling as he looked at the huge, sweeping black cloud that extended from northwest to southeast as far as he could see. It was slowly drifting over them in the direction of the horizon, and he knew that if they did not find Tom Salesworth in twenty minutes, they would not find him at all. Twenty minutes to find a body under the worst possible conditions—an offshore drift on top of a side-current in choppy water. And he was afraid. So much so, in fact, that it seemed with only a little effort he could pretend the whole affair was fantasy. Maybe I'm dreaming I could be, I haven't done anything to deserve this but who the hell does? Why have the gods afflicted me thus? Remember that? Natural theology. Last night I was a butterfly dreaming I was a man and now . . . strange I thought of that . . . can't take it much longer getting winded.

"Cabot!" It was Dyer calling from behind him. "See anything?" Cabot shook his head hesitantly. Dyer swam up to him and they treaded water with difficulty.

"Come on, we better get back to shore. This stuff's getting bad." Cabot looked over for the man with the crew-cut. He had already started back toward the crowd.

"We can't go back now. We've got to find him. Let's go a little farther," Cabot offered, trying hard not to plead, but afraid not to.

"Hell, boy, this stuff. . . Look over there," said Dyer, pointing to the division of the sky into a clear-cut black and ashy blue.

"Okay, I'll keep looking," said Cabot. "You go back with Barringer and bring the dory out. Tell Edwards to stay there and keep the rest out of the water."

"The dory won't take it long."

"We've still got time. Hurry!" Dyer lunged into a whitecap, and, riding the crest of it as far as he could, dropped into a breast stroke back to shore. The fear came again to Cabot, the terrible fear of being afraid, and the pain of being done an injustice. There was still no sign of the man, but, worse than that, there was no hope that he might be alive. Up and down between the whitecaps his tired eyes swung as a pendulum, trying to watch the entire surface of the water at once. He could not be far, but the whitecaps, you couldn't see anything, and the people on the beach had seen him jump up from the blanket; they would know that he had not been in the chair. He had let the man wash out and drown, and he didn't even know what he looked like. He wondered how many were with him back on the beach, how many were waiting for him to come back from drowning. There wasn't much he could say. He remembered glancing very briefly at the blanket where

the woman was screaming. Only a glance, but long enough to see the girl, Evelyn, wringing her hands frantically. She was very beautiful, he remembered. Her beautiful face beneath the funny-looking straw hat was distorted with fear. How would she look when he got back to shore, he wondered, underneath the funny-looking straw hat?

All the time he had thought about what would happen if somebody drowned, and felt the responsibility twist his stomach, and now it had happened. . . . But it was not the first time it had happened. There was the time that Singleton was sitting in the back of the bathhouse playing cards when the marine went down, and he got to the beach in time to see them pull him out of the water, dead. But this was not so different. It amounted to the same thing, at any rate. He hadn't been on duty when it counted. All those long hours of just sitting there in the sun, so hot you couldn't breathe, watching the part-time leisure class enjoy themselves; it all added up to this. The long hours minus a minute had meant a drowning.

When the others came with the dory, they rowed over the spot where Tom Salesworth had gone under, and then they followed the current downshore. It was difficult rowing since they had to keep the bow of the boat into the whitecaps, and the whitecaps were beginning to break over the sand-bar.

Before long the blackening cloud

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covered all but a small portion of the sky.

"It's no use. We'd better get back," said Barringer, as if, under the circumstances, to assume Cabot's duties as chief lifeguard. "Don't you think so, Cabot?"

"Yeah," the other answered, "we'd better." Both of them reflected the bitter antagonism that had grown out of an incident early in the summer. It began when Robert Cabot had threatened to fire Barringer for swimming in the fishing lane a mile out from shore. Two boats had very nearly collided when one of them had to swerve sharply to avoid hitting the boy. His embarrassment, when they fished him out and brought him back to the dock, quickly turned to hatred for Cabot.

It was a long trip back to shore.

When darkness came, Barringer, Cabot, Dyer, and Rogers, who ran the concession stand, all went back to the beachhouse. The *cabaña*, they had written home, was five small rooms, a toilet, and a kitchen, all strung end to end, with a porch that ran across the front. It sat fifty yards back from the beach.

The boys went into the kitchen, found chairs around the table, and waited for Webster, the superintendent of the park. It was beginning to cool off a little and, consequently, the sand-flies were getting worse. They always did when the wind blew from across the dunes.

"Where's Webster?" asked Bar-

ringer, his thin face drawn tight around the eyes.

"He and Dory took the truck to pull some guy out of the sand. A couple got stuck up by the pavilion," said Dyer. "They'll be back in a minute. We might as well fix something to eat." Then to Rogers, "What have we got?"

"Cheese, beer, pickles, cheese, and pimiento cheese."

"Okay," said Dyer, "if somebody'll cook 'em, I'll go get some crabs."

"Oh, I'll cook 'em," offered Barringer, and Rogers went to his room to get the net. Robert Cabot sat in the corner with his feet propped up on the table, thinking of what Webster would say when he came in. He didn't notice the silence until Barringer said, "Been a rough day, hasn't it?" It was casual enough. "Kinda messed up out there, didn't you, Cabot?"

"That's enough," said Dyer.

"Not that it couldn't have happened to any of us. Just bad luck—."

"I said that's enough!" He got up and stepped in front of Barringer's chair. "After that stunt you pulled in the fishing lane, it'd pay you to keep your damn mouth shut!"

Half smiling, Barringer said, "Okay, okay, I didn't mean anything. Like I said, it could have happened to any of us. Just take it easy." He looked at Cabot for justification. "You know what I mean, just like the boats in the fishing lane. But then maybe it's not

the same after all, you know?" He posed the questioning look on his face for a moment, then went back to his room.

"Look, Dyer, I know it was my fault, but that Barringer—."

"Forget him. He's a s. o. b., and he's the only one on the island that doesn't know it. I expected worse out of him."

"So did I," said Cabot, "but I couldn't say anything. After all, he had a point. I messed up just like he did, only worse. Thanks just the same for getting rid of him. I couldn't get mad now—even at him."

"That's not the way to look at it. Everyone here knows how it happened."

"That's just it—."

"No, I mean it would have happened anyway. I heard his mother say that it wasn't your fault, and the girl too, the one with the straw hat. They were going to get married, and I heard her tell his mother that she had expected something like that. She was hysterical, but she said it wasn't your fault."

"Do you think it was necessary? He washed out right in front of me, didn't he? If I hadn't been talking to that reprobate on the blanket, I'd have seen him, wouldn't I?"

"He was too far out, but that's not the point."

"Okay, let's drop it. I feel like a maudlin slob, feeling sorry for myself, but you know it's the natural thing, I guess, under the circumstances. Aren't guilt and self-pity brothers under the skin?"

Rogers stuck his head in the door with the crab-scoop.

"Ready to go?"

"Don't say anything to Webster, if he comes in before we get back," said Cabot. "It would be better to say nothing."

"I know."

As Cabot and Rogers walked up the strand, the sand crabs scampered out of the way of their feet, taking refuge in the edge of the surf. The moon was full, lighting the beach like a beacon. They were able to see

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"Ben Wants To See You"

all the way to the lighthouse beyond the jetties where they would go to catch the crabs. The ones that washed out of the sound were better than those that stayed in the ocean, harder to clean but better eating. It took them an hour to get nearly a bushel. When they got back, Dory and Webster had come in from the boardwalk, and everyone was sitting around waiting for supper, looking solemn and saying nothing. Dory, who liked to think of himself as an incarnation of the eternally comic, was the only one of the group who refused to remember the tragedy of the afternoon. He was standing at the sink, very ceremoniously making preparations to cook the crabs.

Sitting in the corner, Webster stared pensively at the floor. When Dory clanged the pan of water down on the stove, he looked up and pushed back the stringy hair that hung down over his eyes.

"Well, boys, what happened today is water under the bridge," he said; it was factual, but not without sympathy. "It couldn't be helped." And to Cabot, "It wasn't your fault, Cabot. It could have happened to any of us." Then he stared back at the floor. There was a quick exchange of glances about the room, as though they were surprised—or disappointed—that he didn't say more, but he and Cabot sat next to each other, staring at the floor together.

"The young man's mother and his fiancée are still out on the board walk," he continued shortly. "Sniverly's with them. He's been trying to get them to go back to the hotel, but the mother refuses to go. She keeps insisting that they drag for his body."

"The boys on the *Conner* were really go for that."

"Yeah, they'd have about twelve inches of water over the sand-bar."

"Sniverly's been telling her that for the past two hours."

"The only thing to do is wait for him to wash in. That will be as bad as today."

"Or worse," added Cabot.

"Crabs are ready," said Dyer.

That night Robert Cabot lay on his bed looking out the window that faced toward the sand-dunes. The dark blanket of cloud and wind had passed over completely, leaving the sky clear. The full moon fell across the rolling dunes and cut them into sharp, Greco-like harmonies of light and shadow. And the surf had calmed again, with only a whisper of water splashing a soft murmur on the sand. Through the doorway he could see the beach, made broad by the extremely low tide. Exactly the same place by the sea, but speaking a different language, alone and to itself, so totally apathetic. Without the laughter of running feet and

ice cream and beer cans, without the delirium of high emotion, it was a different far-off-place, a sanctum from sweeping tides, violent currents, and drownings. Robert Cabot listened to the somber tones of the water, making little conversations in a minor key, and he envisioned hundreds of heads without faces, bobbing up and down in the swelling whitecaps. It was the same every night, a fanciful after-image of the things he saw all day long; but this time they were all Tom Salesworth, without faces, playing in the whitecaps. From time to time came the beautiful, frightened Evelyn, as he had last seen her, wearing the straw

Voltaire and the Mouse

François to himself

Come with me now, François,
along the broad and winding way
to the summit of Fool's Hill
where we two have a community. Hurry
or we shall miss the Eucharist.

See below there in the chapel,
where the old Saint
has bit the Trinity in a wafer
and devoured the Infinite
in a drop of purple wine.

You smile? But only fools dare
laugh to mock the golden bough
that has sustained a faith
for centuries. But wait,
look—the gray-tailed mouse:

Fearfully he trips from out
the dust beneath the choir loft,
leans on the edge of the silver platter,
and shamelessly shares the Saint's repast
of Diety and Time.

Shall we scold him, *mon ami*,
and twist his little tongue to reverence
with the *question extraordinaire*?
Or shall we bring him here with us,
into the community of fools,

where the horizon is wide . . .
and the air exceedingly thin?

wal

hat with the fringes that hung down from the brim.

He turned restlessly on his bed and scratched at the sand flies. When he stopped for a moment it sounded as though someone were walking down the porch. He looked up and saw a silhouette standing in the doorway. Sniverly came in.

"Hey, old man," said the Commander. "I thought you might be up."

"Oh, it sounded like Barringer. I thought you had gone back to the base."

"No, I was waiting for his mother and the girl to leave, his fiancée, I believe?"

"Yes, that's what they said."

"I talked for a long time with his mother, but the girl didn't say much. She just kept mumbling—quite unintelligibly—about something he had said and the straw hat. Very hysterical. Mrs. Salesworth was very insistent about my dragging for the body, but I finally convinced her it would be useless, irrespective of the danger involved."

"He'll wash in before long," said Cabot. The sound of it, coming from himself, as though he were an indifferent observer, filled him with disgust; it was not at all what he wanted Sniverly to know that he felt.

They sat in awkward silence while Sniverly lit his pipe.

"Look, Cabot," said Sniverly, approaching the subject with some difficulty, "I think I know how you feel. Boy, you're still young, and

something like this is worse for you than it would be for an older person. I've had a lot of men under me, and I've seen more than a few of them die. I've helped scrape them off the deck and cut them from under gun turrets—men that I had known for years, some of them, and many times I didn't know but what it was my fault that they were killed. Every officer that has ever been in combat has had that experience. But when the matter is so uncertain—and most of them are—you can't assume the responsibility for a death . . . as though you were accountable for it. Webster told me about the incident this afternoon. He knows that you did all you could to save the man. And his mother doesn't hold you responsible for it."

The slow, reassuring voice behind the glow of the pipe made Cabot feel more at ease.

"Did he tell you, Commander, that I was sitting on a blanket talking to a woman when it happened?"

"Barringer did. But that's the very thing I was talking about. You were caught in a tide of circumstance exactly like Salesworth, and I suppose that you've drowned a hundred times in your own mind since then. Am I right?"

Cabot nodded in the dark, but didn't speak.

"I have had much the same experience," continued the Commander, as though perhaps in reverie. "And the conscience, I've found, doesn't sell indulgence. The only way to get absolution is to

pray for it. My mother used to say, 'A crisis will drive you to your knees, and that's not a bad place to be.' You see, boy, you can't forgive yourself."

There was between the two of them the feeling of a shared similar experience and warm friendship that the older man had meant to convey.

"Thanks for coming by," said Cabot. "Thanks very much."

Sniverly turned in the doorway and said, "By the way, you and the rest of the boys drop in over at the base for supper one night. Always glad to have you."

"Thanks, we will. Goodnight."

Three days later. The blistering sun beat down on the beach, making it warm for the sand crabs at night. Sweeping out to meet the sky stretched the ocean, and from somewhere beyond the horizon came the whitecaps, surging, falling with an undulating roll till they gathered full force and crashed on the glistening, white sand, then sliding back smoothly into the undertow, leaving the echo of their thunder ringing on the sand. It was all sea music, beautiful, powerful, and clear. It rang up and down the beach and back across the dunes, across the fields of sea-oats. And there was about it a different meaning to everyone that heard it; it spoke an extremely various language.

By that time Robert Cabot had become resigned to the fact that the tragedy of Tom Salesworth was inevitable. Even the bitter antagonism between Cabot and Barringer had somewhat abated, and each considered the other sadder but wiser for the experience.

Shortly before noon Cabot was at the concession stand talking to Rogers, and, as usual, Mary Louise was lying on her blanket in front of the center chair. There was a large crowd on the beach, mostly women and children, and the water was completely free of seaweed.

From the west end of the strand came the hum of, a Coast Guard

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truck spinning through the surf. Barringer jumped down from his chair, the one behind Mary Louise, and walked out to stop the truck. The navy dump-truck pulled to a halt, and the driver stuck his head out of the window.

"Where's that lifeguard that was on duty a while ago?"

"Never mind that. What the hell are you doin' here again? I thought Cabot told you to stay off—for good!"

The driver of the truck pushed his cap back on his head and leaned further out the window.

"Look, kid, I told him the first time that we was on official business. We get orders from Snively."

"Seems that every time you come by you're on 'official business'."

"Okay," said the driver, "just tell your buddy to come down here."

Barringer walked half way up to the concession stand and called for Cabot to come down. By that time they had attracted the attention of everyone on the beach, and they were all watching the truck, on the back of which was a black tarpaulin, thrown over the bed and hanging loosely down the sides. Cabot approached the truck licking an ice cream cone.

"What is it?"

"We brought ya somethin'," said the truck driver, smiling faintly. "It's in the back."

Cabot hesitated a moment, then climbed up on the side of the truck-bed. He looked at the grotesque lump that lay under the tarpaulin, and without thinking, reached down and threw back the cover.

The body of Tom Salesworth was bluish gray, what remained of it; and as it lay there under the broiling sun, the smell of decaying flesh rolled over the sides of the truck and floated with the wind over the beach. The ears and nose had been nibbled off by the fish, and around the hairline there was only a raw-white, fleshy roughness where the scalp had been.

"That look like 'official business'?"

queried the driver of the truck, with obvious ironic derision.

Cabot threw the ice cream cone in the sand and stared at what had been the boy's face. He was no nearer to knowing what Tom Salesworth had looked like.

People were beginning to crowd around the truck, craning their necks to see over the sides into the back. A fat, light-skinned man called down the beach, "Hey, it's a dead man." Mary Louise was looking in the back, where the fat man had taken down the tailgate. Cabot quickly threw the tarpaulin back over the body.

"All right, get back. Get away from the truck!"

Brown jumped down from the bed and signaled for the driver to pull out.

The dump-truck sped away, the tarpaulin flapping in the wind. The people in the crowd began to look at one another, as if curious to know what each of them was thinking.

"You know," said the fat man, leading a small group to the far end of the beach, "that reminds me of a time at Guam when we pulled a fellow out of the water. He had been there a week, I guess, and his clothes had rotted off him. His fingers were so loose that when we reached down to pull him out. . . ."

Robert Cabot walked to the sand-dunes behind the beachhouse, and finding the highest, sat down in the warm sand. He tried to look out over the horizon, but all he could see was Mary Louise and the fat man, staring over the tailgate at the dignity of death.

It was not difficult for him to find an excuse to resign the following morning, and Webster said that he understood. "We'll be glad to have you work with us next summer, if you want to. The job will still be open."

Cabot caught a ride to town with the intention of going by to see Tom Salesworth's mother before he left

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for home. Most of all he wanted to see Evelyn, but after walking several blocks toward the corner especially reserved for hitch-hikers, he suddenly realized that he had passed the hotel.

(The straw hat lay on the beach until the night of the third day when the sand began to move with the wind and covered it over.)

Naval OCS

(Continued from page eight)

the pencil could throw a ship off course as much as a hundred miles. To avoid these hazards, the course-setter utilizes charts (there are no "maps" in the Navy), tide and current tables, tables of compass variation and deviation, logs (the equivalent to speedometers), and a sharp pencil. Of course, these are only a few of the many intricate instruments that a navigator uses—sexants, stadimeters, chronometers (a special clock set only once a year in a repair shop), special charts, and volumes of books also fill the chart house.

Operations, a study in ship maneuvering and communications, is a third course. Plotting tactics on paper is easy enough—the practical

application, which comes later, is decidedly more difficult.

Engineering and Damage Control are combined subjects in OCS. Classroom lectures are supplemented with practice drills on a portion of a ship's hull in a tank of water. Holes are punched in the side, below the waterline, and it is up to the students to see that the ship doesn't sink. The lights below deck are out—emergency lanterns furnish light for the patching crew.

Even with the lanterns, the compartment is dark; water pours in through the gash in the side, while a ruptured water line gushes water on members of the Damage Control party as they go down the ladder into the damaged area. A mattress, backed up with a table top, covers the hole in the side, and the water line is soon repaired. All that remains to be done is to pump out the water. Thus, the ship is saved.

While a pump exhausts some 500 gallons of water per minute, those who have been on the weather deck during the drill are invited to go below to inspect the work of their shipmates. As each goes down into the semi-darkness, he is met by the group of soaked repairmen and is promptly dunked into the icy water, still knee deep in the compartment.

Courses in deck seamanship, orientation (a course in history, law and related matters rolled into one), and, of course, military drill round out the academic schedule for Officer Candidates.

The would-be officers never leave shore. On one occasion, however, several companies of men did go aboard some of the ships based at Newport. There they saw, being applied, everything they had learned. The officers' ward room (dining hall), complete with carpets from wall to wall and a television set, made the whole school seem worthwhile.

Some college men from as far away as California were enrolled in the school, but little Rhode Island had the largest group. One of those lived just across Narragansett Bay, on which the base is located. "He griped every time the fog came in," said someone, "because he couldn't see his front yard."

Their backgrounds were varied. A giant red head from Illinois was an All-State football center at a teacher's college. He was also a newly-wed; he had been married only six days when he reported to the school. A tall basketball player from a small college in Kansas had a job at home; he was installing lockers in a high school building, or at least his crew was installing lockers while he was at school drawing a salary from both the Navy and the contractor. A third, a short red-headed Pennsylvanian, played the crosse at his college; he was afraid he would get out of shape for the season's opening this fall.

Grades, like the students, varied, too. Marks were posted each week—a 4.00 being the equivalent to an "A," with 2.50 just passing. Any grade below that mark was called a "tree." At the end of four weeks, grades were averaged. An average tree spelled trouble. Candidates with two or more trees went before the "long green table, edged with brass." (A reviewing board.) Some were disenrolled; others stayed in.

The fatality rate before the re-

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view board was high. Some 100 were dropped after four weeks. The reviewing board met again after eight weeks. Again the fatality rate was high. For these, the summer had been interesting, but not much more.

An athlete from a Kansas teachers college was to get married soon after he got home. On the day before he was supposed to leave, he went before the board. He was disenrolled. The next morning, about five minutes before he left to catch a plane for home, a message arrived at the barracks that the review board had reversed its decision. As he left, someone said, "There goes the happiest man around here—and he gets married this week end, too."

But this book work does not make officers; it only indicates what he has learned. The worst is yet to come.

Wherever You Go

(Continued from page sixteen)
history last fall."

"Sounds like a very intelligent girl, son," his father said sarcastically. "No wonder she makes dates with boys at twelve-thirty in the morning."

"I didn't expect you to understand," Jim flared. "Whatever you say about her, I like her a lot. How can you sit and say things about her when you don't even know her?"

"Now, Jim, cool down. It's late and we're all tired," his mother said, and her eyes still held him. "But you know the type of people who live in that section. They're poor, Jim; hardly make enough to live on. Most of them are mill workers; you know that. Anyone who lives in that neighborhood just hasn't had the opportunity that you've had. They're from a bad environment and they're actually below you socially. They should go with their kind and you should go with yours. And you won't find it over there where this girl lives." She paused and looked at her hus-

band who had stretched out across the bed, his eyes closed. "Now, I'm not saying anything against those people, or this girl either. I don't even know her. But I do know the section she comes from and the type of family she must have been brought up in. And you just can't get away from it. She's been used to that rough environment and it's going to make her be just like everybody else that lives there. And I'm not going to have you fooling around in that section of town. You understand?"

"Yes," he answered irritably, but knew inside that he did not. "Can I go to bed now?"

She nodded and stood up. "You should be glad it rained, Jim. If I hadn't come in to put your window down, you'd probably have gone on seeing that girl and got yourself in trouble."

His father stirred, half opened his eyes and struggled to his feet.

"Now you remember what your mother told you," he said, yawning.

They left him then. From the hall he heard his father whisper groggily, "What did you tell him, Martha?" Their bedroom door closed quietly behind them. Jim climbed slowly into bed and snapped the light out on the wall over the headboard.

He closed his eyes, trying to force sleep to come to him, but it would not work. Each time his eye lids shut he saw Julia. First she was sitting at the edge of the pool, her feet bobbing in the water, that swell of blond hair rising gently above her forehead to meet the sunlight; then she was opposite him in a cafe booth, talking to him, smiling at him. "Call me anytime," she had said.

"Anytime. . . ."

The rain drilling against his windows annoyed him. He raised himself on his elbow, his hand fumbling for his cigarettes on the night table. He found them and lay back on the bed to smoke. He could imagine his mother lying awake in the next room, satisfied maybe, that she had

saved him from catastrophe. She had been serious and worried! That annoyed him, especially since there was nothing to worry about. She doesn't know Julia, he thought, and nobody can judge a person they don't even know. Not even your own mother.

"I'll call you anytime, Julia," he murmured. "Anytime at all."

Nothing was said at the breakfast table concerning the matter. It was a twenty minute bacon-and-eggs ritual maintained in almost complete silence. They consider it finished, Jim thought. But how can it be?

His father left for work at seven forty-five, still yawning from the night's ordeal. Jim got ready and left at eight. This morning, he wished he didn't have to go to work. He considered asking for the day off so he and Julia could go swimming. But Mr. Quinn would be more interested in his selling shoes than in giving him a vacation. So he tried to work.

It wasn't a good day at all. It was too hot to sell shoes and all of Jim's customers had no idea what they wanted. They only knew that everything he showed them was "not

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exactly it, but thanks anyway," a routine which exasperated him more with each passing hour.

By the end of the day, the heat had wilted him. He caught a bus home, took a cold shower, then tried to hurry his mother with supper. He wanted to call Julia, but he decided to wait.

After supper he hurried down to Eddie's, went into the phone booth and looked up her number. He dialed too hastily and got the wrong

number; so he checked the directory again and dialed a second time. "She's got to be there," he murmured. "Why doesn't she answer?"

She did. He knew it was Julia as soon as he heard her voice. It made him feel good to talk to her again. He forgot the heat, the bothersome customers, and relaxed. He told her about going home the night before; all but what his mother had said.

"I guess they were a little worried," he said.

"You're not in trouble, are you?"

"No. They didn't mention it today."

They talked on. A woman standing outside the booth waiting to use the telephone kept peering disgustedly at Jim, but he ignored her.

"Julia," he said finally, "can you meet me tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Jim, but I've got to stay home tonight. Mother's sick and I've got school tomorrow."

He wanted to hang the receiver up and leave, then come back later and try it again. The heat seemed suddenly to burst into the booth with him and sear his neck and face. When he swallowed, it felt as though a brick were lodged in his throat. He tried to speak, but found he could say nothing. He wanted to plead with her to change her mind, but the sweat which had formed suddenly at his hairline distracted him and made him uncomfortable and he just sat there holding the receiver, silently begging her to say yes.

"Jim? You haven't gone anywhere, have you?"

"Can't you go out for just a little while? An hour or so?"

"I'm afraid not, Jim. But I'll be able to go out Friday night. Is that all right?"

The heat in the booth began to subside slowly. "Yes," he answered. "I'll see you Friday."

The rest of the week passed slowly. Jim worked in the shoe store, but the job was a tiring routine which the mid-July heat wave

made worse. He called her each night from Eddie's to ease the anxiety which he built up in himself during the day and they would talk for almost an hour. But it wasn't as good as seeing her.

On Friday night he asked for permission to use the family car, "just to go out for a little while." He didn't mention Julia's name.

"Yes, I guess so," his father said. "Just be careful and don't use too much gas."

He drove slowly towards Julia's neighborhood, straining his eyes at every intersection to read the name of the street. He crossed the bridge at Eddie's and a few blocks further he found the right one.

Fifteenth Street was an unpaved dead-end which descended a long, gradual incline and ran parallel to the railroad tracks. Julia's house was the last one on the street; a rectangular, white frame structure whose paint had bulged and cracked its way free of the weather-beaten boards. Three brick steps, which had long ago been split from the house, were set under the warped screen door. The steps wobbled slightly as he ascended them and knocked on the door. Inside, a dog barked and a man's harsh voice shouted threats to it. Then Julia came and together they walked to the car.

"I thought you were going to be late," she said. "I've been ready a half-hour."

"Guess I should have come sooner, then," and he opened the car door for her to get in.

They drove through town with Julia talking and Jim listening, more to the sound of her voice than to what she was saying. He felt himself suddenly excited, even elated, over being with her again.

They drove and talked, and then Julia wanted to go to Barney's, out on the river.

"That is, if you want to go," she said. "We could rent bathing suits and go in swimming, or just go inside and listen to the juke box."

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They had nothing else to do, and Jim liked the idea; liked it even more coming from Julia. He hadn't seen the river all summer and Barney's place really made it something worth seeing. Two summers before, the man had spent a fortune converting a small river cove into something of a miniature beach. He had brought in several tons of sand and spread it over the ground which had once been covered with trees. Then he built a boardwalk close to the water, had a dance hall, bath house and concession stand erected. The floor of the swimming area had been dredged and leveled and a diving tower constructed at its deepest point. "Poor Man's Beach," everybody called it. Everyone except Barney.

Tonight, the place was almost deserted. Only a few couples had driven out for a swim; another handful occupied the dance hall. The two of them rented bathing suits and went into the water, still warm from the afternoon sun.

"I'll race you across," Jim said, and Julia swam off towards the opposite shore without answering him. He followed her, each stroke narrowing her lead until he passed her. On the opposite bank, he climbed out and waited for her to join him. They both sat there in the sand, panting for breath, unable to say anything. Later, they changed their clothes and went in to dance for a while.

At ten, the place closed and together they went back to the car. Jim turned the radio on and settled into the seat beside her. They sat for a long time just looking at each other. . . .

How it happened, Jim didn't know. It came on gradually like the first drops of rain that night he had slipped out to meet her. Then it had burst upon them in uncontrollable fervor, just as the rain had. He should have told himself that she was too close to him; that the touch of her hair, the pressure of her embrace, the perfume,

the moonlight shimmering on the water were all a prelude to something they should say no to. But momentarily, everything had dropped out of existence—the moon, the lake and trees; there was only Julia and she was too close to him. He kept telling himself that she was too close. But she would not move away. . . .

And then the moon and stars and lake were back again, no longer forgotten, but real and part of the dark world which they sat staring into. Now there was nothing to say. They didn't speak again except to say good night at her front door.

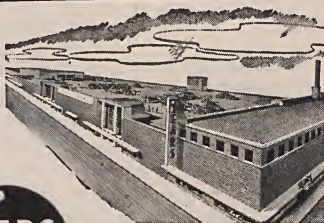
For another month they went together, and during that month Jim had the constant feeling that she was slipping away from him; that somehow, they were not the same couple that had met each other in Eddie's that morning at twelve-thirty and acted so carefree. Instead Julia seemed to change a little. She didn't talk as much; she would sit while he was talking to her and seem to be staring thoughtfully into space. Worried frowns slipped into her face, transplanting the smile which had once been so frequent. Blank, noncommittal expressions of silence and occasional depression barred her conversation which had

before been so spontaneous. Jim tried to ignore it and their dates continued, but Julia drew more and more into herself as the days passed. Her pensiveness deepened and became more profound until Jim found himself lying awake at night, smoking until two and three in the morning, guessing, wondering, worrying his way into solving her problem.

She gave him no help at all; refused, even, to talk about it.

"Jim, there's nothing wrong. Why do you ask?" Then she would look the other way and fall into a staring silence for along time. It continued that way for a whole month until late one Friday afternoon when Jim decided to phone her to inquire about their usual week end date. A man, whom Jim took to be her father, answered the phone and brusquely told him that Julia was not at home. No, he didn't know where she had gone or when she would return. He hung the phone up in Jim's face.

Jim called back four times that evening. The anxiety of wondering if she had returned seized him each time he dialed her number. Three times the same brusque voice informed him that she was still out; the fourth time there was no answer.



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Jim called her again after he left the shoe store Saturday evening but was again dismayed when there was no answer. Five more phone calls that night, the last one about midnight, produced only the muffled ringing of a phone which would not be answered. As he walked home from Eddie's phone booth, he felt as though he wanted to scream her name into the night; that by so doing, she might hear him and come from wherever she was and join him. But he only stared at the sidewalk and walked slowly homeward, his mind revolving through a sequence of questions which prodded, worried and annoyed him: Julia, where are you? When will I see you again? Are you all right? Where have you gone? And into the night, even after he had gone to bed, the questions stayed with him, worrying him, barricading, until three, the sleep which finally relieved and eased him.

Jim slept late Sunday morning. When he awoke at ten, the downstairs phone was ringing. Knowing that his parents, as usual, had already departed for Sunday school, he stumbled groggily out of bed, descended the stairs and answered it. It was Julia.

"Jim, I've got to see you," she said hurriedly. "It's important."

"Julia, where have you been? I called yesterday, but . . ."

"I'll tell you when I see you. Meet me at Eddie's about ten-thirty. Will you be there?"

"Sure. Ten-thirty."

Julia was waiting for him when he got there. She was sitting in the same booth they used that first night, but she didn't smile when he came in. He sat opposite her and ordered a cup of coffee.

"Jim, we've got to do something. I'm in trouble," she drew on her cigarette and blew smoke into the air.

"Why? What have you done?"

"You remember that Friday night, I guess? Out at Barney's?" She spoke slowly, as though she didn't want to talk, but had to.

"Yes . . . Go on."

"I couldn't sleep any after you took me home that night. I was scared; I didn't regret what had happened, exactly. I was just scared to think about what . . . what would happen to me if I were . . ." She paused and inhaled cigarette smoke. Her hand trembled as she took the cigarette from her lips.

"Go on, Julia," Jim urged, anxiously.

"I went out of town yesterday. I wanted to find out how I was. I went to the Health Department, gave them another name and asked for an examination. They gave me one. Then the doctor took me to his office and told me what I had been scared to know. He talked to me real nice, but he said I should have waited."

"Waited for what, Julia?"

"Until I was married."

Jim sank back in the booth and closed his eyes. His heart was beating faster and his hands began to tremble in a nervousness that quickly swept through his whole body. Perspiration formed at his hairline and he wiped it off, but it formed again.

"God, no! Julia, don't say any more."

"I came back to town, but I didn't go home. I walked the streets half the night. I wanted to call you, but I was scared to. I didn't want you to hate me."

"Haven't you been home?"

"No. I had some money so I went to a hotel last night. I spent my last dime this morning to call you." She dropped the cigarette to the floor and stepped on it, then leaned toward him in her seat. "Jim, you don't hate me, do you? I didn't want to tell you, but I didn't know who to turn to."

"No, Julia, I don't hate you. But you've got to go home. Tell your folks, I guess. Tell them what happened. Then this afternoon I'll come over."

She shook her head. "No, Jim. I'm not going home; never again will I go there. You don't know my parents, Jim. Daddy works all day, stays out somewhere most of the night. I've never been able to tell him anything. Either he's feeling so good when he does come home that he can't understand me, or else he doesn't come home at all. He's driven mother crazy; she's sick from the way he has treated her. Why she even lives with him is more than I can understand. If I went home and told her what had happened, it would be like killing her. She already has to live with one no-good. I'm not going to make it two."

"Julia, you're making a mistake. Why not try to tell them?"

"No, Jim. I'm not going back. I just wanted to see you again. I don't blame you for anything, either. I love you, Jim, and my parents

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would never understand that. A sixteen-year-old can't love anybody. That's what they'd say."

"What are you going to do, then? You've got to go somewhere."

"I guess you'd call it running away. I don't want to call it that, but when you just go off somewhere and not let anybody know where, I guess that's the only thing to call it."

"No, Julia. I didn't want you to go. I guess I should be worried about what's happened, but . . . oh, I don't know. With you around, I don't worry. If I can be with you, I know everything will work out all right. Don't go anywhere. If you do, so will I."

She started to protest but he wouldn't let her. He got up and stood beside her. Julia, I'm going to marry you, he said to himself.

"Stay here," he told her. "Don't leave. I'm going home to get some money. I've saved almost everything I've made at the shoe store this summer. We'll go somewhere. I'll get a job. Everything's going to be all right."

"No, Jim. What about your family? They would understand. It's different for you." She grabbed his arm in an attempt to make him sit down, but he freed himself.

"It's not different for me. My mother has been running me like a robot for seventeen years. Oh, she means well, certainly, but she wouldn't understand this. If she did, she would let me go. Now stay here. I'll be right back."

He heard her saying "no" as he went out the front door, but he kept going. He ran towards his house, his mind confused. But he was happy, and his happiness swelled to the verge of laughter as he opened the front door of his house.

I'm going to be with her, he was thinking. Always. I'm going to be with her.

He got the money from his bureau drawer and counted it. Ninety-five dollars. Plenty, he decided, until I get a job. He hurried down-

stairs, running to get away before his parents returned from church. Eddie's seemed a long way off, but he didn't stop running until he got there and pushed open the door.

It stunned him as he leaned back against the closed door to catch his breath. The place was empty; Julia was gone. He called her, but it was Eddie who answered him, emerging from the back room.

"She's gone, Jim. She borrowed paper from me and wrote you this note. Here, she told me to give it to you."

Jim took the folded paper from him, dropped into the booth he had left only a short time ago, and read:

"Dear Jim: I'm leaving this town and going away like I said. I'll write you from wherever I end up, and you can decide then if you want to join me or not. Talk to your folks, and do what they say. I wish I had some to listen to. If you don't come please don't hate me for what happened. Remember me. Love, Julia."

He folded the note and put it into his pocket.

"How long ago did she leave, Eddie?"

"Right after you did. She wrote the note first."

Jim left and walked slowly towards home. The sun was hot and birds sang to one another from the trees. Jim picked up a rock from the sidewalk and threw it into a nearby bush; the singing stopped, momentarily, as two birds flew from the bush and alighted on a telephone wire.

Why did she leave? he wondered. Why? Why didn't she wait for me? He opened the note and read it again. She said she would write and let me know where she goes, he muttered. He looked up and heard the birds singing again.

"Hurry up and write me, Julia," he said. "I'll be there whenever you say."

Quill Words

(Continued from page seventeen)

of my old friends who had been re-incarnated as big brownish-red bugs with long antennae who have been given the ability to fly. I gave 'em a list of instructions to follow, and from all reports they are doing a superb job. Some of 'em returned to the nether-regions, however, because they failed to follow orders.

SAY IT WITH

Flowers

SAY IT WITH

Ours

**WAKE FOREST
FLORIST**

WANT THE NEATEST HAIRCUT IN TOWN?

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THE CITY BARBER SHOP

WAKE FOREST

I told 'em not to stir up the sophomores, but one or two with minds of their own persisted. The freshmen got raided and in the attempted retaliation a fight ensued. That's what comes of trusting those who have been out of this world too long. I'll have to have a ghost-to-ghost talk with my old pal Virgil and tell him to be more careful when he chooses candidates for a second chance at mortal play.

Review

(Continued from page two)

girl Elizabeth, when he goes to inquire of his parents, and he falls in love. After he finds the girl, Graeber begins to live again. They love each other without thought for future or past in the stricken land which is slowly disintegrating around them. Both of them know their happiness cannot last, but into the short period of Ernst's furlough they try to crowd all the experiences that two who loved as they might have had in a lifetime: the small dinners, long lazy afternoons of talk, explaining themselves to each other, nights of stillness and being together.

Ernst is unable to see his parents,

though he finds they are alive, and when his leave is over he is forced to return to the Russian front and to his time to die for a cause in which he no longer believes.

The author has succeeded in telling a story which is representative of all loves in wartime, and has written with an honesty of emotion and a simple poignance which will make *A Time To Love* long remembered. Through the portrayal of the character of Ernst, Remarque has managed to reveal graphically the change in Germany from the arrogance of the Hitler youth to the defeated self-searching that came with the sinking of the Nazi star.

The figures of Ernst and Elizabeth become representative of the courage that human beings can show in the face of disaster, the strange, last courage that finds humor in ruins, happiness under the sword, and love in the brief time man has on the earth before death.

John Durham

Sweet Thursday, JOHN STIENBECK, New York, The Viking Press, 1954.

It is truly amazing that the same man who wrote the great novels

Grapes of Wrath and *East of Eden* can also write the tripe that is *Sweet Thursday*.

Written with the scene and characters of a former novel, *Cannery Row*, Stienbeck's latest novel contains the themes of vagabondism, alcoholism, and pseudo-sentimentality that characterized the former work.

The humanity he depicts is at best incoherent and unconvincing, at worst, ridiculous miscarriages of the pen of a man who has created some of America's best modern literature.

The Doc, as Cannery Row's rum-bums call him, is a middle-aged Ph.D. who operates the Western Biological Laboratories. Possessed with philosophical melancholia, he collects crabs and hydras and lives with caged rattlesnakes and rats.

Fauna is the jolly and cynical madam who operates the Bear Flag and teaches the "young ladies" the essentials of "culture."

There is Suzy, the hash-slinging ex-innate of the Bear Flag who is pushed, tricked and cajoled toward marriage with unsuspecting Doc.

Others include Old Jay, half nut and half maniac, who pulls up night crawlers with his teeth to find out how much pull a robin must exert to extract worms; Hazel, a man whose name is attributable to disappointed parents.

Plot in the novel is virtually nonexistent. About the only semblance to it is the story of Doc and Suzy, which begins when Doc injects into his human-misfit cohorts the illusion that what he needs is a nice, motherly type wife. From then on the rum-bums try their best to bring them together.

Stienbeck apparently has gone off on a wild goose chase to find the human soul. What he has written—it couldn't have been hard to find—is 273 pages of philosophical dribbling, pathological rubble, sentimental trash and sheer nonsense.

Wilfred Winsted

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Teresa Wright
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The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 2

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



Ashley River

So softly down twixt stodgy banks
Flowed there a stream by fable famed
Beneath a span of human will,
And, whisp'ring on, ran swiftly 'til
By harbor deeps it was reclaimed.

Like, so, a phantom story, passed
From brook to brine in accents low,
Seafaring folk retold as true
And, whisp'ring on, bespoke of two,
Charmed by the Ashley's silver flow.

Though trothed at birth to wed apart,
They stole and stood on spanning stone
As dark bowed knee in pious care
And, whisp'ring on, vowed death to share
If passion's dream left that alone.

Their river rendezvous was kept,
But daring bred a destined debt.
From dreams, though once at dawn's first glow
Were whisp'ring on, no death to know;
Now came the requiems of regret.

The Ashley rendered, as revenge.
Her pallid plunder to his peers
And sealed with salt his single crypt
While, whisp'ring on, the death vault slipped
And mingled with the mourners' tears.

Time's infant aged, the scythe crept by
The black-creped bier of death immured.
And, as earth has by night a veil,
So, whisp'ring on, the Ashley's tale
In secret waters was secured.

Dottie Braddock.

The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 2

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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Winter in Wake Forest

With winter comes rain, brown oak leaves, and muddy puddles on the campus. Wake Forest's "Great White Way" on a typical December night, taken by Van Swearingen, is the cover.

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STUDENT Reviews

A Review of Christmas, 1884

by W. C. Allen

From Volume 2 of *The Student*

It is now past. The small boy is disconsolate because his stock of explosive material has been exploded; but we are glad because the smell of powder is no longer abroad in the land, and fire and sulphur no longer form a constituent part of the atmosphere. The old Gobbler chuckles to his mate that one other year is allowed them.

The students who remained at the College during the holidays spent the time in a variety of ways. Some flung their books aside as soon as the first glimpse of the festive season came in sight and kept in rank with the time, but others embraced the opportunity of extra time to redouble their exertions in preparation for the approaching examination week; while others still made good use of the time in following Mark Twain up and down the Mississippi and laughing over his funny jokes.

THE ENTIRE STAFF
OF

WFDD

WISHES YOU

A

**Merry
Christmas**

In the country the case was no doubt something similar, yet with this important difference, that the people in the country were exempt from the trouble of throwing aside books and reluctantly resuming them again when the time and the Faculty demanded it. There the day is usually one of good things; all are in good spirits and humor; the boy fires his torpedoes and does his innumerable pranks unmolested, and the sour old bachelor puts on a clever front and tries to be respectable and agreeable. Around the well-stocked dining table the epicure's enjoyment culminates. A cohort with gleaming weapons clusters around eager for a flank movement upon the unsuspecting turkey in the centre. They begin active operations and the turkey soon beats a hasty retreat at the point of the glittering fork. Altogether the season is more enjoyed, perhaps, in the country than in town.

May-be we don't know whercof we are now going to speak, but the newspapers say that Christmas is a most favorable time for young people—and old people, too—to get married. Records go to show that it has been so regarded. Reasons could be multiplied to explain this. One is that in other portions of the year pleasure enough is derived from surrounding nature. The scellings can sally forth in the balmy spring morning and meet their satis-

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

Men's Wear
Quality



"Ben Wants
To See
You"

FOR

- Eats
- Drinks
- Smokes
- Billiards
- Magazines

Meet me at . . .

SHORTY'S

Education . . . in 124 Hours?

The faculty is to be commended in the decision to do away with senior examination exemptions. But the action reminds one of the pseudoscientific Laputans, in *Gulliver's Travels* who tried to build a house from the roof down, rather than from the foundation up.

It seems that the more logical way to raise the scholastic standards of Wake Forest would be to instigate a comprehensive examination schedule. This schedule would call for an examination in *all* of the so-called basic subjects after the sophomore year is completed, and an examination at the end of the senior year covering all of the material covered in the study of one's major subject. Before a degree would be granted the candidate would have to satisfy the advisor and/or the head of the department of his major field that he has an adequate knowledge of his major. This method would, of course, demand a revamping of the system under which Wake Forest operates now.

The first change would be that the courses offered should be presented with integration in mind. The courses would have to be taught, not merely as facts, but as a review of our civilization, what it has offered humanity and what it has taken from humanity. With this in mind, the introductory subjects would have to become a part of the whole, rather than one more requirement to get off. How many of us as seniors remember when the Battle of Hastings was fought? In-

significant, yet that date was one of the turning points in the history of the English language, something we use every day.

A second change would be necessary in the present grading system. The grades have become an end, rather than a means to an end. The over stressing of quality points and hours earned only lead to a set of false standards. How often we hear, "I got an A out of that course," rather than, "I feel as though I know something about that subject. It made me want to know more about the field." If there is some way to measure achievement by judging appreciation of human contribution to a field of study, it should be seriously considered. In a schedule of comprehensive examinations the grade received on the individual course should measure the appreciation and understanding gained and not the notes memorized and too often forgotten six weeks after the final. Any final examination given in a course of study would only be a preparation for the comprehensive to come later.

The faculty has set up a committee to study the matter of comprehensive examinations at Wake Forest. If they want to raise the standards of our school, if they think the college dares limit its appeal to future students who want education rather than students who want training, then they ought to consider the matter seriously before arriving at any decision.—F. H. A.

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 2

The Student

DECEMBER 17, 1954

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The Crisis Is Now

During its 120 years, Wake Forest College has served North Carolina Baptists, and indeed the Nation, by developing men of character and leadership in a manner that seems to mock its many limitations. We glow as we hear speakers and writers repeatedly acclaim this fact and ponder the many elements which contribute to this success. Daily, though, we stumble over inadequacies which obviously hinder a complete realization of the College's aims. This space might be well spent patting ourselves on the back for Wake Forest's many fine accomplishments; they do deserve admiration from us all. But for a moment let us squarely face the present situation.

A few days ago on the same page of a leading North Carolina newspaper there appeared two articles which we may well consider. The first announced the inauguration of the President's Lecture Series at The Citadel. Each weekend a person of national prominence will address the student body and remain for a two-day visit on the campus. The series is to begin with such figures as Gen. Matthew B. Ridgeway, Henry J. Taylor, Adm. Robert B. Carney, Sen. William F. Knowland, Gen. George C. Marshall, and Bernard M. Baruch. Is it fair to ask how much effort is being expended in an attempt to attract even persons of state importance to Wake Forest?

The second article on the page told of Davidson College's newest jointly sponsored course. A student may obtain three years of liberal arts, transfer to Georgia Tech for training in any of eight engineering fields, and receive degrees from both schools. A similar agreement with Columbia University has been in effect for over a year. It is easy to see that Davidson is determined

to provide the best professional training without weakening its nationally recognized liberal arts program. As a liberal arts college, Wake Forest has felt the necessity of creating a School of Business Administration, yet it offers pitifully inadequate musical training and does not even attempt to provide a department of art.

On other pages of other newspapers we may observe even more articles strikingly indicative of inadequacies which must be overcome if Wake Forest is to continue to serve as it has. It is easy to point to the removal effort and claim that problems may be solved only after this is complete. But this college has nearly always been in a crisis of some sort, and only by immediate and vigorous action has it survived. Today we are each being called upon to shoulder the present problems without procrastination or attempts to shift the responsibility, so that Wake Forest College may meet its newest obligations competently.

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7 A.M. Mon.-Fri.

"In The Spotlight"

Campus Activities
Interviews

"Star-Gazing"

Thumb-nail biographies
of today's record stars
Alternates with "In the
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"Music To Remember"

Classical Hour
Mon.-Fri. 7 P.M.

"U. N. Review"

Interviews with U. N.
Personalities
Sunday 12:45

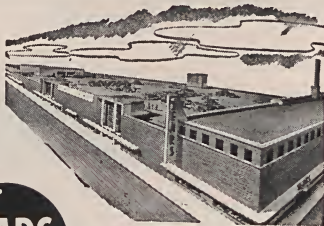
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Larry Black

The Knight and the Earth

By John E. Durham

The leaves fell so that Walt on his way to school scuffled through piles of orange and gold. He breathed the ice-tinged air into his warm young body filled with ecstasy walking the smoke-tinged streets of the little town. In the dusky afternoons the people dressed in old clothes and worked with rakes whose steel prongs were like giant broomstraws. The leaves were raked into great piles, then carried to the streets for burning. Sometimes the piles of leaves were left overnight, and children made forts of them by hollowing out the center of the piles; many a young warrior was buried in his own castle.

The house in which Walt lived looked down on the village from a hill, and often in the leaf-burning days he sat for hours looking down at the burning piles and the figures of the workers which became more shadowy as dusk fell and the faces became indistinct, reflecting a curious redness from the flame. In what he saw, the boy felt a warmth and a sudden feeling of exaltation that he existed, and this strange wonder of life could go on with him as a part. He sat quietly by the window, sometimes putting his hand out to touch the cold pane. His mother often came into the room without his noticing.

"My soul," she would say, "what are you looking at?" She would come over to the window, stare out, and seeing nothing unusual, make a slight deprecatory sound, absently touch his hair and leave him alone.

The girl's face was in his mind—a face like a goddess of autumn, he thought. Becky Adams was a tiny, spritely girl half-way between the child and the woman, and the boy was in love with the earnest, earnest in-

tensity that is always in first things. She had a quality of strangeness; to him she with her puckish, up-turned nose and freckles seemed a magic creature.

In her presence he was overwhelmed with confusion as one is always in the presence of something worshipped and he could think of nothing to say after the first greeting. Once he met her and almost asked her to come to his house and look at the fires, but he couldn't think how to explain it to her so that it wouldn't sound foolish, and after a moment of awkward silence he had walked on.

The girl thought him a little funny, because she often caught him staring at her, and because he was so silent. It sometimes made her angry, but then—there was that peculiar expression in his face, something lonely and desperate that made her always kind.

The winter passed, and spring came back to the streets of the town with its subtle, inexorable green that moved the earth back to fertility. The boy noticed a change in the girl as spring came.

Something of the life began to leave her face, and she became silent, moody and avoided everyone except, strangely, him.

Now, wherever he was sitting, she came beside him. He was bewildered by this at first, but as the weeks passed, he began to understand with something beyond his knowledge that something was happening to her that she was very afraid of. In trying blindly to help her, he forgot himself and began to talk of many things; the love he had for the leaf-burning time, the way rain fell on certain days when the earth seemed to weep and was old and lovable and sad. She sat very still and

listened to the soft hum of his voice and watched the jerking, nervous gestures of his hands as he tried to describe something to her, continuing a moment after he stopped talking, waving, making half-formed images in the air.

They were in every old room in the school. The desks were carved and cut with many names and initials of students long since gone. The radiators hissed and wheezed; the boy looked with pity at the people busting in the library, because they did not share his world.

The last day she came in with her shoulders a little slumped. She seemed very far away. She put her head on the table on her arms, and he saw that she was

crying, her little elfin face made to laugh contorted with grief and despair.

"What is it, Becky—you must tell me." He took her hand.

She turned her face to him and stared into his eyes long and intently. Then her small hand was cupped gently around his head, and he felt her wet cheek against his as she said: "Oh,—my knight, my poor, silly knight."

Then she ran from the room, and he was left amid the stares of the other students, who finally began to laugh at his bewildered expression.

In a small dingy town in South Carolina in a living room where there was a hole in the rug, Becky married Alf Schmidt that night. He was a great hulking fellow, the son of a man who owned the restaurant in the town. His hands were red and scaling from the constant wetting of the restaurant work, and they were very large. She tried to avoid looking at them while she was being married.

At school the next day Walt looked for her. Three days went by and she did not return. On the morning of the fourth day, as he approached a group of his classmates, he caught the words *marriage* and *Becky*. They laughed. He hit the first one in the back of the head with his clenched fist and swung wildly at the others until by sheer weight of numbers they bore him down.

The last boy to get up was a friend of Walt's. He brushed himself off, then brushed Walt.

"You think you'll change it by fighting? You fool."

Walt walked the streets of the town that night raging. All that he wanted was Alf Schmidt's face before him. The afternoon of the fifth day, he heard that they were back to live at Schmidt's father's house until they could manage something better. The boy waited his time until he was sure Alf would be at home.

The Schmidt house was very old. He rang once and waited. He was very nervous, then through the door he saw Alf coming down the darkened hall. He opened the door. They stood looking at each other.

Walt was surprised. The young German's face was weary, drawn, with dark patches under the eyes. He had planned to hit him before he could speak, but he stood silently. Suddenly with despair, Walt realized how irrevocable the whole affair was.

Alf said: "Come in."

Walt turned on his heel and walked away. There was nothing to say. He sat in his room in the dark that night, looking at the darkened line of trees and deep in the night as he sat half-sleeping, he thought he saw the old blind hand of the earth reaching for the green young leaves of the trees.

A Pome in Two Verses *Or Two Strikes You're Out!*

The times are rare that the muse comes to me
When she comes, all she does is make me see
That among the things that I cannot do
Is write a line of verse or two.

She urges me, "Write, *ami*!"

I answer, "I want to free

The thoughts that make

My poor soul ache."

When I sit

They flit.

My pomes

They end

Oh bliss!

Like

This:

•

The muse returns and sits on my shoulder,
Shouts in my ear, "Write, *ami*—bolder!"
My answer changes not one little bit.

In turn, I take up my pen and sit

To mark upon the virginal pages

Words that will last the ages.

But, alas, alack, what jells

Is not what my soul yells,

But some things that fall

Into the abyss of all

Forgotten things

And, oh joy

Oh bliss!

They end

Like

This:

•

A 1953 graduate of Wake Forest, now a student in Southeastern Seminary, represented United States colleges in a debate tour of England last winter. Here he gives his impressions of student life in Europe.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

by Virgil Moorefield

When the dogs of war ceased their whinings of death in 1944, many were those in Europe who recalled vividly the words of Clemenceau, "We made war to the end—to the very end of the end." No one could be naive enough to ignore the twisted masses of steel forming the skeletons of industrial death; nor could anyone for-

get the pattern of death and destruction etched against a flaming sky by torn bodies and screaming bombs. Abuse, molestation, atrocity, ravage, torture, oppression, persecution, and brutality had been the order of the day. Men could not emerge mentally immaculate from such a martial inferno.

As in most wars, youth paid the heaviest penalty. The flower of manhood had wilted in 1918, the bud was snipped in 1944. Only the grim roots were left, and to them was given the task of rebuilding that which they had scarcely ceased to destroy. They had every right to think with Conrad that "the belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Hardest hit were the students of Europe. Those in England had experienced the horror of raids designed to break their morale. Others in Cologne, Germany, had seen their university literally blown to bits. There were no books, no classrooms, few students, and fewer professors. There was little discrimination when Mars asked for human sacrifice on his altar.

In spite of these hardships, however, the young minds of Europe refused to quit. Instead, they formed labor camps to rebuild their cities, lived under the stars, and memorized what they could not write. To them, there was a time for everything . . . for hate . . . for love . . . for death . . . for life . . . for dying . . . for dancing . . . for destroying . . . for creating. . . .

The English students recovered far more quickly than did their neighbors. Soon all the old custom and tradition were in full swing. Not having fraternities, they found the old social life in the "club" or the "union." Aided financially by the government, most of them were

Moorefield goes "intellectual"—Completing a pilgrimage to Canterbury, he finds the best way to be "backed by tradition" is to stand in the foreground with Falstaff, St. George, and City Gate in the rear.



able to continue their education. Considering "outside work" as something that "just isn't done," they soon found an outlet for their energies in politics.

The English student loves a political campaign almost as much as tea. He will parade, pass cards, kiss babies, ring bells, burn torches, strike, and even fail his studies if he really believes in his candidate. His is not the sham of campus politics, but the national arena where the decisions that affect his life and his future are made. Needless to say, he cannot understand the biological terminology of American students who have their "head" of a particular "arm" in the student "body." They think someone is pulling a "leg." Are they right?

In his studies, young John Bull refuses to be hurried. Six hours a semester is sufficient, and he dares anyone to require his attendance at lectures. If he needs special help, he gets it from his tutor. To this gentleman he reports once a week, just to let him know that said John Bull is on the job. Quiz is an unknown word,

Below—Typical street in non-artistic section of old Florence. Bicycles cut down on the traffic jams.

Right — Bologna at high noon. Leaning tower looks down on crowd and banner proclaims literary festival.



used only to scare children and American students. Why bother with mere trifles when there is so much to read, to learn, to examine on one's own? The results are amazing. When a man graduates with a First Honors, he is qualified to serve as an authority in his field.

While studying these "arts becoming to a free man," he is his own welfare agent. Each year the students have what they call "Rag Week." They dress in old rags or idiotic costumes, then collect money for charity from





Left—Someone was homesick for Egypt! This is one of city gates at Rome. Notice the modern apartments.

Above—Roman Forum, Coliseum, tourists, and "native" who is selling "Swish" watches and "P. Arker" pens.

Right—St. Mark's Square in Venice, where everyone walks.



one can only win through education and application of that education to the society in which one lives. If we in this country had to die for the right to learn, go without food, fight an oppressive government, dare persecution for the right to think, and sacrifice all that we had, would we be willing to meet the challenge? If we had only the roots left, what would be their blossom? There is a time for everything . . . and everyone. Our turn may be next.

the local merchants. After the collections, they have a real "ball" in every sense of the word. In Sheffield, the students recently collected \$30,000 for a worthy charity.

Thus, the English student practices living along with studying. He learns to be both a "gentleman and a scholar." In the back of his mind, he still carries the scars of war, but he is determined to gain for his children the peace that he was not allowed. To do it, he trains himself in the practical school of gracious living in the midst of adversity. To him, this is the time for creating . . . for learning . . . for life . . . for love . . . for peace. . . .

In Italy, the boot that often pinches Europe's toe, the outlook on life is not so bright. Faced with the constant unemployment, hunger, and low standard of living, many young Italians cherish the glory of Mussolini. Remembering his reforms and the prestige that he brought to Italy, one student said, "Someday there will come one who will be like him, and we will sing again, and laugh again, and march again. Next time we will not fail!" It was the students who rioted over Trieste. It was among the students that the old Fascist party, dressed up in a new name, made its recent revival. It makes one understand why there are no victors in a war.

Much of the remainder of Europe is the same. There, freedom of thought is a precious gem. One must fight, and sometimes die, for it. Life is a bitter struggle that



Contrary to public opinion, this is not Duke University Chapel. It is Winchester Cathedral, one of the few that escaped the worst ravages of bombing. Foggy as usual—the weather, we mean.

COMPATIBILITY

by Tony Wrenn

"Dunn Christmas Parade to have no Santa Claus," the headline read. The story went on to say in effect that the Dunn Ministerial Conference felt that Santa Claus was taking the place of Christ in today's Christmas. To them Christ and Santa Claus are incompatible. To me they are not; well, it happened this way:

That Christmas was bare and cold and when I saw children playing in the yard of the tenant home across the hill, I was immediately drawn in that direction. I don't know why. Probably it was because I already knew some of the story of these people who had just moved to our farm. At any rate, almost before I knew it, I was going up the hill towards the house.

As I approached the house I could see that the children were ragged and shivering in the cold, but happy as only children can be. There were three of them and the oldest, a girl with unkempt blond hair, seemed to be directing the activities. They had cut a small Christmas tree and were trying in some fashion to make a holder so that they could place the tree in the house.

"Hello there," I said, and all their work and conversation ceased abruptly.

The little blond looked up and smiled shyly.

"Can you make our Christmas tree stand up?" one of the little brothers asked eagerly.

"Sure," I answered, "but first you must tell me what your name is. Mine is Tony, but most of the kids call me Uncle Tony. Would you like to call me that?"

"Sure, Uncle Tony," said the other little boy. "I'm Tim and this is Rick and she's Sally."

"Good, now let's see what we can do for this tree." They helped and talked eagerly as I found some wood and nailed a cross to the tree so that it would stand up. "Now," I said, "where are you going to put this?"

"In here," Sally replied and ran toward the door of the house.

I picked up the tree and followed, wondering why the parents hadn't appeared by this time. Sally led the way into the bedroom of the two room house.

"Do you think it would be all right to put it here in the corner?" she inquired.

"Sure," I said, "that would be a good place." We placed the tree and then I asked, "Where are your Mother and Daddy?"

Sally looked ashamed as she answered, "They went somewhere."

Tim made a face. "Yeh, and if Dad gets drunk, they'll never get back."

All three of them looked so miserable that it made my heart ache. I wondered what I could do to help, but asked, "How old are you, Sally?"

"Nine, and Tim's seven."

"I'm four, see how tall I am?" said Rick as he straightened up.

I smiled. "My, you really are growing up, and what's Santa going to bring you now that you're so big?"

"Oh, nothing I guess," and he sat down dejectedly.

"It's been two years now since Santa came to see us, but we know he'll be here this time. See, we even have boxes for him to put our presents in." Tim ran to the corner where three large cardboard boxes were standing.

Sally looked up at me. "Do you think he'll come this time, Uncle Tony? You see, Rick's never had any presents to remember Santa by."

There were tears in my eyes when I answered. "Yes, honey, I'm sure he will. Maybe you've been moving around so much that he can't find you, but I know he will this time." A mission was beginning to shape in my mind as I looked at these sad-faced children. "Say, your tree needs a little tinsel, doesn't it? What do you say, that I come over later tonight and bring some, so that it will be pretty when Santa comes?"

I talked lightly for a few moments of the things Santa Claus might leave for them that night, put some wood into the heater and left for home.

When I told my Mother, she felt just as I did and insisted on going back with me this time. So I got some tinsel and little glass balls and she packed a basket of sandwiches, cake and hot cocoa and we drove over.

All three of them ran out when we drove up and soon they were talking to "Mom" as if she were really their mother. She fed them the hot cocoa out of the thermos cup and then we sat in the rickety chairs and watched them throw tinsel and hang balls on the tree. It's funny, but even the raggedest and dirtiest child can be beautiful when he is happy.

Soon they had pulled the boxes over to the tree and Rick jumped into his and sat there. "Uncle Tony," he asked, "do you think Santa will bring enough to fill the box?"



Larry Black

I laughed weakly. "Well now, that's a mighty big box, but maybe it'll be half full. You never can tell what Santa will do when he comes." You should have seen Rick's face then.

Mother looked at her watch and then at the kids. "Do you know what time it is? It's time you were in bed so we'll be all ready for Santa, but you can't wait for Santa with dirty faces. Tony, go with Sally to get some water and a pan."

Sally and I went into the other room and I watched as she dipped some water from a bucket into the washpan. She got the water and then come to stand close to me.

"Uncle Tony," she said, "I know we just moved, and maybe Santa can't find us but suppose. . . . Well one of the kids at school said . . ."

"Now Sally, don't you worry about what the kids at school said. There is a Santa Claus! And as long as you have faith in him, he'll find you some way."

"But Uncle Tony, I don't care so much for myself and Tim, but Rick. He's never had any presents, and he's so little. If only . . ."

"Don't you worry, honey. Santa will be here. Why he even comes to our house to leave presents for all my nieces and nephews. I know he won't forget Rick."

"Oh, I hope he won't!"

Back in the other room Mother heated the water, scrubbed their faces and tucked them all in bed. I put some more wood in the heater and closed the drafts. "Mom" put out the light and left the one burning in the other room.

"Now, my dears," she said, "do you want to say your prayers?"

I don't know if they had ever prayed before, but

they did then, and their prayers were full of blessings for other boys and girls and hopes. Three prayers full of the hopes of three hearts.

We said good night then, and went to the car. We were both silent as I started the car and headed it toward home.

"Mom" seemed to be lost in thought. "The grandchildren get so much, and others have so little. They wouldn't want it that way would they?"

"No, I'm sure they wouldn't," I answered weakly.

We were up late that night, trimming the tree and fixing the dinner and waiting for Santa to come.

Early the next morning we again drove over the hill to see what the kids had to say about Santa this morning. We knew that he had walked quietly up the road last night with three heavy boxes which he left on the porch since three wakeful children were inside, and there was no available chimney large enough.

This time the two older children and their mother met us at the door. They were covered with candy, and Rick was excitedly chugging a toy car toward the door to meet us.

"Mr. Wrenn," the woman said, "we didn't get home until late and we saw these on the porch. We called the kids and they had the time of their lives. Oh, I'm so happy for them. Our crops weren't good and we didn't have much to pay Santa. That's the reason. It was wonderful of you to help the kids with the tree and . . . and everything."

We talked with the woman and watched Sally and the boys eat and play. Once we were inside the house, the drunken form of their Daddy across the bed told us much more than his wife's explanation had.

Rick picked up an apple from his box and came to sit in my lap. "Uncle Tony, have you ever seen Santa Claus?"

"Well, not exactly," I answered. "But I know who he is and what he stands for. Would you like to hear about that?"

"Oh, please," and he settled back against my shoulder.

I told him about the grand old man who comes to see good boys and girls. I told him about the Christ who was the first gift, a gift so wonderful that St. Nicholas came to give people presents each Christmas so they would never forget that first wonderful gift.

Rick straightened up and looked into my eyes. "Could you tell Santa something for me?"

"Well, maybe I can. What do you want me to tell him?"

He put his face close to my ear and whispered. "Tell him that Sally and Tim and most of all me, tell him we think he's wonderful!"

My heart lifted in prayer as I gazed at this bright faced boy, and a verse from the Bible came to me; "In-as-much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I think that was the first time I realized how alike the two men of Christmas are. Truly they walk side by side, Christ and Santa Claus.



Peggy Clark and Nan Frink, the two students
in this feature, go fr^{ses} to

Keep "The"

The girls eat early breakfast, check the in-patients, and rush to class—like other students.



It's after classes that the day's work really begins. Nan and Peggy check the rooms and see to the afternoon patients.



o stud^{ses} who appear
go fr^{ss} to pills to beds to books, trying to

he Family Healthy" . . .

Leslie Fox, Photographer



After the last ailing student leaves, the "angels" take time to relax before going to bed. Tomorrow will be another full day.

The nurses, and friends, enjoy a break between the afternoon's work and evening sick call.





Watermelons By the Load

BY CHARLES NEWMAN

The old man moved only to spit into the dust; the dog lying beneath his cane-bottomed chair only twitched his tail. The two were alone, but sometimes another old timer who lived in the house that comprised the only other building in town came down to spit and chew and lie about the old days.

Town? Texans called it a town. To others, it might be called a village, but Texans have too much pride to call it a village—there are lots of towns in Texas. There were only three or four buildings that made up the town. One building, yellow with dust, but painted like a real—city-real—store. The rear of the store was covered with an aging shingled roof, the peak of which swayed in the middle, like an ancient mule. It had seen and weathered many dust storms and northers—those blue freezing winds from across the Oklahoman plains to the north.

But now it was hot—dry. It was summer and it was hot, and like all summers in the southwest it was dry. There was no wind, no breeze of any kind. Only

once in awhile did a little dust devil blow down the street between the two buildings. And they were the only things in town that seemed life-like. A red, white-faced cow ambled across the valley in which the town lay. There were no mountains, just barren hills, but a dried-up creek had carved out the little valley that sheltered the town.

The cow suddenly broke into the stiff-legged lope peculiar only to cattle, and the old man looked up. Even the dog raised his head from the cooler shade of his master's chair. The dog gave a toothless growl, then rested his head; it had taken more energy than he had used all day since coming from the back of the store where he and the proprietor lived.

Around the last hill of the semi-circle of sheltering hills came a car. It was not unusual, for a lot of the farmers and ranchers that populated the surrounding plains had cars, most of them new ones. But this car did not belong here; it belonged to a stranger, for the old man knew the automobiles of his customers, and he did not recognize this one. Even the dog sensed a note of newness about the faded maroon that headed a trail of dust. The car turned the corner at the end of the street and finally came to a halt in front of the



Haywood Sellers

store. Three men got out. Two were young—evidently sons of the third. Then the sense of newness vanished, and the old man squinted and recognized a native son who had gone away to school and who was now living in another state—a successful man and somewhat famous. At least he was famous to the people of the plains country. The two younger ones were his sons, known in that section because of their father. But the old man did not recognize the brothers at first—he hadn't seen them in several years, since they were "this high."

Now the old man rose from his shady seat on the front porch and greeted the returnees. He knew them all, even the brothers, for they had to be the man's sons. His plainsman brogue sounded a little funny to the younger ones. They had been raised in Texas, but it had been a long time since they had been back and he heard the slow drawl from anyone, except the little bit they had carried with them. They smiled at each other and winked, then listened to the conversation between the two elders.

"Well," began the old man dryly—he was inclined to be a little long-winded, for he had had no one to talk to all day—"the country ain't changed a lot—then

again it has. Been too dry for farmin'. Nobody's raised an ear a' corn nor so much as a bushel of wheat in three, four year. It ain't rained here this summer—did rain . . . let's see . . . I guess back in March or April. Wet the ground a little — just barely settled the dust.

"Th' dry spell ain't too good for the cattle, neither." He pointed to the lonely cow that had heralded the coming of the visitors. "That critter is so lean you can count every one a' her ribs." The brothers looked at the dog—one could count his ribs, too. The old man continued, "She ain't worth th' energy it'd take t' knock her in th' head—she wouldn't bring any more than hide an' hoofs . . . ain't got any meat on her bones. She's just like all the rest. I vow there ain't a hundred head in the whole county.

"They been dyin' like flies—'cept th' flies are th' only things around that ain't dyin'. Ol' Jess—you remember Jess . . . lived down on th' old Jackson place—married th' Jackson's oldest gal, Hester—Jess, he lost three head just last week. Found them over in the north corner of his pasture near where th' Winn Hill road bridge crosses Cripple Creek—creek's dry, they all are, and the poor critters just up and died of thirst and starvation.

"Grass around here looks like it's been burned—there just ain't none. Most folks here 'bouts ain't had to worry 'bout th' dry, though; that is, nobody but th' drillers. They can't find enough water to run their rigs. And these plains are full of rigs . . . you can see ol' man Cooper's latest one just to th' right of Spy Knob . . . that's where all th' money's coming from. Dang near everybody's got one or two wells.

"These boys are going deep now—not like they did when you was here. 'Law, they passed that sand stuff 'fore they hardly started. Naw sir, they got deep wells now. All kinds a' new stuff to drill with—all new 'cept th' water. They been havin' t' haul it in from down below Jacksboro.

"It's got to be where a water well is near as good as oil—you can sell it to drillers at dang near any price. . . . Naw—things ain't like they used t' be.

"I remember 'way back when I was a papoose—'lot younger than these fellows," he motioned toward the two young men, "my pa used to wrangle for ol' man Loving—back when him and Charlie Goodnight owned all this country. Yes sir, them was the days . . . wouldn't none of these white-faced critters around then. I remember well them long-horned knock-kneed creatures that they ran from around here out to Fort Sumner for th' army. Took two or three of them cows t' make th' beef that's on one today—they were worse off than that poor soul out yonder, and that's goin' some.

"Pa used to tell a lot a' yarns about Oliver Loving and Goodnight. Never will forget th' one 'bout ol' Charlie and th' watermelons—they dang near saved his life one time.

"Seems Goodnight had trailed about a thousand head over to Sumner and had sold most of 'em at around

eight cents on th' hoof—they was high prices in them days right after th' war between th' states . . . 'course, feller don't get much more than that now—ten, maybe twelve cent a pound. Anyhow, he'd got somethin' like twelve thousand dollars in gold for 'em, and he started back towards Texas with three of his hands—all ridin' saddle mules and leadin' their best hosses in case they had to get away from any stray Indians they might happen to bump into.

"They rode down the Pecos by night and holed up in some out-a-th'-way place by day and then hit th' trail 'bout dusk. Goodnight led th' way, follered by some pack mules and th' three punchers. They came to one a' th' most dangerous places on th' trail, where th' Guadalupes juts out near th' river, when a bad storm blowed up with thunder an' lightin' and a gosh-awful rain and heavy wind. Somethin' scared th' lead pack mule—Goodnight never knowed if it was Apaches or what—but that mule went by him like a bat out a' brush pile.

"He thought a' all that money in th' pack, and he took off after that mule as fast as his mule would take 'im. He passed th' pack animal 'bout a quarter mile farther an' jumped from his mule for th' other. As dark as it was, he managed to catch th' rein of th' mule an' hang on. He an' that mule went round and round and tore up enough ground to plant corn on, but all he could think of was that money, so he hung on.

"After all th' fuss was over, he found out that all th' money was still there, but all th' provisions they had left was one side a' bacon—an' there wasn't a person anywhere from Bosque Redondo to Fort Belknap where they could get more . . . and them 'bout five hundred miles from nowhere.

"They ate th' bacon, rind an' all, and they did shoot a catfish or two, but they couldn't shoot too much fer fear of bringin' on th' Indians. Th' four of 'em filled their canteens and left th' Pecos an' started across

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

Beat Cow College

Signs of the times: Deacon basketball outfits are getting briefer by the years. The 1909 cage team proudly shows off its Bermudas, etc., with Coach J. R. Crozier for this picture which was discovered in the recent Monogram Club cleanup.

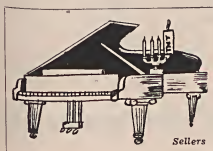
Courtesy The Monogram Club



Quill Words

FROM THE STUDENT'S INK POT

I left home when I was three years old with one shirt, Dad's broken straight-razor, and a half a plug of Honey Twist tobacco. I was so dumb I couldn't even write my name. Everything is kinda hazy up to the



time I was eight, when I shipped outa 'Frisco on the "Ton Kiki," but I never will forget landing in Singapore with my one shirt, which was beginning to come apart, Dad's broken, bloody straight-razor, and a rickshaw a plug of Honey Twist. By the time I was twelve, I was pulling a rickshaw sixteen hours a day for my meals, wrapped in what was left of that tattered red shirt. (Still couldn't write my name.)

Next year my wife and I worked outa Peking as a "plant-and-cover" team in the rice fields. Man, you ain't seen cold till you seen the snow we slept in that winter. Well, when my wife died of exposure, it broke up the team, and I lost my job.

I got to thinking 'bout the folks at home and wonderin' how they was makin' out. All right, I guess. But me? Nothin'! It was nothin' 'fer seven years, just barely eekin out a existence peddlin' shaves with that sawblade razor.

Next thing I knowed, I woke up on a cattle boat bound fer home. I pickt up a advertizement an just layed thar in the manooore reedin

it. Desided i'd take a chanct. I sint in fer it and waited.

Time I got home my luck broke an i been rich ever since. Ain't writn a word n 8 year now, but who the hell wants too. I cleared a hundred thousand dolars last year on my lucky Strake droodles. All the kids got forty shirts apiece, Dad shaves seven times a day, and the whole fifth floor uv th house is filled with honey Twist.

Here's amber in yore eye!

Me and My Snail

I've got a snail. The rest of the family raised the roof when I moved the turtle out to accommodate him, but I did it anyway. It seems the turtle, "Churchy," a corruption of *chercher*, and borrowed from Walt Kelly, wanted to eat my snail. In the fish bowl one Sunday, Churchy

sneak-attacked the snail and bit the end off his antenna. My snail couldn't stand the pain so he floated on his back for two days. It was then that I removed Churchy.

The family says the snail doesn't have any personality, but he does. For instance, he was originally hired as custodian, but he would rather clown up and down the glass sides, waving his lopsided head-gear, than to operate on the scraping sand. When he does decide to go to work, he always works over the marbles first.

The other night when the temperature dived to twenty-four, the water in the fish bowl must have seemed too cold; he settled himself down among some pieces of green weed and tucked himself deep into his trailer. The only thing showing was the very tip of his chewed-off

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



Read me that part again . . . about the \$27.

THE problem of *The Student* magazine has always been a lack of writers. As I look back at a past year of editing *The Student*, two things stand out in my mind. One of them is the small number of students who were interested in working on the magazine; the other, the anxiety of those who did about the time "wasted from studies." The combination of these two factors has been among the major difficulties in producing a magazine at Wake Forest for a long, long time. I am writing down these thoughts as seen from the vantage point of "retirement" in the hope that an analysis of the nature of the problems of a writer in college may be of some value to those who will continue to write *The Student*.

Quite frequently the lack of creative work among college students is blamed upon a negative influence inherent in the school's method of teaching. I think if we are willing to be quite honest, we can admit that most college courses consist of the study of precise materials and that the success or failure of a student in such courses depends on his ability to recite in an exact fashion the words of the lecturer or the minute factual nature of the material studied. The reward of grades always goes to the systematic student who can quite doggedly plow through the dullest of tomes in the same fashion that he reads those things in which he is really interested. To be a really good grade-getter, one must have an essentially *undisturbed* mind that can soak up facts like a sponge, because the nature of most tests is such that they measure one's factual data acquired, not one's reaction to the ideas inherent within the material.

NOW, it is with reaction that a writer is primarily concerned, because the source of all creation is the reaction of the human soul to its surroundings. This same reaction is usually the source of academic troubles, for though the Muse often wafts her way through the writer's window to make him puzzle over the significance of some long past event when he should be translating German, she never helps him with his examinations.

Of course the answer to all these statements is very simple. Schools are not set up to accommodate writers, and it is doubtful if they should be. The average man acquires his knowledge not from within himself, but from what other men have written and thought. He would be quite unwilling to trade his mimeographed tests with blank spaces for a test which might, for example, consist of an essay on a meaning that his reading conveyed to him. The writer must treat the academic tyranny to which he is subjected with the exact reverence which it deserves and recognize that grades are primarily an artificially constructed system of values designed to prod students who have little interest in their work into making the adequate necessary effort to avoid the humiliation of failure. The system is this way, not because teachers want it so, but because disinterested students generally make up the greatest portion of any class.

NO study is of value to the writer unless it can add to the beauty or depth of his own art. No artist whose works have been gleaned from the works of another man has lived. The proper attitude of the writer towards books is that the best of them may be sub-

A Senior and past editor of *The Student* reviews the situation and student writing in *The Student*

The Writer

by Joe L.

ordinate aids to the thing that he is most concerned with; his reaction to the world around him.

There is a suspicion in my mind, however, that all the talk one hears from would-be writers about the lack of time boils down to something akin to what Sherwood Anderson wrote in his intensely honest autobiographical book, *A Story Teller's Story*.

"Often enough, to be sure, I dodged the fact that, after having started on the scent of some tale I turned aside because I could not follow the scent and consoled myself by saying that the need of money had been the cause of my defeat or that the need of leisure had upset me, but it was always a lie."

I suspect that the real reasons that so few students are willing to attempt writing are two: (1) the reticence they have about revealing themselves and (2) the fear of the isolation that writing necessarily involves.

STUDENTS are influenced by a false society in America, a society with the perpetual painted clown's smile. This society is at present engaged in convincing itself that financial security gives an automatic fulfillment to life. Anyone who is not engaged in the great race toward that security is looked on with suspicion as being a little peculiar. Perhaps a writer is disliked because he points out the dishonesties which the society is trying hard to conceal from itself.

Hollywood and certain "writers" have created a college world which does not exist, and with that world there is a stereotype of the College Joe. The ironic thing

is that most students are so often afraid to step out of the roles made for them.

I remember seeing a picture one day in Chapel Hill under an advertisement for a cafe, a picture of a drinking party with all the customary props of revelry —

st ed The Student magazine
titled the problems of
t writ Wake Forest

in College

y J. Durham

bright hats, whistles, beer bottles — but in the faces there was no gaiety, but rather a look of aloneness and isolation which seemed much more melancholy because of the surroundings. Can we have become a generation of pretense, so afraid of life that we can no longer afford to be honest with our own lives?

The experience of a writer after publishing his first story is usually like that of the man who in his dream woke up to find himself naked in the infield at Yankee Stadium with the stands full. In any honestly written story, there is a part of the writer — a part which can be batted about, laughed at, sneered at, or ignored (this is the worst), and it is impossible for him to defend himself. The varied reactions of readers are also responsible for creating another genre of writer, the sophomoric cynic, who sneers at everything because he is afraid of exposing himself and thinks by getting in the first blow he can shield himself. Such writers are unimportant and will not last because mankind, despite its seeming callousness and toughness, really yearns to be understood, and the only writers which it will keep alive are those who have understood it.

IN addition to his reticence at opening his mind to the world for all to trample on as they see fit, the serious student writer who continues his efforts is faced with the problem of his own increasing isolation, and with steeling himself to it. The fear of being alone has stopped more potentially good writers than all war and sickness ever did. Every writer finds that as he probes deeper and deeper into the layers of life beneath the

surface, he becomes isolated because of the experiences he has had. Now a sense of aloneness is not a pleasant thing. The young student particularly is liable to suffer more from the experience than it really involves. Usually the beginning writer has regarded the craft far too romantically. He finds that he must work alone, and that it is necessary that he delve into the shadowy world of his memory and try to bring forth on paper the symbols to illustrate some truth which he has formed in his mind. In that birth there is anguish, for often in the long, grey corridor of time that is memory, he finds more to be afraid of than all the world holds. It usually happens that after trying to write on one or two occasions, the student runs away and does not try again; hence the small amount of serious material which *The Student* is able to muster per issue.

At this point the reader may quite legitimately ask; Why should student writing be done if it involves so much that is unpleasant?

FIRST, writing can aid in giving both writer and reader a sense of the unity and meaning of life. The present generation has been profoundly influenced by a literature of despair, so strongly influenced that in college magazines the writing of a short story that is "real" has become almost synonymous with the expression of individual disillusionment. Perhaps it is not too optimistic for one to hope still that a new group of writers can emerge from our own generation great enough to find something nearer to hope in man's condition.

The second thing that the apprenticeship in writing produces is an individual. Current society is full of pressures toward a conformity one step away from slavery. Many individuals who can successfully resist such pressures, who can unerringly see governmental procedure in human terms rather than terms of expediency, are the best guarantees that a nation can possess against the threat of dictatorship. Such individuals are the writers who have tried to form a personal view of the world, who have attained a sense of the intrinsic value of free humanity, and who are endowed with an artistic conscience.

AT Wake Forest, there is an old, old query: when are we going to get a better magazine? The answer is not when the editors change, nor when some vague "they" ceases to be snobbish, but when a great many students assume the courage to make attempts at self-expression. For it takes strength, as Conrad writes, "To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life." The reward is often commensurate to the effort involved. The writer is rewarded by his achievement and by what he becomes in his own soul. And he may think that if he works long enough to really achieve, when he is long, long dust, some searching creature, reading his words, may lift his eyes to the stars.

The B

By Shirley Mudge



Tallest of the tombstones in the Euzelian plot is this marker inscribed: "Rev. Robert B. Jones; born in Person Co., Feb. 17, 1726; died at Wake Forest Dec. 17, 1867." Also buried here is James D. Holloman, who died here as a student in 1857. John L. Prichard, another student, died 20 years later. His grave is in this plot.

Leslie Fox

At the top of the hill in the oldest section of Wake Forest Cemetery there stand two large tombstones, staunch reminders of the prosperity and importance once enjoyed by the two college literary societies. Clustered around the big stone marked Euzelian, there are three small markers each-engraved with initials and the Eu insignia. Around the Philomathesian stone there are four small stones, two engraved like those of the Eu's and two with no markings at all. Buried there in those bare, unkept plots are five known, possibly seven, Wake Foresters who lived, studied, and worked on this campus. They were men who spoke and debated enthusiastically in the society halls, men who lived when loyalty and devotion to the societies was an integral part of every student's college life—"the Golden Age" of the Philomathesians and the Euzelians.

A legend once surrounded the death of the first society member to be buried in Wake Forest. It was said that the death of James Edward Laughinghouse, a Phi from Pitt County, occurred when he fell from a window in Wait Hall, which was under construction at that time, but the story has since been proven entirely without basis. Records show that Laughinghouse was a student in the college and an officer in the Philomathesian Society when he died in 1842, but the actual cause of his death and the reason for his burial at Wake Forest are unknown. As was customary in the societies then, a resolution was passed by the members in relation to the death of their Phi brother. The following is recorded in the Philomathesian Record book:

December 1842

Resolved 1st — That as a society bound together by the strongest ties of friendship and the spirit of intellectual brotherhood, we deeply feel the rupturing of those fraternal ties which have endeared us to our fellow member James Edward Laughinghouse.

Resolved 2nd — That as an officer of our society we feel still more sensible his loss and from the many virtues of his heart, the purity of his intentions, his gentle and conciliatory demeanor, the chassnes (sic) of his imagination, the brightness and activity of his mind, the zeal he always manifested in our affairs, we have lost a brother indeed.

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Fox

The Phi (left) and Eu (right) plots of the Wake Forest Cemetery are dedicated to ten members of this "class of the finest." These silent markers speak of what will soon be known only as old tradition—the tradition of this campus and the generations of men who have studied here.

Resolved 4th — That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family of our brother and respectfully offer them our united and heartfelt testimony to his departed worth.

Resolved 5th — That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for sixty days.

As is mentioned in the resolution, all students were required to wear a black band around one arm for a specified length of time whenever a death occurred in the college. This was a college custom, however, and was practiced whether the deceased was a society member or not.

The tombstone first placed over the grave of Laughinghouse was large and flat with brick sides and a concrete top. Some Wake Forest townspeople still remember that marker and why it was eventually removed. It seems that on Sunday afternoons young couples, for lack of Magnolias and benches perhaps, would stroll out to the cemetery and sit on the tombstone to do their courting. By some, this practice was considered a nuisance, or maybe not quite proper, so the big stone was replaced by a small marble slab.

The second man to be buried in a society plot, the Rev. Benson Field Cole, was also a member of the Philomathesian Society. Although Cole was not a student at the time of his death, he was still closely affiliated with the college in the capacity of tutor, a position he had held since his graduation in 1856. The proper reso-

lutions were passed by the society in relation to his death and plans were made for the erection of a stone over his grave with appropriate inscriptions. Cole's stone was also removed some years later when town officials took over the cemetery and changed the boundaries. Cole's grave is now marked, too, by a small marble stone.

The three men whose graves are located in the Euzelian plot died between 1857 and 1877, those prophetic years surrounding the Civil War.

James D. Holloman, the first of the three to be buried there, died while a student in 1857. Although almost nothing is known about the man himself, his death is duly recorded in the society minutes book, resolutions were passed concerning him, and a committee was appointed to confer with Holloman's father about the place of his son's burial. Later minutes report that the Committee had discharged its duty, that the body would remain in Wake Forest and the society would erect a stone.

In 1868 the second Eu to be buried by the society, Robert Brewer Jones of Person County, died at the age of forty-one. Jones lived a rather eventful life at an especially eventful time in the history of Wake Forest College and of the United States. As a youth he volunteered for service in the Mexican War but was found to be suffering so severely from tuberculosis that he was dismissed from the service. In 1849 he entered Wake Forest as a ministerial student but again his health failed and he was forced to give up his studies.

They Buried Them Here • Shirley Mudge

For several years following he worked as a missionary of the Baptist State Convention in the Catawba Valley, and there he had a part in reassembling the Charlotte Baptist Church and building for it a new house of worship. Finally he was able to return to Wake Forest and graduate in 1861 with honors. During the years immediately following, the Civil War years when the college was closed, Jones served as pastor for the Herford Baptist church "with revolutionary zeal" but with constantly declining health. When in October of 1866 his health made him unable to carry on his work, Jones paid a visit to Wake Forest, which had just reopened, and found himself, quite unexpectedly, appointed agent for the college. Here he lived and worked until his death in 1868. Arrangements were made by the society for his funeral and for burial in the Euzelian plot.

The third Euzelian and last known man buried in a society plot was John Lamb Prichard from Camden County, who died in 1877 while a student. Prichard was apparently an active society member because his name appears often in the organization's minutes as speaker or debater. From the resolution concerning his death we find this reference to his ability: "... and those talents from which we all expected so much had begun to display themselves in all that he undertook." The Euzelian record book gives an account of a special meeting called on Sunday morning, the day of Prichard's death, to discuss arrangements for his burial. A committee was chosen to draw up the resolutions, and pall bearers and grave diggers were appointed.

It is hard for today's students to realize the position held on campus by the societies from their birth in 1835 up until the turn of the century. Wrapped up in these two sister organizations were the student government and much of the student social life in addition to their primary purpose of offering their members intellectual improvement, public speaking, and some English composition (the college offered none at that time). The two societies also engaged in many joint projects for the improvement of the college, one being the beginning of the college library. Perhaps in the light of these facts it does not seem so strange that the Phi's and Eu's were called on to lay-out and develop a community cemetery. This rather unusual request came to the two groups when a Mrs. Johnson, who had married into the community, died and there was no place at all to bury her. Accordingly the two societies laid out the present cemetery on land belonging to the college. Some years later it was given to the town.

As a visitor walks through the cemetery today and notices the various family plots, he naturally wonders why the five men mentioned above would have been buried here in Wake Forest rather than at their homes. The real explanation is imbedded in the time in which

the men lived. The years surrounding the Civil War were busy, worried years. Besides the lack of convenient transportation, there was also a lack of people and time to keep up cemeteries everywhere. And after the war, many family graveyards and community ones as well had been trampled, if not practically destroyed, by passing soldiers and battles. Thus, some families preferred to have their loved ones buried here where their graves would definitely be cared for by brother Phi's or Eu's. All this, combined with the pride men felt in their society membership, provides ample reason for their burial in Wake Forest.

It is interesting to note, too, in the old part of the Wake Forest cemetery the rows of rock markers with no names engraved on them. These, it is supposed, are Confederate soldier's graves, for many were brought here to be buried because of the lack of cemeteries elsewhere.

Today when, as Dr. Paschal says in his history of Wake Forest, "The societies are hardly more than shadows of their former selves," students listen with wonder as the older alumni reminisce so fondly and proudly of their years as Phi's or Eu's, days when the societies were known far and wide and boasted such distinguished honorary members as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

As Laughinghouse, Cole, Jones, Holloman and Prichard sit today on their respective sides (the Phi and Eu sides) of the Golden Stairs, they probably shake their heads sadly at the average present day student's indifference to their beloved societies, and shudder to find that any mention of Philomathesians and Euzelians must necessarily be followed by the explanatory statement, "They are the literary societies at Wake Forest College."

Some of the information in this article was taken from Dr. George W. Paschal's "History of Wake Forest College."



For
The inscription "Philomathesia" on the back of this stone marks one group of Wake Forest student graves. It was erected in 1914 to Rev. Benson Cole and James Laughinghouse, early members of the Phi Society.

What Every Senior Knows

By WILLIAM LAUGHRUN

Regardless of what freshmen are told and what sophomores may suspect, the following argument for the process of education is, to be sure, what every senior knows. So far as I know, this is the first clear, factual, and candid account of what a college education really consists of; and the ambitious freshman can acquire here the wisdom that usually takes four years to learn.

1. First of all, what is your major? This is your primary purpose for being in college, you know. The size, shape, and tone of your major largely determines the meaning and depth of your education; so you can't be too discriminating in choosing this field of concentration.

As for the size, I suggest that you keep it small—the smaller the better. As tentative candidates for a B.A. or a B.S., you shouldn't have to learn the hard way that you don't get a college degree by grabbing every morsel of academic bait that is dropped in front of you. Don't be misled by chapel speakers who ask that you "take all knowledge to be your province." If you back one of these savants into a corner, he will usually admit that it is just a joke and that like everything else he says should be taken with a dose of salts. The day has long since passed when a man could learn virtually all there was to know in his age, as Aristotle did in his, as Pliny and Bacon and Democritus did in theirs. Nowadays you have got to pick a subject and stick to it. But above all, remember this: keep the area of your major small enough to master completely in the four years that you are in college.

Choosing a major, if you haven't already discovered, is perhaps the college student's most difficult problem. For example, some innocent freshman decides to major in history. By the sophomore year he finds that he must not only learn an endless chronology of dates and events, but he must also have a knowledge—no matter how small—of economics, literature, philosophy, and innumerable other boring subjects. So, when looking over your catalogue, avoid those subjects described

as, say, "A Study of Such-and-Such, . . . and related subjects. . . ." Although the writers of the curriculum have learned to disguise these courses very cleverly, the alert student can spot them with practice.

Of course, that is not to say that once you choose a major you can never change. On the contrary, for many students it is advisable to change majors as often as twice a semester. The only trouble with that is that you usually go from bad to worse and, consequently, wind up with one of those broad, all-inclusive majors after all. It still has its advantages though. You may acquire many warm friendships with the faculty members of each department, and, at the same time, advise your friends which of their classes to avoid.

After playing the field with discretion, you should have decided on a major by the first semester of your senior year. By then you ought to know what courses are really serious and worthwhile. Since professors are no longer in competition with one another for student fees, their personal evaluations of other departments can generally be trusted. Besides that, they can be of immeasurable assistance in determining what, if anything, you are fitted for.

Once you have definitely decided on a major, then—let me emphasize again—*stick to it!* We know so much today, what with the discoveries, progress, development, advancement, etc., of modern science and all, that you just can't learn more than one small subject well, and that subject is your major.

It is interesting to note that it was while a college student in Athens that Socrates first heard the famous precept "Know thyself." Some authorities contend that it can be translated "Know thy major."

2. The second subject which is unavoidably of great concern to the college student is the matter of books. Over two thousand years ago The Preacher observed that "to the making of books there is no end," and in his day they didn't even have the Modern Library or the College Outline Series. In spite of this age-old warning, however, there never ceases to be a few students

on every college campus who die of bibliomania each year.

Everyone has seen the book maniac. He has that lean and hungry look, certainly not because he thinks too much, but because he hasn't eaten for the last three days. He has spent all his money buying books that he never heard of before he came to college, and which couldn't be related to his major by the wildest stretch of the imagination.

Naturally, some students think that they must buy a book now and then for their personal library, but, even so, it must be done with moderation. If you feel that you simply must buy an outside book from time to time, then may I suggest that you join some reputable book club. There are dozens of them. This way you can invest your \$3.50 a month and still feel carefree when you walk past a book store without so much as turning your head. (Incidentally, when ordering from these book clubs, all that is necessary is the color preferred and your shelf size. Most editorial boards have an acute sense of color harmony; they can fill your library with the chromatic perfection of the rainbow. Also, you will save money if you order by the shelf yard.)

As for reading while you are in college: I would never suggest that you do no reading at all. Although I have a number of friends who claim to have earned their degree without ever finishing a single book, I can't say that that attitude is cricket. You are, after all, here in college to be educated, and there is a great deal to be had from reading books. But here's the rub: Just like those students who never learn to choose

a major, there are some individuals who can never learn how, when, or what to read.

It is unnecessary to advise that you never read anything which is not in your major field, and even then, you shouldn't read too much in any one book. Practically all books have been condensed especially for the college student, so there is no reason why you shouldn't take advantage of it. Even for the unfortunate history student, a condensation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* has been prepared that can easily be carried in the shirt pocket with plenty of room for a pack of Camels. These outlines and condensations are very inexpensive too, and if you stick by them, they will pull you through college with money saved to begin your career.

Another suggestion is that you reject that urge to read some "interesting book" that your professors will recommend, unless, of course, it has some practical and direct application to your major. If the professor is silly enough to ask you later what you thought of the book, he is to be forgiven; and if he has been teaching long, he will understand if you just smile and scratch your head—as though it itched.

3. The greater minds in the field of pedagogics maintain that the primary purpose of a college education is to teach you to think. This theory takes a lot for granted, you say. And so it does, but there is no illusion like a universal illusion; so let us "lap it in the luxury of pleasant delusion," and set down a few rules for the obligation of rational judgment.

First, there are some pitfalls you must be warned against. Probably the greatest of evils in the art of clear thinking are cynicism and agnosticism. These non-sequitor sisters ensnare more college students than all the types of mental deficiency combined, and yet they are so out of date as to be frowned upon even by sophomores.

Second of the tabooed philosophies is what the moralists romantically refer to as "critical objectivism." The watch-word of this camp is *tolerance*, and in spite of its pooh-poohing the faith of genuine conviction, the Congressional Library wouldn't hold a list of the atrocities committed in the name of tolerance. Tolerance is based on the ideal of *indifference*.

Every senior knows, or should know, that the world and the course of things is divided into two mutually exclusive groups—the good and the bad. It's just that simple. And the sooner you orient your thinking along these lines, the better you will be able to adjust yourself to—and understand—the world of people about you. And so the process of thinking, I should say, is learning to distinguish between, and to catalogue accurately, the good and the bad in all of their manifestations. If you went to the movies every Saturday when you were a child, then it should be no trouble at all



This is our new sport model, professor. It comes complete with band-aids, traction splints, wrecking service, pilots license, hospitalization insurance . . .

THE STUDENT'S

SHORT STORY AND POETRY CONTEST CONTINUED

The editors feel that the few entries submitted for the short story and poetry contests represent only a small portion of the writing ability in the Freshman and Sophomore classes. For this reason *The Student* is extending the deadline for the contests until February 2. The poetry contest is still open to any member of the student body.

FIRST PRIZE (SHORT STORY) \$15.00

SECOND PRIZE (SHORT STORY) \$10.00

FIRST PRIZE (POETRY) \$5.00

All stories and poems are to be judged by the faculty advisor and the editors. The winners will be included in the February issue of *The Student*. For further information contact any staff member or visit the office on Publication Row.

SUBMIT ENTRIES TO *The Student* BY FEBRUARY 2

for you to master this interesting game called thinking. It will be obvious enough that in literature, there are only two kinds of writers—the *superb* and the *terrible*; that in religion, there are only two types of devotees—*atheists* and “*bleevers*”; that in philosophy, there are two categories of thinkers—the *righteous* and the *licentious*; and that in the story of history, there remain just two distinct personality types—*heroes* and *villains*.

No less important than your style of thinking is the attitude behind your reflections. I should like to suggest what we seniors call the “nothing-but” thesis as a guide to your thinking. That is to say, be exact, pointed, and all-inclusive when dealing with a subject. Do not spice your observations with the escape words used by intellectual cowards such as “maybe,” “perhaps,” “sometimes,” “probably,” or “often.” You will never be able to live with these terms and expect to have any self-respect.

Even the so-called best minds fall into the obnoxious habit of hiding behind such qualifying words. You have seen this wishy-washy jellyfish who can't make up his mind about anything. Ask him the simplest question, and you'll never get the same answer twice. He's really comic to anyone but himself.

4. This brings us to the subject of self-expression, or how to say what you think and how to say it effectively. Here, too, it is necessary to

warn the student against undesirable modes of self-expression. Chiefest of these is dogmatism. The error of dogmatic assertion has been greatly exaggerated, but its usage *is* in bad taste.

The truly expressive person is the one with self-confidence; he is forceful and self-asserting. As a result, he knows the importance of carefully selecting his words and phrases. Whether he is speaking to another student, or whether he is writing for a group, he speaks with authority and assurance. Furthermore, he is aware that if he doesn't speak his mind, and speak it eloquently, every man, machine, and all the heavenly bodies will stop cold until the truth is out.

An invaluable aid to the expressive student is a good memory for epigrams. Learn at least a dozen or so. Keep them on the tip of your tongue and spit them out at every opportunity. Even if they aren't always appropriate, they will afford an excellent wedge into any conversation.

Equally helpful to the well-expressed college student is a keen sense of invective. This is not only for your protection, but also to maintain your academic confidence in a circle of the self-styled “better educated” non-graduates who have never had a major. These learned cattle will try to ridicule you by asking subtle questions about politics, science, and other courses that you have had the good sense to ignore. And don't try to be diplomatic by

changing the subject or you will surely lose your self-confidence. Make a curt, witty retort to the person who asked the question, and if it is cutting enough, the others will quickly bring the conversation back to your major. A well-placed *reductio ad absurdum* never fails to put those dilettantes in their places. “What is truth?” asked jesting Pilate. . . .

So much for these rules-of-thumb to enrich your four years of college life. By way of summary I should like to define graphically this process we call education. As every senior knows, it is the method of narrowing and synchronizing what you already knew before you began to learn. Its purpose — in fact, its *only raison d'être*—is consistency. And that is why we have majors. No one can be consistent on more than one subject at a time.

Your education consists in driving yourself into the mouth of an acute angle and pressing toward the vertex, a point at which you *arrive*. This vertex, your degree, is the culmination of any education. Your major has become by the time of your graduation the most hair-splitting ideal that you can aspire to in the academic world. In it you have a subject on which you can never be contradicted or refuted; you are as consistent on the subject as it is possible to be. You are the supreme authority.

After graduation, if you have followed these rules categorically and have mastered your major as you set to do, then your education is complete. If, on the other hand, you have allowed yourself to be diverted from your goal and have committed the grave error of piddling in every subject that comes your way, then your course is clear: Go to graduate school. Post-graduate school is designed for those students who have not found their major in four years of college; it offers three or four more years for the student to try again.

For the students who *never* find their major—and there are a few—I have nothing to offer but sym-

“It's from Montaldo's”

... three little words
with a world of meaning.

Clothes for an or off Campus
to identify the Smart Girl

MONTALDO'S

Winston-Salem

Holiness

Child's dirty hands reaching toward a white lily,
Straining, yearning toward the electric contact.
Lily, touched and yet unsullied
Enduring vision of whiteness
Haunting, strange and unattainable.

Mayr Ellén Lively.

pathy. They should get out of school and try to make the best of this deplorable situation. Although they will have to wear that baggy, ill-fitting degree just the same, the painful feeling of inferiority they will suffer will be nothing compared to the soul-rending and impossible task of pursuing more than one curriculum.

No one can be an intellectual Sir Thopas and ride off in four different academic directions simultaneously!

Watermelons

(Continued from page sixteen)

a stretch of desert, because if there were any red men around, there wouldn't be no place for em' t' hide out there.

"Well, these boys was gettin' pretty tired and weak from havin' no food, an' things looked pretty bad. 'Bout twenty-five miles from Concho, they saw somethin' in th' distance which they took fer Indians. They couldn't turn back and it wouldn't of done no good t' stop, so they went on. Th' cloud of dust looked like about twenty Indians and them cowboys wouldn't in no mood t' bother that many—'course, if it had been just a few, they'd have been more than happy to relieve them with th' help o' their rifles.

"Here's where Goodnight thought up some pretty good homespun philosophy—he had all that money and it wouldn't buy any water or food

—all it did was take up room and weight. They changed to their hosses but kept th' mules with 'em. An' Goodnight gave his boys some last minute instructions 'bout stickin' close together—but not too close an' not t' shoot unless they had to.

"They got closer t' th' string a' dust, an' they saw it wouldn't no Indians a'tall, but it was a ol' nester named Rich Coffee with a six-yoke ox team an' a wagon load of th' biggest watermelons Goodnight nearly ever saw. He was headed over to Salt Lake to bring back a load a' salt and sell th' melons t' th' Mexicans that came over with their carts.

"Goodnight told him it was th' wrong time a' th' year t' sell watermelons to Mexicans, he had a market right there. They bought a mess of 'em an' sat right there in th' shade a' that wagon an' ate watermelons for two, three hours.

"I don't reckon I'd ever get that hungry fer watermelon," the old timer ended, "but I'll bet you that Charlie Goodnight would'a give that

whole pile a' gold fer them melons an' thought he'd got a bargain."

The old man looked up—the car was gone.

Quill Words

(Continued from page seventeen)

antenna. Every once in awhile he'd move it; he knew I was watching.

Freshman Coed Encyclopaedia
Call down: a divine warning that you are sinning and that you had better mend your ways.

Campused: a type of paranoia resulting from not mending your ways, characterized by delusions that glass windows are steel bars.

Shower: a rusty stall where building supplies used to be stored; here one bathes with sand, plaster, and/or lukewarm water.

House meeting: a gathering of pajamas and bare feet, when bobby pins discuss such matters as whether or not the sky will fall.

Closed study: where the walls are a thousand feet tall. You know, alarm clocks, closets, and "Big Brother is watching you."

Lights out: a new course for fans of Lincoln and Liberace, "Now you too can live by candlelight!"

Football, 1001 Ways

Football synonyms really had a workout on the sportscasts this past season. A player was hit, snowed, dumped, met, grabbed, stopped, swamped, tripped, downed, up-ended, toppled, crushed, mauled, clobbered, pulled down, rolled, blocked, turned over (and under),

In Winston-Salem, It's

Davis

For Famous Manhattan Shirts

laid away, buried, plowed under, and knocked down — but alas, he was never tackled. The ball was never passed—it was heaved, tossed, thrown, shot, spiraled, or pushed. But there will remain forever the lo-o-o-o-ng end-over-end kick.

The Stump and a Bird

We note in passing that the old stump still stands on Wait circle. However, upon closer observation we note that a trusting woodpecker has made his, or her, home in the remains of one of the limbs.

Now anybody who thinks that they can cut the thing down, being that Wake Forest is a bird sanctuary, had better think again. To disturb any such creature would only add to the woes of the removal program by bringing the State Wildlife Commission down on the school. We are sure that the authorities would not want that.

So the stump, by acquiring occupants, has taken the initiative. It will be interesting to watch its progress.

Ronald?

Ronald left. He got peeved and left the following note:

"I have drifted for the fresher air of Reynolda. I wish to be well versed in the ins and outs of the new campus before the school gets there. I hope that by the time the removal takes place you will have acquired some writers for the magazine."

Wispily yours,
Ronald.

Read It On the Wrapper

The people who manufacture chewing gum have invented a handy device called a wrapper. This new invention is not only meant to keep the gum chewable until the purchaser gets his, but it is also meant to get rid of the sticky, gooey, smelly wad when he gets finished extracting all the sugar from the bit of chicle-sap. Sadly enough, the wrapper is used for the first purpose very well, yet on the other hand, like most literature we buy, it goes unread.

If you will notice on each such piece of covering for the favorite college in-class pastime there appears a little bit of advice for you, the chewer. It reads something like this: Use wrapper to dispose of gum. It may be that Wake Forest students can't read, or it may be that this statement is the result of a new faculty ruling. At any rate, the suggestion is not heeded, and I ask you to note where enterprising scholars park the stuff:

Under the tables of Wait 103

Under the chairs in chapel

On the top of the bottom round of a chair in Alumni 33

On the edges of the decorations of the newel posts on the stair railing of the Alumni Building

Under the stone bench in the foyer of Wait Hall

Under the tables at Francis'

Most anywhere.

Now just why people who indulge in this mass tooth strengthening do not follow directions is a mystery

not yet approached by such men as Huxley, Pate, Murphy, or Winstead. Again, it still remains a mystery what makes these people so ingenious at figuring out where to stick the goo. The only answer yet discovered is that the chewer wants the next fellow to spend some time picking the stuff off the seat of his pants, his book and his hands.

Will Rogers once said that every manufacturer of chewing gum should be required to station a man at each vending machine that dispenses the stuff. Said man would be required to follow the purchaser, pick up the disposed wad and send it back to the factory for a retread.

Chew on MacDuff! But be careful where you lay it.

Reviews

(Continued from page two)

faction in the freshness of flowers and the repose of sunny landscape. The twitter of the merry bird; the babbling of the noisy brook; the earth with its mossy mantle; the sky with its deep blue arch or stormy frown, all these give pleasure. But in the depth of winter when the hitherto bounteous earth lies despoiled of its charms, and all nature is sombre and silent, the young devotee and the object of his devotion can do nothing better than consecrate themselves permanently to each other's society. Another reason may be that they wish to blend the conviviality of Christmas with the sweetness of the honeymoon. These two reasons are quite enough to explain the great activity of the matrimonial market of the last month. Wonder if it will be less active now?

We can only think of Christmas as a good time; a kind, forgiving, pleasant time, the only time in the calendar, when men's hearts are all opened and prepared to enjoy a social time. It has come down to us from the past as a happy legacy, preserved through the wreck of empires, and remains to us as a green spot in a desert.

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December 15, 1954

Dear Student,

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Of course that is impossible for us to answer. Did you ever stop to think that the future of this country depends on you? Since this is true we see no reason why you, Mr. Average Student, should not face 1955 with confidence, determination, and above all--faith in yourself. Many people have the ambition to succeed: they may have a special interest in the job to be done, yet they are not successful. Why? They can master a particular job to be done yet they are not able to master themselves. Determine through faith, courage and energy to make 1955 a good year for you.

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College Book Store

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FILTER!

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FLAVOR!

KING SIZE,
TOO!

Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!

The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 3

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
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A Revelation

Swing the shuttered sashes wide!

Grasp Spring's sweet chaliced wine
From nestings songs; from chiming goldenbell.
To the Season belongs the heart of passion's swell,
And delicate nectared air on which to dine
Envelops, as incensed perfume, the greening countryside.

Soaring-winged ones seek the sky,

Seek serpents sunned upon the rocks;
Though Knowledge can from Awe persuade
Love Season's way of a man with a maid,
The secret she never grants, and Logic mocks
To prove Knowledge incomplete; imperfection to belie.

Humanity's happy heart so love-filled

Overruns, as tears in salted sight,
To feel elation's current low in life all round;
To know Creation's perfect love cannot be found—

Nor copied. But had it been that man might
Also know perfection—God surely would have willed.

DOTTIE BRADDOCK

The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 3

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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Spring on the River

The young lady on the cover so wistfully awaiting spring is Miss Jane Aycock, a sophomore from Wake Forest. Tommy Bunn snapped this picture at nearby Falls of Neuse on a warm February afternoon.

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DR. C. V. SPEALE

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

QUESTION: Dear Dr.: I have fallen madly in love with my science professor, who ignores me constantly. I have taken six courses under the darling, but he hardly knows I'm alive. To win his love what shall I do? *Forlorn.*

ANSWER: First of all, get rid of those negative thoughts. Who says that he ignores you constantly? Probably, if the truth were known, you would find that he is as deeply in love with you. My advice is that you get to meet his wife. Here is a basis for mutual understanding. I am sure the three of you can reach a satisfactory compromise. Good luck, honey.

QUESTION: Dr.: Last night Joe come home that way again. I can't stand it much longer. If it goes on much longer I'm going to get that

way myself. What do you suggest? *Hopeless.*

ANSWER: Frankly, de gustibus non est disputandum, but I like a weak martini.

QUESTION: Dear Doc: What would you do with a woman that sits around the house all day and watches TV — nothing else. And she nags all the time. I musta married the devil's sister. *J. C.*

ANSWER: That's what you think, brother!

QUESTION: Dear Doctor: Do you really do all that stuff you talk about, like with the pillows, and smiling all the time and thinking positively? I made a bet with my girl. *Curious.*

ANSWER: Gambling, young man is a sign of weakness. I'd investigate the background of this crumbly girl you're mixed up with.

QUESTION: Dr.: I am now serving time for manslaughter and my wife has deserted me and the kids are starving and I may get the chair after all. . . . #264071

ANSWER: Now just take it easy, lad. You're exaggerating everything, I'm sure. Relax. Sublimate. Forget it.

QUESTION: Dear Doctor, I am six years old and have a very hard time getting along with my little friends. Most of them hate me and I do them. My Mommy and Daddy do not understand. What would you do if you was in my place? *Sally Anne D.*

ANSWER: Look, little girl, if you can't write a half-way in-

(Continued on page thirty-six)

Quality Men's Wear



"Ben Wants

To See

You"

FOR

- Eats
- Drinks
- Smokes
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- Magazines

Meet me at . . .

SHORTY'S

SMART FASHIONS

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The Student and MRA

Time (Feb. 14) has shown that Dr. Frank Buchman's Moral Re-Armament program continues to be a controversial subject, especially in certain Anglican Church circles. There are others, however, who feel that it is the only hope for world peace.

The basis of the MRA case is that international security and tolerance must begin on a personal level, that it must come as the result of individual acceptance of an absolute morality. These absolutes, says MRA, are absolute love, absolute honesty, absolute unselfishness, and absolute purity. MRA, a relatively new name for some old ways of thinking, believes that absolute morality and the guidance of God are the requisites for personal, national, and international development. It seeks to find and to follow "not who is right but what is right," and in doing so it makes itself vulnerable to double-barrelled criticism. Certain religious groups, for example, find that MRA is not sufficiently theocentric for their tastes; it is ultimately too humanistic. On the other hand, there are many "practical" factions who feel that MRA is a little too poetic for our contemporary brand of *Realpolitik*.

Students today are continually being told that their pessimism and cynicism about world affairs are quite outmoded, and that things are never as bad as they seem. There are many arguments that support this optimistic view. The thousands of male students graduating in June, however, who will immediately be subject to conscription and who can make no plans whatsoever with any certainty that they will be free to follow those plans, are not easily persuaded of the truth of this attitude. Most college students have about come to accept Orwell's pronouncement that "War is Peace" as a truism, and that it is as much to be anticipated as death and taxes.

MRA poses the question: Why is it that in a country

predominantly Christian — nominally, at any rate — where "atheistic Communism" is taunted for its employment of men as means rather than ends in themselves, the majority feel that the hope of international security should be justified by preparation for war? Yet equally obvious to our national watchdogs is the fact that the defense of our country hinges on access to, if not occupation of, "the farther shore." And the problem for opinion as to what constitutes the line of demarcation for national defense never ceases to be a bone of contention among the civil and military hierarchy. Our whole attitude toward security, defense, liberty, and nationalism is described in terms of military armament. During the past fifty years we have used our military might in preserving certain national interests (not always our own) with such dispatch as to put Metetrnich's Austrian "fire brigade" to shame. And although wars, like the movies, are "bigger and better than ever," they have never resulted in anything but failure.

MRA proposes that the dilemma can be avoided only by a revolution in attitude. Certainly our own national past has shown that war is not the answer. Perhaps the solution does lie in our determination to follow "not who is right but what is right." Perhaps it is the attitude necessary for the peaceful co-existence of conflicting ideologies. The following article by Miss Deane seems to indicate that MRA is as effective in at least one country as all of our military respectability. Perhaps it is the beginning of our journey out of the age of national-interest diplomacy into the age of international moral maturity. If it should be, it will require the enthusiastic support of every social strata, every business interest, and every student organization the world over.

The partial success of MRA is ample testimony that it is worth our interest. We should read its literature and hear its speakers. We should get interested.

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 3

The Student

FEBRUARY 28, 1955

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Law of Averages

Dear Eds:

I would just like to say that I am glad to see that Wake Forest is finally raising its standards higher. Its about time something like this happened and it is a shame that it has not happened before.

It is proper, I guess, that I should also say that I am above average in regard to my academic standing. In some of my classes I have noticed that a lot of the students, or "students," I should say, are pretty below-average, that is, don't come up to the standards of the average student. This makes it hard for the real students to learn much in class because the professor has to hold the class back on account of the below-average students, which is most of the class usually. But I myself can notice a difference in the classes I have had this semester, that is, most of the students are at least average, if not above average, due to the raising of the standards and the elimination of the 18 per cent who were below average intelligence.

I don't have anything personal

against the 18 per cent who failed to come up to average, but I think the school will ameliorize itself by getting rid of them. They are mainly responsible for my being held back in my classes, as well as other students who are above average.

The main thing I want to say is that it is a crime that there are still a lot of unscholarly people around this campus who retard progression in the standards. I don't have to say that the standards are the most important curriculum of a school and the higher the better. If Wake Forest is to keep from becoming a liberal arts school, which specializes in giving diplomas, and not much else, then its standards will have to go on up higher. We have just gotten rid of the "bottom of the barrel," if you'll pardon the expression, and I wouldn't say that the standards are above average yet!

W. F. is a great school and the professors are mostly the best of any of the six colleges I have attended, but it isn't quite up to average. (please print this)

Name withheld upon request.

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Contest Winners

Marjorie Thomas (left), a Lincolnton sophomore, won the \$15 first prize in *The Student's* short story contest. The second prize of \$10 went to sophomore Carroll Ferrell from South Boston, Va. The \$5 first prize for poetry was won by Dottie Braddock (right), a freshman from Morganton.





University students of New Delhi listen enthusiastically to MRA speakers in the amphitheatre of Hindu College.

MRA Goes To India

by Betty Cree Deane

The effect of the Moral Re-Armament movement, led by America's Dr. Frank Buchman, is being praised, criticized and discussed in many countries. Here is an account of MRA's progress in India, reported by an active member of the program.

There was a heavy mist outside and the crows were going full blast in the early morning. I plopped wearily into the chair and waited for the immigration official to examine my passport and papers. I wondered how long it would be before I stopped saying "only personal effects, no jewelry, no gold coin or bullion" to everyone who spoke to me.

"Welcome to Ceylon. And young lady, would you please tell me, what is this Moral Re-Armament? And why are you here?"

It had been days since I had slept, as we had filmed two plays in two weeks in London. We had finished the

last scene, packed the shows, and boarded an Air India Constellation all in a morning. But I was awake enough to know why I was in Colombo. I explained that a very unique invitation had been given to Dr. Frank Buchman, an American from Pennsylvania, the founder of Moral Re-Armament. Eighteen Indian leaders from the government, industry, and labor, as well as a committee of 26 Ceylonese leaders headed by the Prime Minister, had invited Dr. Buchman to come to their countries with a task force of men and women. There were 200 of us from 25 countries plus ten tons of stage equipment with which we meant to put across our message of "not who

is right, but what is right" for every creed, race, or religion. We would give plays, speak or sing for labor unions, universities, or wherever we were invited. This force of Moral Re-Armament had interested the Eastern leaders in the results that had been achieved in all parts of the world by putting two ideas into action—absolute moral standards (absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love) and the guidance of God.

I will never forget the answer that Ceylonese official gave me — a question. "But isn't that what all you Christians believe and live?"

His question stuck in my mind as I climbed into the bus. Here in the first few minutes in Ceylon, a good Baptist knew a good Buddhist had her stumped. I couldn't answer that we as Christians in the West lived what we believed.

Then and there I realized that we would never win the East on the defensive—that we in the West are not always right. I knew as a Christian, I and my family and my country had failed; I could be honest about our faults and make restitution for them. It would be a tremendous job, to justify an invitation from these Eastern leaders: to find a basis for the uniting of East and West. It was an invitation that certainly had not been given before in the West since the independence of these countries.

And that was how it all started. Eight months of amazing sights and people and experiences—knowing that I had everything to learn about how to give something besides dollars.

When it comes to sights, I'll have to admit I'm only proficient at providing minute descriptions of second-hand furniture shops (prop hunting) and the backstages of the major theatres of Colombo, Bombay, New Delhi, Lucknow, Hyderabad, Madras, Bangalore, Calcutta and Springar. But we did see the Taj Mahal by full moon and Gandhi's *ashram* at Ahmedabad. It was here in Ahmedabad, the seat of the textile industry, that Gandhi worked out his principles of non-violence. We saw his room with the low desk and cushions, unpretentious and simple. Some of the girls who are in a school there served us our first real Indian-style meal. We each sat cross-legged on a mat with large copper plates in front of us. It was a delicious meal and the girls couldn't help but laugh at our first go at eating with our fingers!

It was a privilege to be in Delhi, India's capital city. India's President, Dr. Prasad, had all 200 of us to tea at his residence. He wanted to meet each one personally and to hear our stories. Among us, there were former Communists from the Rhur, two sisters whose father was in the House of Lords, a retired English general and admiral with their families, a former Tokyo University student body president, two Burmese school teachers, a Norwegian family of artists, an Oxford don, a student who had escaped from the East Zone of Germany, a

cowboy from Wyoming, two girls whose father was a Wall Street banker, a British Davis Cup winner, two sons of a rancher in Kenya—altogether an unusual assortment!

Also while we were in Delhi, Dr. Buchman was asked to address a joint-meeting of both houses of Parliament. Later the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit was presented to Dr. Buchman on instruction of the President of Western Germany.

The visit to Hyderabad to give the plays for the 58th session of the All-India Congress annual convention was one of the most interesting times. There the audience of about 15,000 crowded into the pandal to see the show, sitting crosslegged under the bamboo poles holding up the straw-mat roof.

But there was no experience to match meeting and living with the Indian families. In each town we were invited to come to, a group of people would arrange accommodations before we could march in 200 strong. Sometimes we lived on a train or in a hospital and once in a maharaja's residence. But most often we lived in private homes; however, Bombay was my first experience. I had lived in a hotel in Colombo and I really had cold feet at the idea of this new arrangement. What if this family didn't like Americans? And what if they didn't like American politicians and wanted to know how my father made a living? Nevertheless, Titi Baer, my Swiss cohort on props, and I found ourselves a cab and hoped we could understand pies, pice, annas, and rupees by the time our driver found the address. Our hostess gave us a warm welcome. She spoke beautiful English, but she soon confessed that she was uneasy. Later we found out we were some of the first Europeans and Americans she had ever had in her home.

The whole family assembled for dinner and the ice was broken but definitely in a very few minutes.

"We have made the curry *especially* not hot for you."

Tears poured down our faces and we grabbed for water. Then it was worse.

The little boys hooted with laughter, "No, no, eat *chopati*!"

We decided we had better eat our curry with lots of *chopati* (bread) for a few weeks, but soon we wouldn't have swapped a curry for a platter of fried chicken! And we were anxious to learn anything we could about India, besides how hot raw peppers are.

We soon knew that the *dhobi* did our laundry rock-board fashion and an *aayah* took care of the children; Brahmins were of the highest Hindu caste and Sikhs (sects of Hinduism) were the fierce-looking men with beards and turbans; Indian ladies wear a *sari* and the men usually wear a *dhoti*, a kind of skirt. When you meet a hindu, you don't shake hands, you fold them, fingers upward, and bow slightly—*namaskar*. We knew many of the cities' inhabitants spoke English, but we soon realized it would be a bit tough to learn the language

if we wanted to. The language is over one hundred languages and hundreds of dialects. But even with my barely-passing grades in Dr. Hubert's classes, I had the foundation to learn the one indispensable word—*acha* or *achaba*. This means O.K. The trick is to move your head from side to side as you say it; and it is only the clever one who can tell if this means *acha*, yes or *acha*, no.

From that first night in Bombay, we learned we had a family of our own in strange country. And as we traveled through the country, a family branch would meet us at the station and take us home — despite the reputation Titi and I had from Bombay to Madras



BETTY CREE DEANE,
a graduate of Wake Forest ('51) and daughter
of Congressman Charles B. Deane, became
interested in MRA while a student here. (Other
interests: All four publications,
College Theater, W. G. A., Tassels, Who's
Who, Religious organizations, etc.)
She has written this article about
her trip to India as a member of an MRA team.

for swiping furniture out from under our families for our sets. My sister jealously ribbed me about my private AAA service. Where in the world can you match India's hospitality? The early morning teas and fruit brought in before you wake up, the little gifts when you leave a home. I soon learned to keep my mouth shut, but early in the game I mentioned how much iced tea we drank in America. They searched through all their *Saturday Evening Posts* and when I came home one hot night, there sat a huge pitcher of iced tea made according to a tea advertisement recipe. The whole family leaned forward and stared as I drank it; they were positive the effect would be worse than hemlock could produce.

Our families would come and see our plays and come to our meetings. They were extremely interested and asked us almost as many questions about Moral Re-Armament as we asked them about India. They were especially puzzled about what is this quiet time you have every morning. On one occasion when this question came up, Titi and I decided to give a practical demonstration. We rather reluctantly pulled out our notebooks and read

what we had written down that morning. Both of us had had the same thought. I need to apologize. We had had a feud backstage the night before and both of us had been positive we were right. We all had a laugh over that one!

But gradually one of the family in the different cities would ask us to have a "morning quiet time" with them.

Everyone knows meditation is nothing new to an Indian. But to listen to God, to be honest about the thoughts you are not too proud of, and to make restitution for them—well, that was a new twist which appealed to them as quite practical. I remember one of our hosts had the thought to apologize to two men he had slapped at his rubber plant. One of our hostesses was most convicted about her self-pity and her treatment of her servants. But one of the most astute pieces of guidance came from a six-year-old in one of our families. She read hers very slowly one morning as the family shared "quite time" together, "I use other little girls' things." She hurriedly explained that she was going to return all her "borrowed" pencils that very morning.

It was the same story in every city. In one month 23 out of 24 outstanding labor-management disputes were settled on the basis of MRA. Members of the Punjab National Bank paid back money they had stolen after the President apologized for his unfair interpretation of rules. One businessman paid back 700,000 rupees to the income tax authorities. Movie studios began cutting filming time in half, as arguments were ironed out and new films of a moral ideology were produced. (Few people realize Madras is the largest movie-making city in the world outside of Hollywood.)

But my favorite story of change was one of the members of Parliament and his family, one of the 400 parliamentary families who saw the shows. Mr. Keshava Iyengar had been persuaded by two of the team who were living in his house to have a quiet time with them, and in return they would meet with their host for yogi. The boys were game. And though they weren't too adept at yogi, they found that their host caught the idea of listening very quickly. He wrote down that he should apologize to a member of Nehru's cabinet, whose job he had felt was rightly his. When my sister and I met him, he was anxious to know how voters would respond to his being honest about his past mistakes. We told him how our father had apologized to his opponents and to many of his constituents for cutting corners on promises and on accounts, yet he had received the largest majority yet in the last election. It wasn't long before this M. P. found that his wife and his son, as well as his constituents, had a new trust in him.

The President of the Federation of Socialist Trade Unions, Sibnath Banerjee, who has a powerful influence in Indian labor, had an experience of change, too. He had traveled to Moscow, Peking, Washington, Berlin,

(Continued on page thirty-five)

STORY BY BEVERLY BARGE

His record read something like this:

Name: . . . George E. Weldon Serial Number . . . RAL436645 . . .
Rank: . . . Sfc Religious Preference: . . . Protestant . . .
Date of Birth: . . 18 Nov 1914 Place of Birth: . . Baltimore, Maryland . . .
Marital Status: . . Married Dependents: . . Two
Assignment: . . B Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Inf Regt, . . .
 . . . 11th Inf Div, Friedberg, Germany

But this form didn't tell the whole story

Not by a long shot it didn't.

ALL ABOUT

Unless you have been to Germany and seen one of the snows they have there, you can't picture it. It isn't blue or red or anything like that, and it falls, swirls, and flurries much the same way as it does here in the states, but after it has fallen, then you see it. It shrouds the countryside in a gown of softness and crystal white. It covers up the dirt which usually litters the streets. It kills the smell which is almost always present from the drippings of the "honey-wagons" and overcooked cabbage. It muffles the voice as you talk to a friend or shout at a youngster. It softens the step as you crunch from place to place. It makes bicycling hazardous, and driving on cobblestone roads downright dangerous. The blanket it spreads does much at camouflage; it covers up many of the bomb craters, and softens the shadows cast by skeleton buildings. It almost makes you believe you

are not in a war-torn country. Almost. The slush will come later as it begins to melt, but for the present, snow is a welcome sight. The children will play and laugh and sled and ice-skate. The old *Vater* may even get out the horse-drawn sled for a ride, only it will be pulled by a cow instead. They give milk in addition to working. For a few days it will be a joyous scene, and then as the snow melts, the spirits will ebb. The sunlight will quit reflecting onto the church steeple, and once again people will settle into their everyday routines and await the next time the "*schnee kommt*."

It had snowed last night. Just such a snow as this. Don Bragg was glad. Glad because Anne's first and probably only Christmas spent in Germany was just four days off, and it would be a white one. Today he felt nine feet tall. Something about the sting of cold air as it hit the



—Haywood Sellers

WELDON

lungs. On his way to work, he had imagined himself back at home playing in the snow there, but it was much more fun to be here. Snow meant so much. Besides being pretty to look at and fun to play in, it provided ice for a while, and acted as an insulation when drifts piled close to homes that had cracks in the wall.

So his spirits were high as he went to work. Today, the work was mostly caught up. True, he had a security inspection to run at 7th Regiment Headquarters, but that could wait. Today, the special agents, four; and typist, one; of the Bad Nauheim Field Office, 11th Counter Intelligence Corps Detachment could sit around their warm office, drink coffee, and shoot the bull. The office, if you could call it that, even though they worked there, was actually a requisitioned German apartment, furnished comfortably in latest American styles. They lived

in the living room; three of the boys bedded in the bedroom; and in the kitchen they ate and entertained. The spare bedroom had several desks, typewriters, filing cabinets, and a safe. There they worked. It was by far the best army office to work in that anyone will ever see. It had been the apartment of one of the unit's lieutenants, but when he moved to another field office, he saw to it over cocktails with the billeting officer that his boys got to stay where they were. It was nice. The boys who batched it, Walt, Maisie, and Ed, had hired a maid, nineteen years old, to clean up, cook and serve coffee, and provide a pleasant background. They were sitting around being served their 8 a.m. cup and looking forward to a pleasant day without interruptions from Headquarters when the phone rang.

"Sure it's nice to be away from Headquarters. The

farther away you are, the better off you are, but you can always be reached by phone." Those gems of wisdom had come from the boy genius, Maise Geisler. A product of Columbia '51, a New Yorker, and though short and jovial, he was cynical about everything, and serious only about comic books written in French, Mickey Spillane, and good wine and cheese. He was a real funny man, fast with the jokes, and bitter. He spoke fluent French, and so the army sent him to Germany.

Don was closest to the phone, and it was his turn to take any detail that might come up, so he answered it:

"3844."

"Who is this?" asked Warrant Officer Junior Grade Ted P. Godwin from Headquarters in Frankfurt. "Bragg?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you this lovely morning?"

"Well look, Don, are you busy?" He always asked if you were busy, when he knew you couldn't be if you could answer the phone. He was always apologetic.

"Not too, but I do have several cases to type."

"Who's there with you?"

"Dave," (he was the ranking sergeant), "Walt, Maise, and Ed."

"Listen then, I got a job for you and Dave. May take a few minutes or a couple hours. The G-2 is raising hell here, and the old man has been on his tail all morning and half of last night. You know Sparks; when he wants action, he gets it, one way or another. Some kid down in Commo section was listening to Radio Moscow last night and happened to hear part of a broadcast in English. Some Sergeant First Class George Weldon of the Sixth Regiment at Friedburg was supposedly on the air telling why he had defected to the Communies. He even told his background and sent a message to his wife, who lives in N. Y. It could all be a big joke, or then again the boy could really be over there. Right now, he's AWOL from his company. Get over there and find out what you can."

"Is that all you have to go on? Just the guy's name? No background information or anything? What are we supposed to do, dig from scratch?"

Godwin thought a second. "Look, the old man doesn't care if he's gone so much, or where. Someday when he gets hungry or homesick, he'll come back, and then the MPs'll get him. Right now all they want to know is whether he had access to any classified information that he could give to the Reds. Find out about the type job he held, and the kinda guy he was, and maybe from that we can tell."

"Well, we'll get on it right now. Anything else while we're up there?"

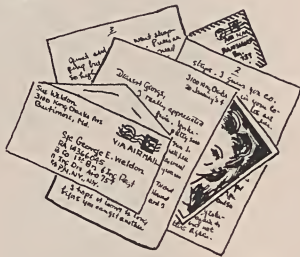
"No, that's all. And look, Don, the old man wants your reports hand-carried back here to Headquarters as soon as they're typed. O.K.?"

Still the apologetic Ted. Asking Don if it was O.K. if he obeyed his orders.

"Yeah. We'll get all we can, get Ed and the boys to type them, and drive them in ourselves. I guess we'll make it back in time for the party. You be there?"

"We'll be there if this thing gets done. Well, so long. By the way, the guy was in Baker Company, 1st Battalion."

"Right."



—Sellers

Don hung up, and turned to give Dave the good news. Dave Ross the rotund. Dave Ross, the beer-belly. He was ranking sergeant and a good guy. They had worked together quite a bit, and often as they drove along in their jeep, Dave, a Yankee, had practiced long and hard to get a Southern accent. He thought he could help his stutter by talking slower. With a stutter like that though, it looked like he'd never do it.

"Dave," he informed him, "that was Godwin. He wants us to go up to Friedburg and check on an AWOL that supposedly crossed the border into the East Zone." Then he related what Ted had told him.

Walt Samuels could hardly keep from laughing.

"Oh, you lucky, lucky boys. You get to play 'Dragonet' today. I'm so sorry Maise and I can't go out in that warm snow, and drive along with you through the balmy breezes with the jeep top down. Oh, I'll miss it. But then we must stay here and drink this nasty old coffee and keep Emma company. We'll be here though when you get back."

"Don't wait up for us, Dear," Don retorted. Walt was another Yankee, but not the short, dark kinky-haired type you'd expect for the Brooklynese he was. He was tall, blond, and usually soft spoken. The kind of fellow to marry, which he had done, and settle down, which he had not. It was good that they still had a sense of humor.

They weren't exactly cops or detectives, and yet they had to make investigations. They carried a badge and

All About Weldon • Beverly Barge

credentials, and their rank was supposedly unknown to outsiders, but actually they were more like an FBI in the army. Not cloak and dagger, but just good legwork, and lots of it.

The two agents with the new assignment finished their coffee, called Anne, Don's wife, and Lynn, Dave's, to tell them they might not be home for lunch, put on their field coats, and headed out to the jeep. Like Don said, the snow was pretty, but the cold wind coming off it would bite their faces and chill them for a while, but it was only 12 miles to Friedburg, and more coffee was available there.

Don Bragg drove, and as usual Dave got off into his Southern accent, complete with stutter.

"Lawms me b-b-boy, I just don' see why in the worl' that old officer man had to send us out on a cold day lik dis heah. It's a good thing I put on my long johns this mawnin, or I'd plum freeze, sho as you all are bawn. Won't be long till Christmas, and I sho am glad, what you think, white boy?"

"Yes sir, man, I'll be glad when Christmas gets here. Then we'll get the day off." He hated to tell Dave, who had never been south of Baltimore that his accent wasn't really an accent but merely a poor copy of something Hollywood might dig up for a class-B Old South melodrama. So, he didn't. They talked a few minutes, and then Don went over the case with him as he had heard it. Dave was ranking man, since Don was a corporal, so technically he had to decide how they would run the case, but usually the junior in rank ended up by suggesting ways to the senior, and doing most of the questioning himself. Don usually wrote the reports, while Dave stood around kibitzing about what had been done.

The wheels of the jeep spun and slid in the new snow, since chains hadn't been put on. They almost went off the road a couple of time, but somehow they made the trip without mishap. There are some good roads in Germany, but most of them are made of cobblestone, ground by years of wear to a slick surface. It was hazardous driving, and their minds were on many things besides the condition of the road. Anne had just this week come from the states. Lynn was feeling better now that the baby was well. The snow looked beautiful, and Don would probably have to try out Anne's new camera getting some pictures of it. Christmas was almost on them, and there was a party planned for that night. Dave loved parties, and usually plunged head over beer into them. He was thinking about other things, but finally got down to cases and asked:

"Why in the world would a guy go ape and leave this zone for the Commie? He must have rocks in his head. Sure the Army gets on a fella's nerves at times, but anything would be better than being over there."

"Yeah, it would," Dan answered. In fact he couldn't see what would make a man leave the army at all,

especially when he knew the MPs would get him sooner or later and he'd probably do stockade time, when stockade time could be a pleasure to what the Reds could do and had done before. But there again they say that any soldier who goes AWOL must be just a little bit crazy.

As they came into Friedberg, they headed for the Kaserne, where part of the Sixth Regiment was quartered. Weldon was, or had been until recently, a member of "Baker" Company, 1st "bat," so their first stop would be there. The MP on gate duty stopped the vehicle, checked their credentials and trip ticket, told them the way to "B" company area, and waved them through, quite confused and not knowing whether to salute or not, since their rank was in question.

They found the company orderly room, parked the jeep, and went in. The first sergeant was seated at his desk, drinking coffee and working a crossword puzzle from the *Stars and Stripes*. It was evident that he didn't like being disturbed, especially by two men who showed no rank on their sleeves but that of privates.

"Yeah, can I help you?" he said in a tone that said he would like to be able to help from helping them.

Don spoke up. "I'm Mr. Bragg and this is Mr. Ross. We're from 11th CIC Detachment. We'd like to get a little information about Sergeant George Weldon. He was in this company, wasn't he?"

"Was is right. The old man has carried him AWOL on the morning report for two days. Boy, is he in trouble. What else has he done now?" Not that it was necessary, but the sergeant stood up when they told him who they were. Not that they cared whether he stood, or sat, or



—Sellers

dropped dead, but people were always in doubt about the CIC agents that way. Since agents could be officers or EM, they did little to erase the officer impression, once formed.

"We just want to get a little information from you about him," said Dave. "Nothing serious."

"Well, I'll be glad to help you any I can, boys. You just ask the questions, and I'll try to answer them."

They asked him routine questions for a while about the type of person Weldon was, what his job had been, and if he was well liked, or if he had any reason for going AWOL. The sergeant wasn't overanxious to answer questions, so he consumed quite a bit of time in rambling away from the answers. Eventually he did give them as good a picture of Weldon as they could expect. Now there was a skeleton to build upon.

Don asked, "Did George have access to any classified information?"

"Him? No sir, the old man took care of that when he busted him several weeks ago."

"Busted him?"

"Yeah, he was master, and field first sergeant, but he came in drunk one night and woke up the men by turning over footlockers, and raising hell in general. The old man hated to bust him, since he had fourteen years service, so he just lowered him to Sfc. Up till that time he had access to regimental and company alert plans, but the old man took him off that job and made him supply sergeant. Thought maybe he would behave better but he didn't. He wasn't real mean, but when he got drunk, man, he was morose. He'd get so depressed he'd say he wanted to die. Say, what's he done anyway?"

"We aren't exactly able to say now. He may have

taken off to the East Zone, but we need this information to clear up several things. Was he ever in any other trouble?"

"None but what I just told you about. Not so far as I know. He was quiet up until lately, and a pretty good soldier. I don't know what could have got into him."

Yes, I do, thought Master Sergeant Joe Bellah. He had trouble back in the States. He needed money, and when he gambled, he always lost. He would lose, and then borrow a five, and go out to a *Gasthaus* and get drunk up, and then spend the night with some broad. When he came in just in time for reveille, he'd get those depressed spells. Then he wouldn't be worth anything for several days. Then after that one wore off, he would go out and pitch another one. It was after the last one that he came in, and I warned him.

"Dammit, George, you're an old soldier. How come you're letting yourself head for trouble? You'd better snap out of it or the old man will be busting you."

"Listen, Joe," he had said, "when I want your advice, I'll ask for it. I been in this army long as you have. I got more time in the chow line than the CO has got in service. You just worry about you and I'll worry about me. I got things on my mind."

"You sure must have, boy. Just don't say I didn't tell you. Either shape up or ship out."

That day, the CO had called me in and told me that if he saw one more example of George's goofing up, he would have to bust him. George goofed up on inspection of the company, and so the Captain reduced him one grade, relieved him field first, and made him supply sergeant.

Yeh, Joe Bellah. You know what was wrong with him. You know that he'd lose pay. You know that his record would look bad from here on out, and his efficiency ratings might never see "Excellent" again. You know what could have caused him to do whatever he may have done. He was under lots of pressure from lots of places.

"So, sergeant," Don asked, "you have no idea why he might have left?"

"None at all. Just wanted to get away, I guess."

"Is the CO in?" asked Dave.

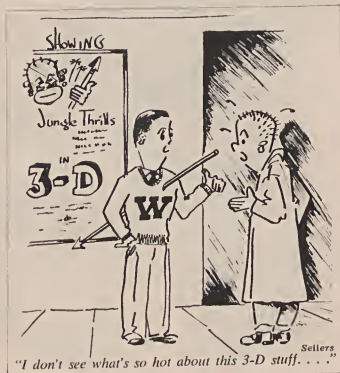
"Yeh, he's there. Just knock and walk in. He's not too busy today. Got the letter off to Weldon's wife yesterday, telling her he was AWOL. Some Christmas present. Say, if you find out about him, let us know, hear?"

"You'll know about it," Dave said and walked over to the CO's door and knocked. They were answered by:

"Come in." So they did.

They showed him their credentials, told him who they were and why they were there. They got through

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



Leaves of Grass.

COME closer to me,
Push close my lovers and take the best I possess;
Yield closer and closer and give me the best you possess.

This is unfinished business with me . . . how is it with you?

I was chilled with the cold types and cylinder and wet paper between us.

I pass so poorly with paper and types . . . I must pass with the contact of bodies and souls.

I do not thank you for liking me as I am, and liking the touch of me . . . I know that it is good for you to do so.

Were all educations practical and ornamental well displayed out of me, what would it amount to?

Were I as the head teacher or charitable proprietor or wise statesman, what would it amount to?

Were I to you as the boss employing and paying you, would that satisfy you?

The learned and virtuous and benevolent, and the usual terms:
A man like me, and never the usual terms.

Neither a servant nor a master am I.

I take no sooner a large price than a small price . . . I will have my own whoever enjoys me.

I will be even with you, and you shall be even with me.

If you are a workman or workwoman I stand as high as the richest that works in any one shop.

I am a better man than any other man in the world. I demand no good as you do.
I am a better man than any other man in the world. I demand no good as you do.
I am a better man than any other man in the world. I demand no good as you do.

"Celebrate myself . . ."

By John E. Durham

—Bunn

"Few people noticed that quaint thin quarto in green and gold binding, with the frontispiece portrait of the author in a nonchalant pose, the lyrical prose-poem preface, and the twelve untitled and provocative poems that followed. Nothing like it had been seen before."
—Floyd Stovall

The year 1855 was a restless one in America. A Convention of Free Soilers met at Albany, Oregon, and adopted a platform for an anti-slavery party. Delaware and Michigan enacted prohibition laws. There was trouble in Kansas over the slavery question; the governor was removed, and a pro-slavery governor took his place. Bessemer received his first patent for the process of producing steel. An American ship was fired on in Paraguay — and an appropriation of 30,000 dollars was placed at the disposal of the Secretary of War for the importation of camels and dromedaries from the Orient to be tested in Texas for military purposes.

Americans who read were discussing the books of the popular writers who published that year; Long-

fellow's *Hiawatha*, William Gilmore Simms' popular novel, *The Forayers*, Melville's *Benito Cereno*, and a complete edition of Bryant. Others widely read at the time were John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Fitz-Green Halleck, Lydia Sigourney, and Nathaniel Parker Willis, who had published *Famous Persons and Places* in 1854.

Lost in the vast amount of news copy, a small advertisement appeared in the *New York Tribune* on July 6, 1855.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS
LEAVES OF GRASS

1 vol. small quarto, \$2, for sale by
SWAYNE, No. 210 Fulton St., Brooklyn

and by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

The advertisement attracted as little notice as the book, but the publication was to become the most important single event of the year 1855.

The book of poems had been written by a shiftless, somewhat dandified young journalist of Brooklyn who had been slowly, half-consciously preparing himself to be the most widely representative poet of romantic America.

By 1855, Walt Whitman had had many jobs — journeyman, printer, school teacher, newspaper editor — but during the years before the first publication of *Leaves of Grass*, he relates:

A desire that had been flitting through my previous life, or hovering on the flanks, most indefinite hitherto, had steadily advanced to the front, defined itself, and finally dominated everything else. This was a poetic form, and uncompromisingly my own physical, emotional, moral and intellectual Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America — and to exploit that Personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto book or poem . . . (was the purpose of Leaves of Grass).

Whitman set the type for his book himself on the press of his friends, the Rome brothers, at Fulton and Cranberry streets in Brooklyn. The first edition of about eight hundred copies was put on sale at Swayne's bookshop in Brooklyn and at Fowler and Wells, the phenological emporium. The price at first was two dollars, but it was later reduced by half. Financially, *Leaves of Grass* was a failure; Swayne's had had enough after four days, but the small quarto was destined to become one of the most controversial and widely admired works of American art.

A reader looking at the book in a shop would have been puzzled by its format, which was as original as its content. *Leaves of Grass* was a thin quarto of 95 large pages, bound in green cloth. The title on the outside was in gold leaf and the edge of the letters trailed off in roots; this was to give the effect that the book had its source in the earth itself.

Opening the book, the curious reader would find no author or publisher given on the title page. In place of a signature, there was a remarkable daguerreotype of Walt Whitman facing the title page. He is in shirt sleeves without a tie, for he wished to identify himself in accordance with his statement on page 29 of this first volume as:

Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a cosmos.

The first third of the volume consisted of a prefatory essay which has become, like Emerson's *American Scholar*, a fundamental statement of American criticism.

The author warns that *Leaves of Grass* is not polite literature, but that it is designed to dilate the imagination, to describe a faith and a religion embodied in a personality. The prose style is strange and unconventional, curiously punctuated.

The prefatory essay is followed by twelve untitled poems in a loose unrhymed, unmetrical verse which must have seemed strange to a reader accustomed to Longfellow and Whittier. Nearly half the book is taken up with the first poem, here untitled, but later called *Song of Myself*. The reader must have been struck by the egotism of the first lines:

*I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me
as good belongs to you.*

Readers did not buy the book and perhaps that is not as much a reflection on the literary tastes of 1855 as it seems at first glance, for as Henry Seidel Canby writes in his biography, *Walt Whitman, an American*:

Is it surprising that readers of Bryant, of Irving, of Cooper, of Tennyson, of Longfellow did not see what Whitman was trying to do, did not understand how he was doing it, wondered if it was worth doing? For this poem, in spite of its magnificent passages, is a melange of confession, evangelical preaching, identities, memories, symbols, organized as a dramatized Walt Whitman, and written like a mystical chant. It seemed to the most sympathetic like a magnificent if somewhat humorless attempt to expand an ego to the dimensions of some pirate's great gun, then cram the muzzle with every oddment from the decks of America, and blast the whole at the Nineteenth Century.

The people and the critics of the time had been fed on the paling romanticism of convention, an aestheticism striving for pretty, sentimental effects rather than the beautiful and moving. The writers of the time for the most part belonged to the genteel tradition of sentimental cultured conformity to European models, a tradition often resulting in a false refinement. When Whitman descended on them with his "barbaric yawp," they answered with varied opinions.

Whitman sent complimentary copies of the book to many editors, critics, and writers, here and abroad, hoping to interest them in his message. By far the most rewarding response came from R. W. Emerson, then the foremost American writer, who wrote:

I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet produced. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career.

Whitman was much encouraged by this letter. He

carried it with him for a long time after he received it in order to show it to his friends, allowed it to be reprinted in a newspaper without Emerson's permission and also printed the last sentence on the cover of the revised 1856 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, again without Emerson's permission.

All readers were not so kind to the book. Whittier is said to have thrown his copy in the fire after reading a few pages. Lincoln relates an interesting incident about the book. One evening he took the book home with him in Springfield. When he returned with the book the next morning, he remarked that he "had barely saved it from being purified by fire by the women." At Lincoln's request the book was left on a table in the office, and we are told that he frequently picked it up and read aloud from it, never guessing that the man who had written the curious work would make him immortal in one of the world's greatest poems, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."

Other reviewers answered the book with mixed emotion. Following are some excerpts from newspaper reviews of the first edition:

The London Critic, April 1, 1857:

Walt Whitman is as unacquainted with art as a hog is with mathematics.

R. W. Griswold, in the *New York Criterion*, November 10, 1855:

—Burns



... Thus, then, we leave this gathering of muck to the laws which certainly, if they fulfil their intent, must have power to suppress such obscenity. . . . It is entirely destitute of wit. . . . We do not believe there is a newspaper so vile that would print confirmatory characters. . . .

Charles Eliot Norton, *Putnam's Monthly*, September, 1855:

Lawless . . . poems . . . in a sort of excited prose . . . a compound of the New England transcendentalist and a New York rowdy. A foreman (of intelligence) might have written this gross yet elevated, this superficial yet profound, this preposterous yet somehow fascinating book.

Such was a typical cross section of reaction to the book. Whitman, himself, in an effort to get readers wrote highly laudatory reviews in *The Democratic Review*, *The Journal of Phrenology* of Fowler and Wells, and the *Brooklyn Times*. Following is a quotation from the *Brooklyn Times* article of September 29, 1855 by Whitman:

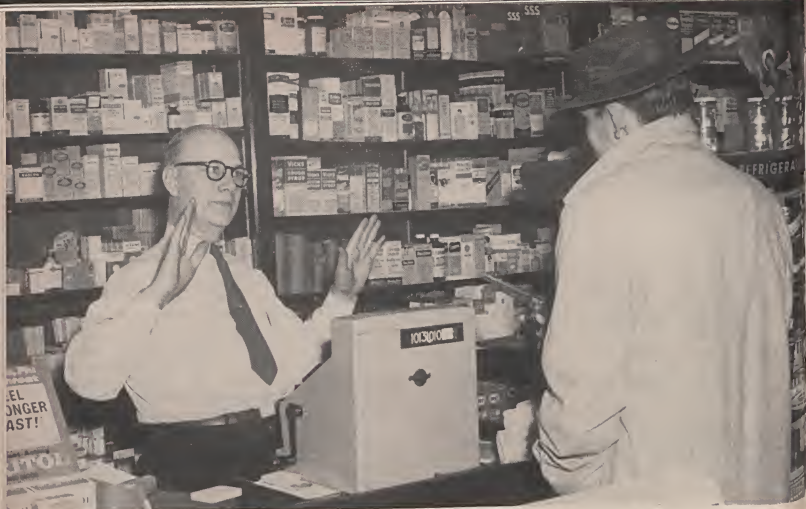
To give judgement on real poems, one needs an account of the poet himself. Very devilish to some, and very divine to some, will appear the poet of these new poems, the "Leaves of Grass". . . .

He comes to no conclusions, and does not satisfy the reader. He certainly leaves him what the serpent left the woman and the man, the taste of the Paradise tree of the knowledge of good and evil, never to be erased again.

The book endured despite all its detractors and was improved by Whitman through six different editions before it reached the final form which we have today. Copies of the 1855 edition are very rare; Wake Forest was recently fortunate in being able to purchase a copy, through the use of the Oscar T. Smith Fund for the purchase of rare books. The small green book, in excellent condition, was located in England. The committee in charge of buying such books for the library will not say how much it had to pay for the volume; monetary values cannot be placed on such books. Suffice to say that the book, launched so precariously, has achieved a value infinitely greater than the original cost of two dollars.

As one stands in the stacks of the college library amid thousands of books, holding the thin quarto, one cannot help but feel a sense of reverence for the tiny volume which presaged one of America's greatest poets. One feels indeed much as the Frenchman, Leon Bazalgette, who wrote prophetically in 1908:

O the poor and fantastic volume, banal and touching — generations shall respectfully defile before it, perhaps, when it lies in the hall of honour of a great museum, not far from the first folio of Shakespeare.



Supersalesman Boyette draws up a new contract with Mr. C. L. Jefferies of Holding's drug store.



OLD GOLD

The majority of students don't realize the labor involved in putting out a college newspaper. Aside from a half-dozen articles in the *Old Gold and Black*, a few stories in this publication, and widespread verbal advertisement, the story has never been told. In order to bring to the attention of the student body its debt to our newspaper writers, *The Student* requested a special interview with columnist Smut, an anonymous informer on the OG&B staff. Here is the story of *Old Gold*.

The week begins, of course, with the editor making assignments. Columnists begin gathering their dirt, the free lance boys each take a feature, and the members of the business staff get a pep talk on selling ads.

For the next six days the writers stay up night and day. They don't particularly do anything; they just stay up night and day. Sometimes they sit around the pot-bellied

Editor Poole caught red-handed as he borrows copy from The Student. (He later confessed to having stolen more than a dozen articles.)



As story of graft and corruption reaches Wait Hall, Editor Poole is subpoenaed.

OLD CONFIDENTIAL

stove and tell droll stories, and they sometimes pitch pennies to see who will write the paper for the week. Most of their time, though, is devoted to keeping the grass worn down on the path between the OG&B office and Francis' Grill.

Contrary to popular legend, all newspaper work does not take place at night, says writer Smut. When queried about newspaper writing, he had this to say:

"How are you going to tell people about how it feels to watch the sunrise? — standing on a litter of cigarette butts. How do you tell students about having to figure out headlines on the way to Nashville after you have missed every possible bus? And about three quarters of the way there, finally deciding to put in the headline we had decided on anyway? What can you say? . . .

"There is a lot to say about a newspaper from twelve

Winstead ("It Seems To Me") greets the 5 a.m. sunrise. Journalism means life to him, so he draws the smoke down deep and cuts his classes.





Columnist Pate pays through the nose for scandal info. His column "Magnolia Leaves" is by far the most widely quoted in "OG&B."



"You haven't got a damn thing on me," Poole tells investigating committee. (He was acquitted by jury.) —(Photos by Van Swearingen.)

to five o'clock in the morning. Have you ever stayed up all night? (This question to the interviewer, who answers that he has occasionally.) But it doesn't all happen at night. Some of it happens in the daytime. The night part is the most vivid. That's the part you *feel*! All newspaper men go blind sooner or later. (He cites the case of a certain J. Milton).

"There's a limit to what you can say. There are sources and facts that cannot be revealed. My name, for instance. It would mean my life! Oh, well, you will probably have to rearrange this," says Smut, not knowing that the interviewer will not.

When asked about the personnel of the OG&B, writer Smut was reluctant about commenting on his colleagues, but he finally agreed to remark briefly:

"The editor is underpaid. What he gets (by way of remuneration) is like giving a kid a sucker for saving your life. In a way I hate to have to tell people about Poole. Being honest, somewhere along the line I have gotten the impression that . . . Well, Poole, uh, occupies a unique position — the editor. In a way his position is official and in a way it is artificial. (?)

"How can you tell people about the work he has to do? He is responsible for everything, literally everything printed. An average of 25,000 words per issue. What the paper does and believes. That is the editor's job. I could talk all night about —. (Writer Smut was told that it wasn't necessary.)

"The business manager? He pays our bills. This has been said before. You can mark that out. He sees to it that we don't spend what the college don't give us. They give us a budget, you know? We are pseudoperfectionists.

We're . . . The general idea is that we're working toward perfection. Don't use that — terribly trite! Well, the budget isn't important as long as we get it. Money doesn't measure success. We have proved we can make All-American without the combined budgets of pub row.

On sports writers: "Sports people in general are phenomenal. They are all good people. Sports play an important role in the students' life. Sports people are, as a rule, sports themselves. They are writers just like the rest of us, but they write about sports. That's the difference."

Newspaperman Smut remarked that "a lot of things look odd and curious to the rest of the world that don't to us. Does it look odd and curious to see a fellow standing in the middle of a bunch of wild-eyed, mob crazy students and at the same time writing industriously on his little pad? (It certainly did, answered the interviewer.)

Off hours: "You spell it s-l-e-e-p! Sleep! That's only fair, isn't it, since we stay up all night? Did I say that we do stay up all night?"

Summing up, writer Smut said: "That is going to sound like hell, but it's the truth. One of our big satisfactions is doing something good and *knowing* it. Good judgment is the greatest thing in the world. It is a thing that we learn sadly and at odd times when we do not exert enough of it. Sometimes we exert too much of it, but we really shouldn't.

"It's a week after week grind. G-R-I-N-D! One of our favorite pastimes is trying to figure out why we do it. Our nearest adequate answer that we can come up with is, uh, it's fascinating. Graft has nothing to do with it."

I stood barefooted in the shallow creek and watched them come toward me from the top of the hill. They were silent except for the crushing of dry twigs underfoot and the sound of pebbles and loose earth which their unsure footing cascaded before them. The girl led the way, staring at the path and frowning a little, as if worried about slipping. The boy followed her, his face and blond hair streaked with the rouge-colored grime of the earth. They came to the edge of the creek and stood beside me, the girl stretching herself out of her soiled white blouse, her arms reaching upward into the pine-smelling sky, the boy standing on one foot, trying to remove a shoe. I wondered what they had found.

"What about it?" I asked them.

"Nothing," the boy said. "Absolutely nothing. There's a store about a mile down the road, but it's closed. Besides that, nothing."

He got his shoe off and tilted it so a tiny stone could fall out.

"Where did that guy go?" I asked them.

"The hitch-hiker?" I asked. "I don't know. He wandered off after you and Jean went to look around. He's probably thumbing again by now."

"I didn't like him," the boy said. "Looked like a bum. Wish we hadn't picked him up."

"I doubt if we'll see him again," I said.

Jean was yawning, rubbing her eyes and face with two smuggy hands which left her skin smeared and tawny. "I'm tired," she said, looking at me. "How's your foot?"

"Feels like the water's helped it," I said. "Doesn't hurt as much."

She smiled at me and went to sit down against the trunk of a nearby pine tree.

She ought to be home, I thought. Not here, in the middle of a backwoods paradise, a wilderness of pines and red clay and approaching darkness. Even if she is with her brother, she ought to be home.

I looked at Frank, kneeling in the creek, splashing water on his sunburned face, his blue shirt and dungarees becoming wetter and wetter with each dripping handful.

"I think we should try to get out of here," I told him. "It'll be dark pretty soon and we'll still be here."

"Sure, Ken," he said, stepping out of the water. "But there's nowhere to go. No houses, no traffic, no nothing. And, it's Sunday. That's why the store down the road is closed. Just be glad you're alive, Ken. We could have been killed, you know."

"Sure . . . sure," I said.

The car, up by the highway, somewhere away from here, headlong into a tree, its front left tire split wide open before the crash and her back-seat scream came. And before that, the "Detour" sign, but Frank in the driver's seat, knew it would be all right, so we did it.

THE NIGHT BEFORE US



There was less traffic, none at all, in fact, and Frank kept talking about the saved time, and being home in time for supper. Then it came; a sound like a bursting balloon and then a fizzing sound and the car tilting forward a little to the left. Then we were going off the highway and I was gasping, pushing my foot through the floor, watching Frank spinning the wheel, hearing Jean moan softly from the back seat and then scream just before we hit.

Then it was over: a jolt, glass breaking somewhere, in the distance, and her moaning softly but safely in the back seat while the quiet, sunbaked countryside quivered into stillness. I looked for blood, but there was only her moaning, steady and hoarse behind me, and Frank leaning over the wheel, his head buried in his arms, silent and motionless, but unhurt. We got out and started walking aimlessly, the hitch-hiker wandering ahead of us. When we got to the creek my leg was aching and I told them that I was going to stop and wet my foot.

"What's wrong with it, Ken?" Frank asked.

"It hurts. Had it under the heater and when we hit, the thing clamped down on my foot."

It was a little swollen and the skin was ripped on top. The blood had soaked through my sock and they both stood there gaping at it until Jean said:

"Sit down and let me take your sock off. You ought to have something to put on it before it gets infected."

I sat on the bank while she worked the sock off, asking me the whole time whether or not she was hurting me, and as soon as I bit my lip and said no, she smiled and continued working. When it was off she helped me to the creek and I sat there, my foot extended into the cool water, and she still asking how it felt, and I telling her it was fine, watching the liquid ribbon of blood flow from it and meander through the water and across the rocks.

"Why did you have your shoes off?" she asked.

"It was hot in the car. I was trying to cool off."

She sat there with me a long time, talking, while Frank sprawled a few yards away in the cedar-shade smoking a cigarette. Then he got up and said he was going to look around and she went with him, saying she would get me some medicine for my foot, and not to move until they got back.

"Sure . . . sure," I repeated. "We could have been killed. So what are we going to do now?"

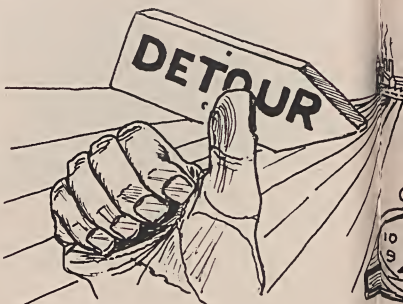
He had found his cigarettes, lit one, and was now standing in the creeping shadows which seeped along the slanting ground like spilled ink. The girl had opened her eyes and was looking at me, her hands folded in the lap of her faded dungarees, her legs stretched lazily out in front of her.

"Looks like we stay here for a while," Frank said.

"I looked at the car a little while ago. We went into a ditch after we left the road, but the front end of the car bounced out of it and hit the tree. The back end's still

in the ditch. It'll take more than the three of us to get it out."

And she should be home, I thought. I looked at her again, sitting there against the knotted brown trunk, and our eyes met for a second in the wilting September light before hers dropped to the ground at my feet.



"Does it still hurt?" she asked. "Your foot, I mean."

I shook my head and she struggled herself up and came to me, then knelt down and touched the cut gently with her hand. I could feel my leg throbbing a little when she stroked the wound, like something dead and heavy gushing up through me, but I could feel her hand more, and I told her it felt good.

"If you keep it uncovered like that, dirt will get in it," she said. "Do you have a handkerchief? You ought to tie it up with something."

Frank was leaning over her, peering at the cut, then at me, then her.

"Jean, really. I think he'll live."

Jean glanced up at him narrowly. "Oh, I'm sure he will," she said.

I gave her my handkerchief and sat down, my foot resting on her knee while she wrapped the cloth around the cut, not taking my eyes off of her. Frank left us and stood against a tree several yards away and finished his cigarette.

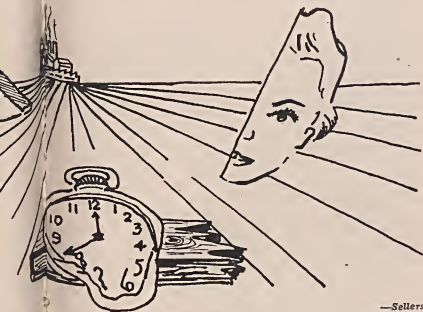
Jean knotted the handkerchief, asking me if it was too tight, then stood up. I stood beside her, putting weight on the foot, and feeling it throb again. I told her it was all right.

The shadows were getting longer and deeper and the sky was beginning to shed its crystal blue for a sheet of vapor-gray. There was a breeze, soft and cool, and with it came the smell of fall and earth and pine and the sound of the creek.

The Night Before Us • Durell Bullock

Jean, next to me, inhaled deeply and said she was hungry.

"That store's closed," I reminded her. "I still think we ought to try and leave this place. How far is home?" "About forty miles," Frank said. "But that's closer than we'd be if we had used that detour. That other road



—Sellers

goes all around by Crestville."

"If we had gone the other way, we'd be home by now," Jean said.

Frank looked at her but said nothing, then turned his back and started up the path toward the highway and the wrecked car, his head bowed, staring at the shadowed earth.

"Now where do you suppose he's going?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I think he's disgusted about something."

"Why?"

She shrugged her narrow shoulders and went over to the tree she had left shortly before to work on my foot and sat down sighing, like one long deprived of sleep. She closed her eyes and I walked over to her, my foot feeling numb wherever I put any weight on it; I stood over her looking at her slim features, the slender arms and neck, the round face tightened with a trace of fatigue which was slowly fading. She opened her hazel eyes and glanced up at me, then told me to sit down. I did.

"You look like something's worrying you," she said, her eyes closed again. "What is it?"

I leaned back against the tree and relaxed. I felt comfortable for the first time during the day, especially since the wreck. Then she was looking at me, leaning away from the tree, her blonde head resting on her arms while she looked around her drawn-up legs; looking and waiting for me to answer the question I only remembered

her asking as a sound without words.

"What?" I asked, and she smiled and repeated the question.

"Nothing's wrong exactly. I was just thinking about the time we had down at the beach, and how much better off we'd be if nothing had happened on the way home."

"Oh, it's not so bad. Daddy won't do too much, I hope. He didn't want us to go, you know. Frank talked him into it."

"Yes, I know, Frank doesn't look too worried. But, I don't guess he would."

"Why not?"

"He's not the worrying kind. It doesn't even bother him to be out here like this, not knowing when we'll get home or how we'll get the car out or when we're going to eat again. . . . Nothing seems to make any difference to him."

"You make it sound like we're on some South Sea island," she said. "Everything will be all right." She leaned back against the tree and looked up at the darkening sky. "It's getting a little cooler," she said.

I nodded. Cooler and night coming and nowhere to sleep, I thought.

"They were expecting us this afternoon, weren't they?" I asked.

"I think so. I bet everybody at our house will really be excited before the night's over. Don't you?"

"Probably. Don't you wish you were at home?"

"I like it out here," she said. "I've never been stranded in the woods with two men before. Three, really," she added.

"Who's the third one?"

"That man we picked up after we left the beach."

"Oh. Don't worry about him. He's gone."

"I'll bet he comes back, though," she said.

"I doubt it. He didn't have much to say, did he?"

"Strangers never do," she said. "I wonder who he was?"

"Nothing to worry about," I told her.

It was dark now and Frank had returned with an armload of freshly cut pine and cedar branches which he dropped on the ground a few yards from the creek. We made a fire and left Jean to watch it while Frank and I went up toward the road for more wood. We worked together, Frank cutting branches and small trees, then piling the growing collection into my arms. The air was much cooler now, with a breeze from the northeast which rustled the thick green boughs of the trees and made them waltz slowly from side to side. From the direction of the creek came the rich sweet smell of the smoking resinous wood and overhead the jabbering of birds flocking in the darkness. Somewhere in front of us was the car, in a ditch, its front end smashed into a tree.

"How far are we from the road?" I asked. "Where the car is, I mean?"

"Not too far," Frank said, pointing with the hand axe,

"It's over there about two hundred yards or so. Why?"

"Isn't there any chance of our getting out tonight?"

"No," he said. "And don't worry so much. It's my car, isn't it? Why don't you take that stuff back to the fire? I'll be there after awhile."

"When do you think we can leave?"

"Tomorrow, I guess. They'll be coming to work on the road then and they'll probably have something that can pull the car out."

"What about tonight? Jean ever spent the night out before?"

"She seems to be making out better than you are. At least she's not worried about getting back home." He moved on up the hill for more wood and I hobbled after him.

"They'll be glad to see us alive," he said.

We took the branches back to the creek where Jean was waiting, sitting in front of the fire, her face dark with the dancing shadows which the fire made on her, her eyes glowing in the orange light of the crackling, fire-eating wood. She rose when we came and took the wood from my arms saying she was hungry again and I nodded at her in the bobbing light. Frank stood away from us, looking, and lit a cigarette. Then he took the axe and went back up the path, leaving the darkness and the fire and us behind. I started to follow him, but Jean caught my shirt with her hand and stopped me.

"Let him go," she said. "Help me with this fire."

And again we were together and alone with Frank away and a part of the blackness, invisible but not forgotten. Off in the distance was the steady chopping sound of the axe, hard and hollow, seeming to echo throughout the tiny valley in which Jean and I worked over the fire.

"What's wrong with him?" I asked. "He seems like he's trying to leave us; he especially."

She looked at me through the firelight and suddenly the breeze died and it seemed to become warmer and the chopping faded into a dull resonance like something that happened long ago and is fighting to make itself remembered. She was saying something to me but I wasn't listening; I was staring at her: a medium sized girl who looked a little taller than she was, with a soft round face, sunburned and happy-looking, the features vague but attractive now in the wobbling firelight which separated us. I kept thinking that she should be home, and yet telling myself that I was glad it all happened. But still, she ought to be home; telling myself that with us alone, together, in the darkness, the night before us.

"... and I guess he always will be," she was saying.

"What?"

She stood up on the other side of the fire and looked down at me, her hands on her hips. "You weren't listening again, were you? I said that Frank gets a little funny like this sometimes. It's because he's so restless. He gets disgusted with things too easy, I guess. But don't you pay any attention to him."

"What's he disgusted about now?"

"Us. You and me. He doesn't like the idea of us being so friendly all the time."

"I didn't know we were. We just know each other."

She walked over to where I was sitting and the breeze wilted again and the chopping on the hillside became fainter.

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" she asked.

"Is what true?"

"That we're so friendly. We ought to be, you know."

"Why?" She sat down next to me and lay back on the ground, her legs stretched out towards the fire, her hands clasped behind her head with the elbows pointed starward, her white blouse tightening itself into a momentary smoothness. I looked down at her and suddenly felt the warm gush of stillness weave around us, like we were webbed together, in a spacious, deserted, noiseless castle of night. And then she turned her head toward me and the breeze and the sounds of the trickling brook, the crickets, the not-too-distant chopping on the hillside came back.

"Don't you like being friendly?" she was saying.

"If that's all you want out of it," I said.

She sat up. "You mean there should be more?"

"Not now. Your brother's coming."

I was on my back, staring at the blur of trees and hills rising black and fathomless into the darkness stained with white stars when I heard it. It was a hard, crunching sound of cautious feet. I sat up and stared into space and I still heard it. Then, suddenly, it stopped.

Jean was lying on the ground a few yards away from me, apparently sleeping, and several yards beyond her was Frank. The charred death of the fire was in front of us, barely visible now in the moonless night. I got up and went over to where Frank was lying on the ground and shook him. He opened his eyes, groaning.

"We've got company," I said. "Wake up."

He looked at me groggily. "Are you still up? Don't you know ...?"

"Someone's coming," I repeated.

He got up and we walked to the creek. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Don't know. But I heard them over there, on the other side of the creek. You hear anything?"

"No. Reckon it's that bum again?"

"Maybe. It sounded like somebody walking real careful, trying not to make any noise."

We peered into the silent darkness which stretched out across the creek. There was nothing there but the darkness made darker by the obscure mass of trees and the hill rising gently away from the water on the other side. Jean stirred, but didn't wake up.

"There's nothing there," Frank said.

"I know I heard something," I insisted.

"Well, you sit up the rest of the night and watch out for us. I'm going back to sleep."

He was walking away from me, back to his earthy bed, when it sounded again. It was quick and sharp, like a shoe scraping across hard ground. Frank came back to me.

"I heard it," he said.

I leaned down and picked up a rock from the bank of the stream.

"Throw this over there," I said, giving it to Frank.

"Maybe he'll come out."

Frank took the stone, then hurled it into the trees on the opposite side of the creek. A short, stocky man wearing a tattered brown sport coat and black pants stepped from behind a tree and slushed through the water toward us. Even in the darkness, I could see him grinning and as he came closer I could hear his heavy nasal breathing, heavier than a man sleeping. He left the water and stopped a moment to brush clumsily at his dripping trouser cuffs and to shake his foot a little; I saw that his brown shoes were torn and gouged with holes.

"It's him, all right," Frank said. I nodded.

"I was afraid you might hit me with one of those rocks," he said, coming toward us. "Hope I didn't frighten you, but I didn't expect to find anybody else out here." He grinned the whole time he talked, and his eyes darted back and forth between the two of us. Then he saw Jean and his grin widened, and his eyes narrowed.

"She looks nice sleeping," he said. "I was worried about her in the wreck this afternoon."



—Sellers

"I hate riding locals — we've stopped at Denver, Chicago, and now New York!"

I glanced over at Jean, still lying on her back in undisturbed sleep, then at Frank and then the hitch-hiker and I was trying to think of something to say or do, but my mind seemed to be outside of me, at home, thinking of a soft bed and clean linen and sleep and then the man was talking again.

"I've been looking around for some help," he said.

"Didn't find any, so I thought I'd come back."

"Why don't you look some more?" Frank asked.

"I was hoping that you would be a little friendly," the man said. "We're all out here together, you know. Might as well help each other out a little."

"How?" I asked.

Maybe you'd like to give me something to eat. I see you made a fire some time ago. Didn't know you people had food in the car this afternoon."

"We didn't," Frank said.

The man stood there a moment, looking at us narrowly, then he sat down in front of us and rubbed his unshaven face.

"None, huh?" he said. "Where were you going today, anyway?"

"Home," Frank said.

"Well, I'm just passing through, myself," the man said. "Going north; Pittsburgh, maybe. Can't decide where to go."

"Want me to tell you where to go?" Frank asked.

The man stood up, his grin undaunted. "You think I'm a bum, don't you?" he asked.

"Of course not," Frank said. "You look like you belong out here to me."

"I'm not a bum. I just haven't got a job. No money or home or anything like that, but that doesn't make you a bum."

The man looked at the ground and his grin fell and became absorbed in the wrinkles around his mouth.

"I left Pittsburgh ten years ago because I didn't like the people," he said. "I went west, past the Rockies, and tried to find people I could work with and enjoy, but I left there, too. Nobody cares about anybody else. Everybody walks around with a capital 'I' in their head. You know, I ran away from school in Pittsburgh because I was sick of the human race up there, and I thought things would be different somewhere else. But it's all the same, Pittsburgh, the West, right here with you people, even. Nobody gives a damn. People just don't care."

I looked at the man and his raggedness and wished suddenly that I had the experience of his raw life and had the memory of the sights that those grey eyes had seen and scorned for the past ten years. And then he stood up and he was grinning again, brushing his wet trouser legs and scratching the side of his foot through an opening in his shoes.

"How old are you?" I asked suddenly.

"Older than you'll ever be," he said. "I've seen too much of the world and hated too much of what I've

seen. But, I'm not a bum."

He turned and started off towards the creek.

"Where are you going?" I called, but he didn't answer and quickly disappeared in the early morning darkness across the creek.

"Let him go," Frank said. "He'd better not come back, either."

Jean stirred again and this time she opened her eyes and sat up.

"Who are you talking to?" she asked me. "Is somebody leaving?"

"We had a visitor," I told her.

"That damn bum we picked up," Frank said.

I was awake again, staring at the stars, and I could hear Jean's sleeping breath next to me, a few yards away. The breeze was stronger now, almost chilly, and I was wondering how long I had been asleep and what time it was and then Jean rolled over and slowly woke up. I listened to her yawning and watched her stretch her arms and legs out along the ground as far as they would go, forcing the short tail of her blouse to slip away from her beltless dungarees. She sat up and tucked the blouse in and then looked at me as though pondering whether I was awake.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"What time is it?" She crawled across the ground on her hands and knees and sat next to me.

I pulled myself up and our shoulders were touching, and the breeze was growing slack again. "It's morning," I said. "Should be getting light pretty soon."

"How's your foot?" she said.

"I think it's all right now," I said, wiggling it.

We sat there in silence for a while, and I could feel it getting warmer again. Frank was snoring a little, a gentle, whining sound which marred the night-stillness as it droned above the water.

"I'm hungry," Jean said. "Reck-on there would be any berry bushes around here to get something to eat off of?"

I told her that I didn't know but if she wanted to look around to go

right ahead, that I would wait for her.

"But, uh, won't you go with me?" she asked. "It's not that I'm frightened, it's just that I, uh—well, I might get lost."

I felt the warmth charging the atmosphere and I thought maybe my arms and face were damp with it. Then the sound of Frank's low snoring and the sight of him sprawled on the ground sleeping, his eyes closed, his back turned, seemed to wipe the dampness away and I got to my feet and stood next to her.

"What if Frank wakes up?" I asked.

"Well, it would be worse if he didn't, wouldn't it?"

"I mean if he sees that we're gone?"

"Why worry about that?" She was walking away towards the creek and I started after her.

"But, he might not like it. You know, you said something about his not liking our being together."

She was across the creek now, ascending the slender rise of the hill where the trees and bushes and darkness jungled together in a formless and indiscernable mass. I sloshed through the water, gazing after her, feeling the satin-like warmth of the night spinning around me and on the other side I stopped to look back at Frank still sprawled in motionless slumber. Then, I hurried up the hill behind her.

We edged through the narrow path which led between trees and dark country growth. She was ahead of me, looking at the bushes, trying to locate some with berries. I looked at nothing but her shadowed form lingering ahead of me, stopping when she occasionally paused to examine a bush with her hand, pulling the branches away from each other and running her hand along the leaves. We reached the crest of the hill empty-handed.

"Satisfied?" I asked her.

"I'm still hungry. Can't you think of anything to do?"

And the warmth swelled across me, misty and fine as the spray of

bursting bubbles, and the night seemed darker suddenly and the seclusion of it unbridged and never to be reached. She was here in the darkness in Nature's cave of trees and brush and night and somewhere off in the distance was the rest of the world which we had deserted. She asked me again, "... anything to do?"—and I could think, but didn't want to think it because Frank might come, but still I was thinking with the night warm around us like a bed in winter.

"Doesn't look like there's anything here," she said.

"It's pretty dark here," I said.

"How long before morning?"

"It'll be light then," I said. "Now, there's just the two of us."

"Huh?"

"Nobody else around and nobody coming." I reached out for her arms.

"Well, yes, but . . ."

"And you said we should be friendly. Maybe a little more than friendly. Maybe now, more than friendly." My hands were on her shoulders, her neck, her hair.

"But, Ken, . . ."

"You wanted to come here. With me."

"But I was hungry, Ken."

"So am I. More than you."

"I know, but . . ."

It was several minutes before I heard the noise behind her in the bushes. Even then, it was a sound which the force of us tightly together made obsolete and barely distinguishable. I released her and she stepped back toward the noise which she didn't hear and stared at me, her face and eyes puzzled, as if she wanted to say something, but could not. Behind her, there were foot-steps and rustling bushes and then he stepped into view and walked slowly forward.

"I thought you were going to leave this place," I said. Jean turned and saw him; she edged toward me again.

He was grinning, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on her.

"How can you leave people?"

he asked. "Especially like this kind here."

Jean took another step backwards. "What do you want with us?" I asked. "I told you we didn't have anything for you."

"What's he still around for?" Jean asked.

"I'm a friend," the man answered. "I'm lost and I'd like to have some company. How about it?"

"You're asking me?" Jean asked. "What can I do?"

He grinned and looked at her, his eyes narrow and staring like a man thinking, meditating on a single subject. She stepped away from him, shaking her head very slightly, her gaze fixed on his grin, his staring eyes.

"I'm going back to the camp," she whispered, "I'm tired." She left us, back down the path which led to the creek. I listened to her leaving, brushing against the low hanging branches, and then the man came over to me.

"She belong to you?" he asked.

"Maybe. You object to that?"

"Course not," he said. "I was just thinking, that's all. About you, I mean."

"Something wrong with me?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "Tell me, where have you folks been?"

"We've been to the beach for a week. The girl's father owns a cottage down there. Is that all right with you?"

"Sure. You've got me all wrong," he said. "Can't you believe that I want to be your friend? I've got a proposition for you."

"Not interested," I said. "I've got to go. And I'd rather it would be alone."

"Don't go," he said, stepping forward. "I want to talk to you. I want to help you."

"Do I look like I need help?"

"Everyone needs help. You and that girl need help. I can give it to you. Listen," he said, coming a little closer, his voice lower, his grin thinning, "I can help you."

I turned to go away but he grabbed my arm and pulled me back, gently.

"You want to go away with her, don't you? You'd like to have time and place to finish whatever you two may have started between each other. I can help you to find a way to be together. Don't you want that?"

"Not from you," I said, and jerked my arm loose. "I'm leaving."

"Wait a minute. Tell me the truth. You do want to go somewhere with her. I can tell it from the way you act with her. Come with me. Get the girl and come with me. Now."

I looked at those dark eyes of his as they glared at me wildly, fanatically, imploringly. His grin had faded and in its place was the slim, staunch line of a determined mouth and the cold, hard features of a stolid face which suggested the torment of discouragement and perpetual defeat.

"I used to have a girl like that," he was saying, "back in Pittsburgh, long time ago. But I left her. I've been roving ever since, looking for

something to replace what I threw away in Pittsburgh. Can't you see that I want to be with somebody; somebody who has what I once had, and is not going to throw it away? I want to see how it might have turned out for me if I had done things in a different way. Can't you see that?"

He was talking faster now, and I was edging away from him, thinking about Jean and the way that she ought to be home and me with her. Somewhere in the distance she was telling Frank that I was still up here talking to a maniac who had looked at her in such a way as to make her want to run away and wrap herself in the darkness and tremble until the morning would come and free and calm her.

"Her name was Carolyn," he was saying, "and she was a good girl who probably cried a little when I left. Can you imagine anyone crying over me, wondering where I was?" He came a little closer and

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tried to take my arm again, but I moved away.

"We stayed together a long time before I finally left her," he said. "She wanted to get married, but I was too smart for that. I walked out on her because I thought that there was a better life somewhere else. She didn't want me to go, but I thought of her as a toy more or less, and toys can be found anywhere. I went everywhere, but it was no use. I wanted to go back to Pittsburgh and find her, but I couldn't do it. She might have said 'No' and I couldn't have stood it. I've hated everything since that day. Myself most of all."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because," he said, "you're about to make the same mistake that I did. Only yours is a little different because, in your case, you should run out—with her. Listen boy, and believe me, Whenever you find someone who cares for you, someone that you can be a part of, take it. Let everything else go; just take it and call it yours. Go and get her and come with me. We'll go back to Pittsburgh. We'll live together, all three of us. We can all be a part of something, and I'll be able to see what I missed. Can't you understand me?"

"Go back to Pittsburgh and pick up where you left off," I told him. "Maybe she's still waiting for you."

"You don't understand, do you? I thought you were different; even back at the creek, I thought you were different. You seemed to take more of an interest in what I was doing than the other guy. But you're

for yourself, like everybody else. Like I was once.

"That's why I stayed around; I thought that you would be different, and when you and the girl came up here a little while ago, I still thought it. I thought maybe you and the girl would give me something to belong to, give me something to remember. But, I guess I was wrong. Wasn't I?"

"Yes," I said, "but I think I understand. I'm sorry. I hope you find her; the one in Pittsburgh, I mean."

"I'll never find her now," he said. "A man only gets one chance, I guess." The fire and wildness had left his voice and he was looking sedately at the surrounding countryside, an expression of helpless defeat still planted on his face.

"Guess you had better go back to the rest of them," he said. "I'll not bother you anymore. Tell the girl I hope that I didn't scare her too much."

He turned and went away, back toward the crest of the hill from which he had come when Jean and I had been together. I started to call to him, but I let him go. I stared after him a few moments before going back to the creek.

They were waiting for me when I got back; Jean leaning against a tree, Frank standing beside her.

"Jean told me what happened," Frank said as I stepped through the water. "Did you get rid of him?"

"He's gone," I said.

"I hope that the next time you decide to take my sister for a walk in the woods at night, you'll let me know about it. No telling what could

have happened to her, up there with that lousy bum. God knows what he was after; or you either, for that matter. Now, how about letting me know something about what you plan to do with her in the future, will you?"

I glanced at him, then at Jean, who returned the glance with something of a smile and an expression of wild satisfaction.

"Are you going to let me know what you're up to from now on?" Frank was saying, bitterly, disgustingly.

"Hell, no," I told him.

I was awake at sunrise, my neck and back cramped from sleeping on the ground, my stomach flat and dry-feeling. Jean was at the edge of the creek, splashing water on her face. Frank was lying on the ground several yards away from me, breathing heavily. I got up and went over to Jean.

"I think you made him mad last night," she said.

"How come?"

"When we went off. Did the bum give you any trouble?"

"Let's not talk about him. I think he's going to Pittsburgh."

"I didn't know what to think last night, Ken."

"About the stranger?"

"About you." She stood up and the water rolled down her face and dripped to the ground from her chin. I leaned down and scooped up some water to my face.

"You were a little, uh, different," she said.

"In what way? Like what?" I was trying to wake up, splashing the water into my eyes and hair and mouth.

"So close. You know what I mean?"

"Anything wrong with being close?"

"Well, no," she said. "It's just that you've never done it before."

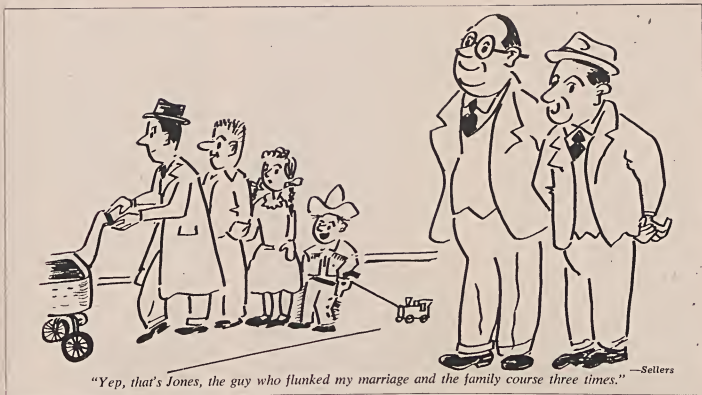
"I've never wanted to before," I said. "Is Frank awake?"

"Why? You want to do it again? You're not going to ask his permission are you?"

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"Yep, that's Jones, the guy who flunked my marriage and the family course three times."

I looked at her and she was smiling, yet she had been serious. I could still hear Frank's heavy breathing on the ground behind us and from the opposite direction, across the creek and beyond the crest of the hill came the sound of a train whistle.

"Would you like to go away somewhere?" I asked her.

"Go away? Where?"

"Anywhere. With me, I mean. We could belong to something, maybe."

"I don't understand," she said.

"Forget it," I told her. "It was just a thought."

I left her and went back to where Frank was now sitting up, lighting a cigarette.

"Still trying, aren't you?" he asked.

"I'll always be trying," I said.

He got up and went down to the creek and I could hear him talking with Jean in low tones. I ignored them and watched the sunlight spread across the ground in warm splotches of reddish-orange. I wondered what time it was and when we would get home. Then they came toward me and Frank was saying that we would wait a while until the men came to work on the road and then he would see

about getting the car out of the ditch.

We waited for longer than a little while, sitting around the creek in silence. I kept looking at Jean and she at me and Frank at the both of us, but there was nothing said. I wanted to get home.

Finally, when Frank had decided that we had waited long enough, he got up and said he was going to see if he could find anyone on the road.

"I won't be gone long," he said before leaving, looking first at Jean, then at me.

"Take your time," I said. "We're in no hurry."

He left us together and climbed the path which led to the highway.

"Do you think he'll find anybody?" Jean asked.

"I hope so," I said. "I'd like to have some sleep and something to eat."

"Tell me," she said, "what happened last night after I left you and that man together? You seem changed since you saw him."

"Nothing happened. We just talked."

"About what? Me?"

"Partly. He liked you; he wanted us to go away with him. Thought

we should be together for some reason."

"You think we should?"

"Should what?"

"Be together."

"What for?"

"Don't you know?"

"No," I said. "Why should one man and one woman want to be together for such a long time. How could they ever know whether or not they had done the right thing? Just like that guy last night. He thought he did the right thing by leaving; but he'll never know, will he?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "I don't know anything about what that man did. All I did was to ask a simple question."

"I know," I said. "But that guy last night; I think he was right."

"About what?"

"About finding what you want and letting everything else go. Find what you want and when you've got it, keep it. I guess you have got to be apart of something."

"Do you know what you want?" she asked.

"Does anybody? Even after we've got it, most of us are not smart enough to know it. Like that guy

last night. He left Pittsburgh, you know."

"No, I didn't know. But what has that got to do with us?"

"Nothing, I guess. Only we're not leaving Pittsburgh. We're leaving here."

"Come on. They've pulled us out."

Frank was back and he stood on the bank in the spreading sunlight talking about the road crew and the way they had pulled the car out of the ditch with a truck.

"What about the tire?" I asked.

"We've already changed it. We're ready to go."

We climbed up the path toward the highway with Frank leading the way. He kept talking about the car, something about the left fender, but I was not listening. Jean was in front of me and as I watched the swing of her back I kept thinking about the way she had fixed my foot and the jealousy in Frank's eyes and last night when the two of us were on the hill.

Once, before we reached the car, she looked back at me.

"Are you glad to be leaving?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Are you?"

She shook her head and walked on.

All About Weldon

(Continued from page twelve)

the routine questions all right, and he seemed eager to help. Capt. Louis Shaw, short and hard, seemed to be a likeable man. He would be the father-confessor type to his men. The agents liked him right away. The atmosphere was not at all strained, and he went through a story similar to Bellah's. Yes, Weldon had been a good soldier. No, he hadn't been in trouble before. Yes, he was depressed at times. Yes, he had been reduced because of inefficiency. No, he no longer had access to classified information, and although he could probably be of aid to the Russians, plans which he might have had access to would be changed as soon as possible.

"Well, Captain," Dave asked, "do you know of any reason for Weldon to go AWOL or defect to the Russian zone?"

"No big reason. No." And he contemplated a moment. "No, Weldon was an old soldier; he had 14 years service. He was a mature man of thirty-eight. Sure he drank and gambled a bit, but that was all right until he started neglecting his duty. George was not the type man who talked much. We were never too close."

Oh, no, thought Captain Louis Shaw, West Point Graduate 1947. No, we were never too close, but I guess I came as near seeing inside Weldon as anyone ever did. He never said much though. Funny; I've always been able to trace a pattern when a man goes off the deep end like George. Either liquor, or women, or trouble at home. That stuff builds up and then a man can't take any more. I hated to have to bust him, especially after that letter from his wife asking why there was not more money forthcoming, and "wasn't George a Master Sergeant, and didn't he have more than \$20 a month extra to send home." The letter wasn't the whiny sort. It was merely the letter of a wife who was lost without her husband at home. A wife who needed money for the treatment of their mentally-retarded child. A wife who had no other relatives in the world. It was pitiful, and especially the pleading way she had written after he had been reduced to Sfc. She wanted to know what was wrong, and couldn't George be sent home, because she and the baby needed him so much, and the money wasn't all that mattered, but George had loved the army and tried to make good. "Couldn't he be given another chance?" Well, George had been given several chances. He had goofed up several times before he had finally been reprimanded. He had followed the liquor and women trail till he broke. That was all there was to it. No, Captain Louis Shaw had to maintain discipline and

build a company of fighting men, not of coddled alcoholics. He had tried to reason with him. He had tried to help him. They were never close because they weren't drinking buddies, and rumor had it that that was the only time George loosened up. He knew about Weldon, though, but you couldn't say they had been close, at least not to these men asking questions. They wanted facts.

"No, I'm sorry, men," replied Shaw, "that's about all I can give you. You can talk to any of the boys you want to, and you can check his room and the personal effects he left behind. His footlocker is in supply. The corporal there will let you take a look. Anything else?" he asked, standing up, to signify an end to the interview.

"That's all, sir. We'll let you know what we find out."

"Thanks a lot. I certainly hated to write his wife that he was AWOL, but . . . regulations, you know."

"Yes, sir. Well, good-bye." He went back into his office, and they went back to see the first sergeant long enough for Dave to ask:

"Can you think of anyone else who might know George closely, some one he might have buddied with?"

"Not offhand. Like I say, he was kinda quiet. There was an MP though that knew him. A Sergeant Henderson here on the Kaserne. He brought Weldon back drunk once, put him to bed, without writing him up, and they've gone out together ever since. You can see him."

"O.K., Sergeant. Now, just one more favor. Can I use your phone a minute? Want to tell the wife I won't be home for lunch."

"Sure, where you calling?"

"Bad Nauheim," Don answered.

"Dial one-five first to put you into that switchboard, and then the number when you get the tone."

He dialed, got Anne to the phone and told her that they wouldn't make lunch, and maybe not supper. She said that was all right and that if they weren't back by eight that night, she and Lynn would fix some

coffee and hot apple pie and take it to the office.

Anne asked, "Don, is something wrong?"

"No, honey. Just routine work. See you later."

They went to the mess hall for coffee and then took the jeep to MP Headquarters. The desk sergeant said they'd find Henderson at the guardhouse where he was Sergeant of the Guard.

They drove over to the low stone building, several blocks away, went in, asked for Henderson, and were lucky enough to catch him as he came off duty from posting his relief guards.

"Sergeant Henderson?"

"Yes."

They told him who they were and asked him several stock questions that everyone interviewed is usually asked. They found out that he and Weldon were buddies, and he didn't know George was not on duty as usual.

"Sergeant Henderson?" Don asked, "Sergeant Weldon has gone AWOL. He left two days ago. Do you have any reason to think he might have gone over into the Russian zone? Did he have any troubles?"

"No, I don't. Why, he and I were supposed to have gone out together tonight. Well, I'll just have to get another guy to take his girl. He wasn't too hot with the girls anyway. Kinda quiet. You know the type."

"Yeah, we know the type." Dave almost snarled as he spoke. You had to laugh at Dave every now and then. Sometimes you suspected that he was so "gung ho" he could take notes in his pocket with a short pencil.

"But what we want to know is, do you know if he ever talked about classified information while he was drinking, or did he ever seem depressed?"

"No, to the first question, and yes, to the second. Look here, just what's he done?" Without giving either of them time to answer, he continued.

"George was a right guy. He got

drunk one night, and started raising hell, and moaning so I was on town patrol and brought him back and put him to bed. Him and me have been friends ever since. We go out, have a drink or two, and some laughs, and that's all. Just a little fun. Say, what's this all about?"

"Look, Henderson, can't you think of any reason at all why he might want to go AWOL?"

"Sure. He just wanted to go. He went. I ain't his master. Sure, he got busted a stripe, but that don't kill a man. I mean, I been up and down the stripes a lot myself."

"Thanks, Sergeant. If we need more information we'll come back." They got his serial number and organization so they could include it in the report they were to write later. They decided they would stop for a few minutes for lunch, then head back to Baker Company and have a look at Weldon's room and personal effects. As they walked away and climbed into the jeep, they thought Henderson mumbled something, but it probably wasn't worth hearing, just as what a person mumbles about when he gets arrested for speeding isn't worth hearing.

Well, I'll be damned thought Henderson. Who would 'av thought it. Old George really did what he talked about doing so long. Well, I guess he was just an old man after all. Boy, the army really gets some goof-balls. Maybe I should have told them about George's wife, how she was all the time writing these

"My darling, I-miss-you-so-much-letters." Those kind of letters are often worse to a man than the ones that start off "Dear John." Sure glad I ain't married. This army really gets you. I wouldn't stay in for all the beer in Germany. Me, I like it state-side. Those two guys were kind of snotty. I'm glad I didn't tell them about how George used to get all drunk, and then start that awful crying, and telling me how good his wife was, and how he shouldn't run around on her, and how he should have saved his money for the farm they wanted to buy so that the baby they had that was retarded could get some sunshine and fresh air and maybe get well. Maybe I should have told them about what a pitiful guy George really was. He even made me feel sorry for him at times. Anyway, I'm glad I didn't tell them. They were damn snotty. Bet they never do any real work like standing guard in the snow or KP. Better take along a blanket tonight. What with snow on the ground it'll be cold. Damn army blankets anyway. They scratch! And Sergeant Henderson walked back into the guardhouse to bum his fifth cigarette from Johnson, the new replacement.

During lunch, Don and Dave talked about what they had gotten so far. Not too much, actually, but the picture was beginning to shape up. You take a guy far away from home and family, and put him strictly on his own, where Mrs. Jones from next door might never hear

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about what he was doing or how he was running around, and then the guy sometimes does those things. Only they didn't get talked about here because nobody cared, or either they were doing those things themselves.

Godwin called and left word for them to call him, which Don did. He still wanted to know how busy they were, apologetically, and what had been found. Don told him as much as he could over the phone and that they would keep him posted. He tried to rush things up and in the same breath told them to do a thorough job. He was assured they would try, and then they went to have a look at Weldon's room.

There was nothing out of the ordinary. No farewell notes laying around. Just his army cot and one other. His bed was still made up. His uniforms were still in his wall locker like he left them, and it seemed he had taken only the clothes he was wearing at the time he decided to go. His toilet articles were laid out neat, and boots under the bed were polished to a high lustre. On the top shelf of his locker there was a picture. Dave turned to the colored Pfc. who had brought them to the room and asked,

"This his wife and kid?"

"Yes, sir. He didn't talk much about her. He was the quietest fellow in the company. He got a letter from her most every day, though. I know, cause I used to be mail clerk. Now since he's gone, they need someone extra in supply. That's where-I work now."

The Pfc. was just a kid. Probably away from home for the first time. He wanted to know if the sergeant was in trouble, and they told him that it looked like he might be.

"Well, it sure is a shame. He was a nice guy. Good soldier, too. I didn't mind takin' orders from him."

"Thanks for showing us his room. That's about all we want here," Don assured him.

"Yes sir. You need any more help just call on me, Pfc. Thomas, sir."

The soldier went on about his duties, and they went to the supply room. Waiting for the sergeant in charge to bring Weldon's personal effects, Dave asked,

"What do you think about his wife and kid?"

"It seems a shame that he'd leave them this way. I imagine they love him a great deal, and this will probably be the straw that breaks the camel's back."

"I don't think so," said Dave. "I

believe she's the type who'll stick to him no matter what."

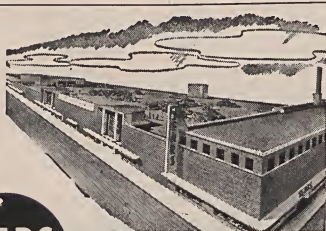
"Well, I don't guess we'll find out either way, will we?" which was all Don could think of to answer.

Don thought about the woman whose picture he had just seen. She was small, blonde, and had a pleasant face. Not beautiful, certainly, but not ugly. Just nondescript. The type you see behind a secretary's desk in life insurance companies. A good hard-plugger type. Bargain-basement type. The face that would not wither up all of a sudden at forty, like the glamour girls'. A face that would no doubt look good wreathed in grey hair. She seemed the type person to stay at home and cook and sew, bring you a beer now and then, and to whom you could tell your troubles. Only Weldon hadn't been able to tell her any of his troubles. That's the kind of thing that's hard to do by mail. The child looked like the mother, except you could tell from the child's eyes that it was mentally retarded, even if you hadn't been told about the condition beforehand. The little girl looked about three. Her body would grow, but her mind would stay at three. That was one cross they had to bear. Willingly perhaps, but nevertheless, a cross. Don wondered what the wife would go through when she got Shaw's letter.

"Here you are sir," said the supply man. "This is Weldon's footlocker. We haven't touched it, and you can go through as much of it as you like. Only don't take anything without you give us a receipt."

"We won't," Dave assured him.

They took the footlocker into one of the side supply rooms. They could smell the leather of new boots. The musty smell of damp canvas tents. The kerosene odor of cook stoves, and of rifle-cleaning material. All the various items it took to run an infantry company. They all have a smell of some sort. The locker had no lock, so they opened it and made a routine search of clothing, writing paper, and some old master-sergeant chevrons. They were looking for any classified documents he



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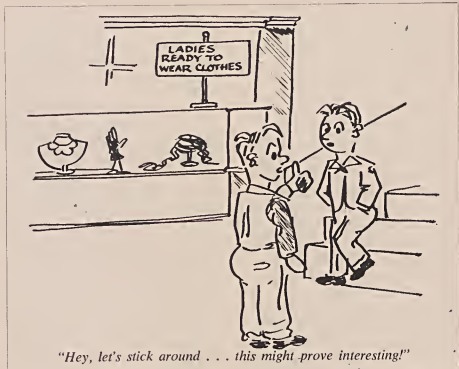
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might have taken from the company safe, but which he certainly wouldn't have been fool enough to leave behind. There were no documents, but they did find a stack of letters, tied with a rubber band, and neatly stacked in a corner next to a half-empty carton of cigarettes. The letters were addressed to Weldon, and all of them bore a return address of "Sue, 728 South 104th Street, New York City."

"Say Don; let's read a few of these. Maybe they'll give us some idea of what was bothering Weldon, or maybe tell us more about what kinda guy he was."

Don agreed, and so they took several of the letters from the pack and began to read. At first, Dave made comments of various interesting passages he happened to run across, but the more they read, the more silent and absorbed he became. Don had been absorbed from the first line of the first letter. There was a kind of thrill in reading someone else's mail. It didn't matter who you were. You felt as though you were living part of their lives, or looking over a shoulder reading a newspaper in the subway. It was sorta like stealing mere words from a piece of paper. They were taking part of a life which had been put on paper, sealed in an envelope and sent across the seas to a loved one.

The sun was beginning to cast longer shadows in the room, and they knew it must be getting late. Ted would be wondering if they were lost. It had taken a long time to read the whole stack of letters. It had taken a far shorter time to read them than it had taken for their writing. They were sad letters from a good person, who was trying to cheer someone she loved, and didn't know quite how to do it. They were letters to someone she truly loved, but did not understand. They were about everyday things such as the grocery bill or the rent, the baby's condition, or a trip to the zoo. "How the baby missed her daddy," but Dave knew the baby would never know how to miss anyone. . . .



November 9th
9 p.m.

My darling,

The baby has just gone to sleep, but before she did, she looked up at me as if to ask, "When will my daddy be home?" Honestly Honey, it was all I could do to keep from crying. She is such a sweet baby, and getting so pretty, too. You would hardly know her now; she has grown so much. It won't be long before I'll have to go shopping for some new clothes for her, but I guess I can manage until spring. I do wish you could be here with me when I buy them. Oh, I don't mean I need any more money. I just wish you could go along.

Do you think there is any chance of our getting a port call before Christmas? I do so want to be with you soon. Marge, you know, down the street, said her husband left the States after you did, and she is due to get on the boat next week. Oh, well, I just live in hopes that it won't be too long. I know we'll have loads to talk over, you, the baby, and

L. And there are so many nice places we can see in Germany.

Mr. Smith called today about the life insurance payment. He said it was three months overdue. I told him I thought you had made an allotment to the company so it would be taken out of your pay each month. I guess what with shipping overseas and all, you forgot it. If you get a chance though, write him and tell him you'll send a check.

I haven't gotten started on my Christmas shopping yet. I've been tired this week. That old trouble with my side. Listen to me. Here I am complaining, and I have the finest husband and baby in the world. Send me a list soon of some things you need or want, and I'll get your present from that.

Mrs. Schwartz, the landlady, said to tell you hello. Guess that's about all I'll have time to write tonight. I'll write more tomorrow as usual. Wish I could be close beside you tonight, and we could have our last cigarette, and then settle down to sleep. Take care of yourself, my precious, and

please don't drink too much. Remember that baby and I love daddy more than anything else in the world.

Sue

That was just one of the letters. There were others, one for every day. Some long and some short, but all carried the same feelings. Down deep inside, Don felt something just a little sweet and a little pathetic. He had gotten letters almost like that. Not the same words, but all letters from loved ones were a little sweet and pathetic. Dave had loved ones, and he felt it, too. At least, he said he did. Yes, they were getting to know a lot about George Weldon. It wasn't hard to see how letters could affect a man, and especially would they affect someone who had been running around, and drinking heavily, and getting busted for inefficiency. These things could build up after a while.

They took the footlocker back to the supply man, and Dave asked, "Mind if we take these letters along with us? Our CO might want to see them."

"Sure, it's O. K. by me, only just don't forget my receipt."

Dave made the receipt, signed it, and said:

"We'll get the letters back to you just as soon as we get them copied."

"Take your time. Take your time," the little man urged. "I got no use for them. I got plenty of my own to read."

They left, and driving back to the office, there was little conversation. Dave did open up once and remark:

"Man, am I bushed! Say, those fellows: Shaw, Bellah, and Henderson. They knew more about him than they told us, you can bet your life on that. Maybe they thought we didn't know what we were doing or something."

"No, they knew what we were after. They're all old army men. But I think maybe they felt those little personal things would be unimportant. Maybe they are under a little pressure themselves. Maybe

Shaw's wife drinks too much at the Officers Club, or maybe Bellah has had a bad-luck streak at cards. Sure, they have worries all right, but maybe things just don't seem so big or so awful to them."

Dave was quiet, so Don went on.

"You read the letters. You saw the picture. You can tell how the guy felt, and how he was, and probably what he was thinking. He just got tired of it all, and all of a sudden realized he was heading strictly for a fall, and so maybe he thought running away would solve it. Anyway, I don't think he has any information that will hurt the army, so probably the Commies won't get much out of him. Maybe he already wants to come home. We got enough to satisfy Godwin and the old man. They can follow it up, take it in, and forget it. Like yesterday's newspaper. Then we go to the party."

Yeah, forget it. Not if you were Weldon, you wouldn't forget it.

Damn it's cold, thought Sergeant First Class George Weldon. Regular Army. First-class soldier. Only now on the old man's list for good. This really tears it for me. Somehow the cold had stimulated an alcohol saturated brain into reasonable thought, but left no fear of consequences. Wish I had just one more little drink. Damn the old man. Damn everybody. He shouldn't have busted me. Everybody likes a little fun. . . . Watch out! Here comes the MPs! As the spotlight whisked by, it momentarily lit up an empty railroad car. Better duck into that freight. Maybe I can catch a ride somewhere. Let's see how much money left. He searched his pockets finally withdrawing the wallet. Well I'll be damned. That pig rolled me. I should'na trusted her with it. Just wanted to show her the wife's picture. Got the finest little woman in the world. Only I don't appreciate her. Down! The light again swung slowly, searchingly through its arc. Glad I brought this overcoat, or I'd freeze, sure as hell. The coat was more like a blanket, and often served as one, but it was warmer

than nothing. God, what a mess I'm in. The train jerked as it started moving. I'd better get off this thing. Hey, maybe it's going to Frankfurt. I can see the sights a couple of days and then go back, only I got no money to buy beer. Maybe I can get a dame to stay with. There were MPs in Frankfurt, too, but this train was heading east, not south. Where the devil is this train going? He was sleepy now. The train would stop, and he'd get off tomorrow and go back. Maybe he'd only lose one more stripe. What'll I buy the kid for Christmas? Maybe some of these German stuffed toys; and a clock for Sue. . . . Wonder why we didn't have a normal kid. I'm normal; Sue's normal. What happened? He fell asleep, head propped in a corner. As he woke up, he reached for his handkerchief. What the hell am I crying for anyway? Rummrrp. The train stopped. He was sober now. It was daylight and he'd better get back. A voice, "Ami, come out!" Voices from nowhere commanded. He crawled out and wondered what he had done to deserve this. Hey, these aren't MPs. The uniforms are different. But they have pistols. The ride in the black mercedes was a short one. To some kind of headquarters where they spoke a foreign language. Not German. Some brass talked to him for several hours in a big room, and told him he was welcome, and would he have a drink? How much could a man take? Liquor. Money gone. Baby sick, wonderful wife. Then the girl came in. "I'll make you feel better Komrade. . . . Another beer, Honey?" Then he had said, "Sure I'll make a broadcast for you. Christmas Spirit. That's the old time. Hope the old man hears it. Sure, sure, anything you say. Yeh, you can write a speech for me. Just bring me another beer, Honey. Sit down, Baby. I won't hurt you." Say, what am I doing here. . . . Good broadcast? . . . I didn't make any broadcast. I never been on the radio in my life. Oh Lord, what have I done now? . . . And the shoulders of Sergeant George Weldon shook as he wept. He had done

On Profs

Me thinks how oft my profs relate
the will to love and tolerate,
how good lays low the vilest deeds,
how love's the first of human needs.

So say the wise, who give exams,
that slay us each like bleating lambs;
but—
for all the tolerance in their lot,
I must confess I love them not.

(author unknown)

it himself. O.K. That was his prerogative. But who else had he hurt beside himself? Sue? The kid? . . . Wonder how they'd feel now when Christmas came. . . . "Sure Honey, come on in. I'm all alone. Just like last time."

As Bragg and Ross walked into the office in Bad Nauheim, a half-crocked Maise greeted them with:

"Hey! Walt. Ed. The long lost boys are back. Come and see the counter-spies in action." Then seriously, "You get everything done? We wanta get to the party."

"Yeah, all done."

"Need any help typing reports? We can get this stuff out of the way and then hit the road."

"Maybe later on. I'll let you know," said Dave.

The whole crew was assembled in the living room. It was way past supper time, and you could smell breaths and tell that the party was beginning early. There was still work to be done though.

Don sat down and roughed out several drafts of the reports. Maise and Walt sat around drinking their martinis and reading some of the letters we had brought with us. They punctuated their reading with remarks like:

"Geez, what a sob sister!" This from Maise.

"Naw," sarcastically from Walt. "She's just the lonely type. Needs the old man home to scratch her back, and change stations on the TV set."

It was easy to tell they understood the letters. There was an argument about whether to copy them all into the reports. Dave wanted to do it, so that Maise, Walt, and Ed, would do some honest work for once. They naturally argued that it was unnecessary. Finally it was decided that the reports would be written, and the letters attached as exhibits. If the G-2 wanted them copied, he had lots more boys, and better equipment.

Finally Don got the report he would type up to send in. Not that he liked it, but he had to stick to facts, not opinions. The rules said so.

On 21 December, 1952, this agent along with Special Agent David Ross, interviewed the following persons concerning SUBJECT . . .

They stated in substance:

SUBJECT was a quiet, intelligent person who was never in any serious trouble. He drank intoxicants to excess occasionally, but never revealed any classified information. He

seemed to be well liked, but had no very close friends. No one knew of any family trouble he might have had.

SUBJECT was in possession of small amounts of classified information when he was reported AWOL, but it was not believed he would compromise this information. Prior to absenting himself from his unit, he made no mention of any such plans to anyone. There was nothing to indicate why subject might have left his unit, or defected to the East Zone of Germany. . . .

And so it went. They had found out what the G-2 wanted, so he wouldn't get chewed out again by the general. Much more was known about the man, but not the kind of stuff that goes into an official report. Especially one that would eventually find its way back to the Pentagon. The people along the line who read it would think CIC recruited softies, who excused anything a guy with troubles did. Man! In the army; that's when you're not supposed to crack; when the pressure gets on, and things build up. But in the army, you take your troubles to the chaplain, not the G-2.

The reports were packed in the briefcase along with the letters. Somehow, Don felt like he had part of two people inside there. Two people whose lives had been forcibly entered, and who now seemed to scream to get out of the leather case, and tell their story. The real story.

The drive to Frankfurt and Headquarters was a cold one. The snow, by night, lost some of its cheerfulness. Even the moon didn't seem like the kind of moon under which lovers would go sleigh-riding, or caroling. Not to Don Bragg it didn't. How did the old song go? "It's the same old moon, or something, 'since you went away. . . ."

"Honey, I just can't understand why Daddy's packages didn't get here. Maybe they were held up on the ship." Oh, gosh, I miss him,



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Raleigh, North Carolina

thought Sue Weldon. I wish he could be here to see this snow. Maybe there's snow where he is tonight. "Well next year we'll have a big tree with bubble lights and tinsel, and you can help decorate it, O.K.?" A child babbles something incoherent, and heart strings are pulled even tighter. This was the first time Daddy had forgotten. "The doorbell's ringing. Maybe it's a letter from Daddy!" A small rectangular, yellow envelope. . . .

Dear Mrs. Weldon,

I regret to inform you that your husband, Sergeant George E. Weldon, RA 14366945, has been absent without official leave from his unit for seven days. Further absence will make him liable to punishment as a deserter. If you have any information concerning his present whereabouts, you are advised to contact the Adjutant General, Washington 25, D. C. . . .

Oh, my dear God. What will the baby and I do. I hope he's not hurt. He would have to drink. Why does he do these things? I've tried. Oh, I've tried so hard. And so; not a very merry Christmas this year. Daddy won't be home.

The major, CO of the 11th CIC, was pleased with the report and the handling of the case. He said the G-2 and the general would be glad to get the info so soon, even though it was then past ten p.m. The major would trot the report over, with a pleased look on his face, the staff would read it, have a clerk file a copy, and then have it coded and transmitted to Seventh Army in Stuttgart. The final word would be said there. They would be the ones who would wire back, "Go get more information." or "This is enough. Our boys will take it from here."

"Well Don, you and Dave have done a swell job. We got a promotion quota in from Division today. That'll make you sergeant tomorrow. You deserve it."

"Thank you very much sir." What else do you say, Don won-

dered. That he had done his duty? He got paid for it. He had to work his eight a day. He was glad to get the promotion because it would mean more money that he and Anne could save for when the baby was born.

The gang from the Bad Nauheim Field Office got to the party about ten-thirty. Skip Barnes was looped, and on hand to ask questions about what the big holdup had been. Why they were so late. Don answered him,

"We had some rush work to finish over in Friedburg. Some guy took off to the East Zone, and made a broadcast for the Commies. We tried to find out why."

"Did ya?"

Don thought a moment before he answered, "No. No, I don't guess we did. But nobody cares anyway. He didn't have any important classified stuff with him. That's all anybody is worried about."

Skip accepted the reason for the delay, and considered the matter closed. Just another case number.

Everyone was full of Christmas spirit, or spirits, or both. Maise got Mrs. Godwin off to one corner and they told French jokes. Walt passed out at midnight and was sleeping it off. Dave seemed to shake off the events of the day past as he shook up a new batch of cocktails. Don? Well, he had one for the road before they all left for home, in time to beat the curfew. The crowd good-bied and dispersed.

Anne, Lynn, Dave, and Don

took the short-cut back to Bad Nauheim. They said little as they rode along, and Lynn was fast asleep before they were halfway. Don thought about a lot of things. He wondered just how lonesome a Christmas could get.

"Oh well," said Dave, "that guy lost a stripe, and you gained one." He chuckled. "The army didn't lose a thing on that deal. Just bust one and promote one. Costs the same."

The sound of the car motor was lulling. And Don Bragg was tired, and he was sleepy, and as he looked out the window, he noticed, that at night the snow looked grey. And he knew one thing for sure. He'd hold Anne just a little closer and tighter tonight than he ever had before.

India

(Continued from page seven)

London, and Rome in search of the classless society. But he said in Moral Re-Armament he had found what he was looking for: "This ideology may well prove to be the road on which millions from East and West can travel together to a new world of social justice, security, and peace." His wife was surprised that now her husband lived a classless society at home as well as talking about it in labor meetings.

I was especially interested in talking to the students. In all we spoke to 27 colleges and four universities, and an estimated 20,000 came to the shows. It was quite a shock to

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with a world of meaning.*

Clothes for on or off Campus
to identify the Smart Girl

MONTALDO'S

Winston-Salem

learn that in many parts of India ninety per cent of the students who graduate from college can hope for only partial employment or work as manual laborers. So it does not come as a shock in the light of these facts to realize how a small number of trained Communist students can not only form the policies of the schools but of the country as well. One of these students was R. Vaitheswaran, who was in the Communist Party of Hyderabad for six years and was president of Nizam College. Vaitheswaran was one of the students who saw the play and saw in it an idea bigger than Communism. He has been traveling with MRA for the past year and a half. "Acting on my conviction cost me two and a half years in prison. I will never forget the day I and 300 other Communists fought unarmed against an equal number of armed policemen. At the end, when we surrendered, we had the same conviction and an even greater determination than we had before. Over the bodies of two dead men we took an oath to fight until the Red flag flew over India. Then last year I met a force of men with a commitment to match my own plus a freedom from hate and fear. They challenged me to love effectively enough to unite all men. I tried it. I was absolutely honest about the way I lived. That simple step began a deep and wonderful change in me. I am standing for MRA because it is superior. I have seen MRA change capitalists into revolutionaries, and bring Communists to fight for a superior revolution."

Another student also traveling with MRA now is Syed Iqbal Ahmed, who was Chairman of the Action Committee of the Karachi Inter-Collegiate Body (7,000 students); he led the students' strike and demonstration in Pakistan in January 1953, in which more than 25 people and students were killed, 400 injured, and more than 1,000 arrested. Ahmed said recently, "I apologized to the Prime Minister of Pakistan and to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Karachi for my

past actions and attitudes when I returned from the MRA World Assembly last summer. I am now committed to live up to the ideals to which I had given lip-service before, and to carry this message to every nook and corner of the world."

Moscow wasn't unaware of all that was going on in India. Three times in four nights the Moscow radio broadcast news of the "universal ideology" of MRA. "MRA demands," said the broadcast, "the cessation of the class struggle and a general social reconciliation. It has the power to win over radical revolutionary minds. . . . MRA, in addition to building bridgeheads on each continent has now started on its decisive task — total expansion throughout the world."

Chinese Communists took their plays over the same route this past year that we took our plays. But they found it rather baffling to encounter an ideology that is not anti-Communist, but superior because it deals with the real problem — not an economic problem. Although it is a problem, it is not a social problem and not a military problem. The real problem is how to change the basic selfishness of our human nature.

In Washington recently an Indian said, "Millions on our own continent are emerging out of colonialism into nationhood. It is a far-reaching revolution. But nationalism is not big enough a motive to build a new world. Our present ways of thinking and living cannot stand indefinitely before the onrush of the tremendous ideological forces aflame in the hearts of millions across the world—the forces that demand change. Change is coming to the nations by either one of two forces — by the Communist revolution or by the renaissance of Moral Re-Armament."

I can never be grateful enough for the privilege of going to the East with this team of people; to see the poverty and the Communist demonstrations is an awakening. But the real awakening was not one

that produced pity for the poverty or fear for the future. It produced a determined conviction that whether I liked it or not, the way I live determines what happens to these countries. As a Britisher put it, "You may not be interested in ideology, but ideologies are interested in you."

Dr. Speale

(Continued from page two)

telligible letter, then don't ask for advice that you wouldn't understand if you got. Write your cotton-pickin' letters to some other columnist.

QUESTION: Dr.: I teach English. Having just read Spillane's latest book, I am shocked at the deplorable absence of symbolism. How shall I explain this to my students? P. C., M.A., Ph.D.

ANSWER: If you want symbolism read my latest, *A Shower of Positive Thinking*.

REPLY: I did, and it's not worth a thinker's damn!

QUESTION: Dear Dr.: I undoubtedly have the most fabulous problems imaginable. Or at least I *did* have. My friends were continually remarking how worn out I looked, how large my feet were, and how nasty my conversation was becoming. They all prescribed your book. I read the thing, and to tell you the truth, Doctor, it was the most fabulous piece of writing I have ever read. I literally writhed in delight from the first word to the last. Furthermore, the message of the work went right to my soul. Presently, I am in my pink of health, so my friends are telling me, my feet have shrunk by inches, and my scintillating conversation makes the envy of every circle I move in. I really don't know how you did it. Tell me, Doctor, what does it take to write the way you do?"

ANSWER: Just excellent mental equipment, doll. But to tell you the truth, if I had your good taste, I wouldn't even write this confounded column.

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The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 4

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



To Melvin Gardner: Suicide

A flight of doves, with wanton wings,
Flash white against the sky.
In the leafy copse an oriole sings,
And a robin sings hard by.
Sun and shadow are out on the hills;
The swallow has followed the daffodils;
In leaf and blade, life throbs and thrills
Through the wild, warm heart of May.

To have seen the sun come back, to have seen
Children again at play,
To have heard the thrush where the woods are green
Welcome the new-born day,
To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet,
To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
To have shared the laughter along the street,
And, then, to have died in May!

A thousand roses will blossom red,
A thousand hearts be gay,
For the summer lingers just ahead
And June is on her way;
The bee must bestir him to fill his cells,
The moon and the stars will weave new spells
Of love and the music of marriage bells—
And, oh, to be dead in May!

John Charles McNeill

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The Student

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 4

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

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The Old Party Line

The case of spring fever on the cover is silhouetted against a background of political posters and Bostwick dormitory. Photographer Tommy Bunn caught this couple unaware, snapped the picture, and escaped with minor injuries.

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PUB ROW GRADS

Every year the keepers of the keys on Pub Row cannot help but feel that all the publications will fold as soon as they graduate. Somehow, though, new writers, announcers, and salesmen turn up and carry the ball for another year or so. This June, about twelve seniors on the Row will graduate. We inquired around as to what part of the world they were bound for, but the few that we talked to gave only tentative answers.

In the *Old Gold* office Dan Poole sat behind his desk and mumbled something about newspaper work, preferably in North Carolina. He was engrossed in laying out next week's paper, so we didn't ask for details.

Across the room Bill Pate was typing up another of his notorious "Magnolia Leaves." He said he was headed across the choppy seas to defend Formosa. Wonder if they read his column there?

Wilfred Winstead also has plans

for newspaper work. He said he hoped to make the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, but that he wasn't sure.

Inside the picture-plastered walls of the *Howler* office, Parker Wilson and Motsie Burden were still tying up loose ends to this year's annual. Parker plans to study for his master's degree in Social Studies at Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee. Motsie, however, isn't waiting till next fall to begin her post-graduate life. She has heard the call of the Continent, and on June 8, she and Courtney Isenhour are leaving on a Brownell Student Tour of Europe. They plan to return around the middle of August.

Here on *The Student*, Bill Laughrun says he has a half dozen irons in the fire, but can't tell which will turn out. One is a fellowship for graduate study in Spain, another is graduate study somewhere in the States, another is magazine work, and of course, every graduate's last resort, the U. S. Army.

John Durham has secured a scholarship for graduate work at Duke, where he plans to study American literature.

Durell Bullock, weary of life and the ways of college, has decided to write for the paper backs. He plans to begin his first novel, *A Farewell to Atoms*, as soon as he enlists in the army.

Frank Andrews, by the way, last semester's editor, is teaching English at Hargrave Military Academy in Chatham, Virginia.

The boys at the radio station were not here tonight when we made this little trip, so we must apologize for omitting their names alongside these other great destinies.

From *The Student* here's wishing them all rich lives, low taxes, and much, much happiness.

Quality Men's Wear



"Ben Wants
To See
You"

FOR

- Eats
- Drinks
- Smokes
- Billiards
- Magazines

Meet me at . . .

SHORTY'S

SMART FASHIONS

in
Junior, Miss
and
Tall Sizes

Glyn's

of Winston-Salem

No Slogans, No Causes

Every generation of college students, it seems, feels that outside the college walls lies the worst of all possible worlds, especially around graduation time. They believe that since so much of life is spent in just making the best of bad situations, there is every justification for this view. And with this spirit of pessimism, they usually set out with the greatest hopes for reforming it, for changing it into the kind of world that college graduates should live in. This year's graduating class, however, exhibits very little pessimism and even less hope of improving the world; it is characterized by resignation, boredom, and a feeling of severance from society in general.

A multitude of social, political, religious, and student analysts have called this "the silent generation," and they have found innumerable causes for this condition. Today's college students have matured too quickly, say the analysts. They have seen too much war; they have watched too many peace treaties and alliances signed, and have seen them fail. They are resting from the novelty of modern high-speed living; they resent the artificiality and ingenuity with which industry sells applied science to the man on the street; and they have learned too quickly the gigantic proportions of science in the art of war. Most important of all, however, they have begun to question the traditional values, the political shibboleths, and the moral and religious platitudes which have survived hitherto by virtue of their hallowed antiquity.

In a word, they are searching for — or rather waiting for — the *true* instead of the traditional good. If the world is not the place it's cracked up to be, if we can be sure of nothing except *change*, they say, then tell us so. Although this attitude appears in certain minority factions

in every generation, it has never achieved such widespread and "silent" acceptance as it has today.

Another almost unique feature of this disillusionment is the fact that it is only tacitly displayed. Heretofore college students have been notorious for the enthusiasm with which they mouthed their sentiments, regardless of whether they were pessimistic, idealistic, or even nihilistic. But today's students have nothing to say to the world outside. Many seem to feel that they live in a strange science-fiction world where nothing really matters very much, and from which they will one day awake to find that their cherished illusions, optimisms, and values have returned. If there is anything they hope for, it is this.

Underlying it all is the apparent inevitability of war. Students know all too well the difference between a wartime society and a social atmosphere of international peace, and they do not dare prepare for one for fear they will have to live in the other. They do not wish to embark on a vocation, because in the event of war it would count for nothing; but neither do they want to waste from two to four years in military service when there is the slight possibility that it would prove unnecessary. So they wait. They have waited a good while now, and they are bored.

College campuses may as well get used to this spirit of boredom and irresponsibility, because it will be around as long as students feel that there is nothing to be responsible for, beyond their immediate interests and personal relations. It appears that until they are either brought, or bring themselves, to an awareness of values which lie beyond the classroom set, their indifference toward education, as toward nearly everything else, will remain.

VOLUME 70 NUMBER 4

The Student

APRIL 29, 1955

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LETTERS

Dear Eds:

Since it won't be too long now till this year is over I'd like to say a few words of thanks where I think they are due.

I want to thank the administration for keeping the school running smoothly, and for keeping fascists, communists, free-loaders, and rep-robates out of the faculty.

And thanks to the faculty for doing such a swell job of educating us, because we really needed it.

I want to thank all the guys who swung the election for putting on a fine show, and for all the eats, etc.

Thanks to everybody.

Jerry Keller

Dear Editors:

I have been writing poetry for the past forty years and I am reputed to have some knowledge of the art. Now, I have submitted seventeen poems to your magazine and I have failed to see one of them in print. If you think the standards of your magazine are so exalted that you

can't print this last contribution, please return it and I shall let *The New Yorker* have it, as they are clamoring for my work.

Grudgingly yours,

Ogdom Nasthe

You win, Og. See page 21.—Eds.

Dear Eds:

Thanks for the write-up you gave me in your last issue. . . . But you could at least have gotten some more recent pictures of me. Those you printed make me look decidedly immature.

Walt Whitman

Dear Eds:

The next time you jokers decide to write a story about us, you had better let us in on it. Our lawyers just won a case a few weeks ago, and they're itching to get another one. So just be careful what you print about *Old Gold and Black*! We ain't to be took lightly!

The Editors

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The Trojan War

STORY BY JOHN E. DURHAM



THE two had been searching for wood on the barren plain for two days when they found the skeleton. Stretched out on the blackened earth were the remains of what seemed to have been a giant wooden horse. The legs had burned away, and the giant body lay on its side as though it had become very weary and died in flight.

The two had been searching for wood on the barren plain for two days when they found the skeleton. Stretched out on the blackened earth were the remains of what seemed to have been a giant wooden horse. The legs had burned away, and the giant body lay on its side as though it had become very weary and died in flight.

The woman pushed her hair back. She was tired. He walked around the horse, ran his hand over the smooth side. He crouched down behind the bulk of the horse, and he found that the wind could not touch him.

"Come over here," he said.

She came around, walking slowly.

"Here," he said, took her hand. They sat down.

"How's that?"

"Oh, better, yes." She half-smiled and leaned back.

Night was coming, so he cut wood from the horse's side, made a fire, and cooked the rabbit which he had killed earlier in the day. They were both so tired that they said nothing during the meal. They slept that night out of the wind in the lee of the great body; late in the night he woke, suddenly tense, then remembered where he was and relaxed, resting his head against the wooden side. He gazed at the sleeping woman. The pace of the last few days of flight had been hard, and the lines showed in her face. He felt a great constriction in his throat as he gazed back in the direction from which he had come, and the bitterness welled up within him for a moment.

He diverted his mind by thinking of the horse. What could it have been? He could not think, remembered only vaguely a tale about a great horse and a burned city, but could not recall the story. Perhaps it had been some idol like those in the country from which they were fleeing. He sat thus, pondering, and finally the warmth of

the fire made him sleep, and the wind and the soft night caressed the tiny figures by the fire, the small glow of life in the vast darkness of the plain.

In the morning which came with harsh brightness, they awoke to set on their way again. Before they left the horse, the man cut a thick wedge of wood away from the splintered shank; it would make a plow for the new land. Once when they came to the top of a hill, he looked back. He could see the body lying in perfect stillness and isolation: there was no life in the barrenness for miles. They went on then, and after a time he stopped thinking of it.

I. Homer

It is early morning in the town of Ithaca in the years of the Great War. The boy Homer carries a paper route in the town. He rises early in the winter mornings when the sky is still half grey. The rubber grips of his bicycle handles are stiff and cold, and often a rim of white frost is on the bicycle seat. He is hungry. The Greek, Stavrakas, did not open the Parthenon Cafe until after the boy had half-finished his route, but there were always doughnuts which the route man left in the door of the Parthenon.

Reaching town, Homer puts a dime in the box from which he had taken two packs of doughnuts. The post office in Ithaca is next to the cafe. The shivering boy enters the lobby, puts the doughnuts on the radiator, and warms himself as he stands staring out over the sleeping town. The drowsiness that he feels when he puts his arm out into the cold from the warm cocoon of his bed to shut off the clock comes over him again. He nods, shakes himself. Reaching down, he grasps the roll of papers left for him inside the post office.

He inserts a coin into the wire, turns it a few times and the binding snaps and another day's fresh papers rattle open. The doughnuts are warm now, and he hoists himself onto the table, munching the doughnuts, and excitedly begins to read. His sugar smeared fingers blot the fresh ink of the paper. The War excites him greatly and makes his own life seem very dull. There is a small movie house in Ithaca and many pictures come there about the War. The women are very beautiful and the men are heroic in their uniforms. The boy sits often in the darkened movie and wishes passionately to be like them. It was there, sitting in the movie one night, that he got the idea. He would write an epic about the War. He began to save the headlines and the stories from the newspapers about the Great Victories.

The boy in the dirty post office awakes from his reverie, carries the papers from the lobby to the bicycle basket. Then he pedals off into the half-darkness to take the news to the still, dark houses.

So, for a long time, Homer waited, and dreamed and planned his epic. The men of the town had been his

(Continued on page twenty)



"... and so, being of sound mind, I spent every damn cent I had before I died."

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No. 4



1 Campaigns are launched by a speech on student representation at faculty meetings. It is this candidate's thirty-second year behind the proposal. "All we have to do is wait," he said. "They can't hold out forever."

THEY CHOSE TO RUN



The recent political campaigns, characterized by the conspicuous absence of last year's IDGADians, nonetheless proved to be the most spectacular in recent years. Backed by the numerous nonioned interests on the campus, the two parties used every available resource to gain the favor of the voters. (*The Student's* estimate: two and a half millions.) The winner of the student body presidency pulled through by a narrow lead of seven votes. Each of the opposing parties won two of the top four offices, and the majority of voters were quite pleased with the election returns.—Eds.

2 Speaker is heckled by member of opposing party. "We're tired of waiting!" he shouts. "We'd rather have bathrooms in the dormitories!"



3 Party big-wheels in closed caucus meeting map strategy for taking elections by storm. Says party whip (with tea cup): "As long as we keep our feet clean, Mathilda, we don't have a thing to worry about."

4 Frosh candidates for "Committee on Voluntary Chapel" pose for group shot to show campaign's friendly spirit.



5 At right, angered frat men with Greek mottos threaten to mob Wait Hall when dean announces that traditional campaign beer parties will be discontinued.



6 Coeds look on as one party vies for votes with ice cream and antics by the pretty coed (at right) who tries to convince onlookers of her qualifications for office.





7 Enthusiastic students mill around pub row as voting time draws near.



8 Distraught pledge gets last minute instructions inside secret ballot booth.

9 Winning candidate for treasurer slouches in new office. "High school was never like this!"



10 Above, a losing candidate reclines. "Don't take it so hard, Jim. The boys in the fraternity are still behind you." Above right, another loser views the outcome: "Well, hell . . ."





"Sacred and Profane"

A SHORT STORY BY DURELL

Religion. The sound of church bells ringing through the lazy solitude of Sunday morning, through the street-lighted florescence of Wednesday nights. Words, leading the folk of this world into the silent, powdery abyss of the next. Serious-faced preachers, standing behind massively-carved pulpits, murmuring and gesturing through the meaning of their ritual.

Ritual, the by-word; ritual, and the coffin is lowered into the wounded, all-receiving earth before the lusterless eyes of kin, leaving behind the echo, "... dust to dust. . . ." And the bond between the worlds is consummated and the prophecy of the ages is fulfilled.

All this in the sound of the bells. . . .

And Dr. Jenner thinking about it all as he walks slowly through the fresh morning sunlight which caresses the main street of Carlesdale; walking and noticing the people, trying to penetrate the secrets of their frowns, grins, and nondescript stares.

A beautiful spring day, he thinks, with its sunlight and people and street noises. The odor of youthful spring at

mid-morning, the gaseous, secular smell of vehicle exhaust, the thick perfume-sweetness of the doughnut and candy shops.

. . . and the church bells. . . .

Mrs. Couller, like a vulture, upon him suddenly, at the corner of Fourteenth Street. She talks rapidly through the fortress of powder and rouge which have been hand-packed onto the canal-like wrinkles which rivet her pouchy, half-century face.

"Your sermon last Sunday, Dr. Jenner; wonderful, simply marvelous. Death does mean a lot, doesn't it? So much we must do before it comes. . . ."

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Couller. Family well, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. And the flowers; so nice, didn't you think? Our circle, you know."

"Yes, they were very nice."

The flowers, yellow, with the smell of something brown and unchurchly which had drifted up from below the pulpit and distracted him during the entire sixty minutes.



Illustration by Haywood Sellers

an Love 99

RELL BULLOCK

And the girl, the three-year-old in the first pew, with her pencil legs raised up on the seat to the breaking point and the way she kept marking the hymnal with the pen her mother had given her.

"... and do come out to see us sometime, Dr. Jenner."

On down the street, past the clothing stores, the dime stores and hardware, the warm watery flood of spring flowing through the town and weaving into the nostrils and lifeblood of the street scene. And through it all goes Jenner, walking slowly, without haste, breathing it all in, seeing everything and hearing the church bells above and through it all.

On the corner, Mason's Drug Store, its windows dirty and streaked with the glare of the sun which hovers over the twelve-story Liberty Building across the street. Two Negroes lounge outside the closed screened doors; they are eating ice cream and Jenner speaks to them as he enters the store.

Biff Mason stands behind the counter in a white shirt with a dirty apron tied around his spring trousers. A

kid stands in front of the magazine rack, his freckled face buried in a comic book. The rear booth is occupied by a young woman, maybe twenty, who sits quietly smoking a cigarette, the crumbled form of a paper cup on the table at her elbow.

"Hi, preacher," Biff says. He moves to wait on his customer.

"Grape," Jenner orders. "Beautiful day."

"Sure is, preacher."

The grape is too strong and cold; the ice chips sliver down his throat and melt their way into his stomach, wet and greasy-feeling. Somewhere people starving and freezing and without the warmth of this spring morning and "it really makes a man stop and think about it doesn't it?"

"What, preacher? Oh yes; sure does." And Biff is gone to the rear booth carrying a drink to the redheaded girl sitting there.

Church bells above the noise of the crowd, above the roar of people living, and the stench of people dying. The quiet of the church on Sunday and the soft carpet underfoot and the child in the front pew with her legs up and the choir behind him with old Mr. Craven off key again. He thinks about it and the too-strong grape and cold ice make him grimace and think about it more.

"You live around here, mister?" A feminine voice at his side and slender feminine shoulders lightly touching his shoulders and the church bells are silent.

The red hair, the girl at the rear booth next to him and he stands at the counter looking at her and the breath of spring and a trace of the past seem to flow back to him.

"I was born here in this town, Miss, and. . ."

"Johnson."

"What?"

"Johnson. Miss Johnson. But you can call me Linda. All the boys do."

"Oh, yes. I'm Dr. Jenner. Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Sure. You married, Doc? You don't look like a man tied to skirts to me."

"Well, no, as a matter of fact. . ."

A smile and those feminine shoulders on his again and Jenner thinks about the girl he used to call his own, long ago, back in high school, before he had decided to enter the Lord's service. That spring day that she had told him on the sidewalk in front of the school that she was going to be married when school was out, and then the boy from New York with that pointed nose and thick black hair had come up and he and the girl had left him standing there to stare dejectedly after them. And the spring had closed in on him as he watched them go down the street. The church; she married that boy and then went into the local church as the Youth Director and there she had remained until this very day when the memory of it all rushed back to him. . .

"What kind of work do you do, Linda?"

"Most any kind. I haven't been in town too long and

"Sacred and Profane Love" • Durell Bullock

I'm sort of looking around until I find something I like. You know what I mean?"

"How about something in the church?"

Laughter; with her head thrown back and the red hair falling about her neck and shoulders and her long arm outstretched toward the counter, putting her drink down so it would not splash out onto the floor. Laughter, in the place of the church bells and the brown smelling flowers from fiftyish Mrs. Couller. Freshness in the early spring morning and the thought of lost days.

"I like your sense of humor, Doc. You catch on quick, don't you? I know you're the right kind when you walked in a little while ago."

And Jenner, feeling the breath of her laughter on his face, feeling the past roving in his mind like a cartwheel, feeling the youth of spring flowing into the town and feeling the roar of another spring when a girl had left him for the promise of the church, stands in the whirlpool of laughter and tries to smile and not to smile.

"But what's wrong with that? We have an excellent class in our church, and the feeling of spirit on Sunday morning is . . ."

"Oh, stop it, Doc," and the laughter slowly subsides. "I wouldn't know how to act, sitting there with all those nice people, trying to understand the preacher. And as for working there, well, it just isn't in my line."

"But what kind of work do you do when you are employed?"

"Well, you might call me an entertainer of sorts, but . . ."

The last of his grape drink slid down his throat as the girl talked, but the sourness of the flavor seemed to cloud her words. Entertainer . . . the girl with the Yankee boy said goodbye; she left him in the sunlight and walked off to get married and work with religion; and somehow this girl with her red hair and the sound and smell of spring coming out of the blue sky make Jenner remember it all. There had been no one since then, not too much interest, but it was spring again and this girl, laughing, gay, young like the spring which has revived his memory of high school days, stands next to him like the invitation to another life; a life he had not known since high school and that spring day goodbye.

"Are you married, Linda?"

"Not me. Don't think I could stay still that long with one man."

"I'm supposed to be married. At least, I was once."

"Tell me about it."

"You remind me of her. Not the way you look or the way you act, but somehow, you make me remember her. Just talking to you and it being spring and all, I guess. But there's something about you . . . Biff, another drink for my friend. Biff."

"I don't think I want anything else, Doc. But you

could walk me home if you want to. Maybe we could talk for awhile."

And Biff standing behind the bar, staring at him a little bewildered and unbelieving, like something was wrong.

Yes, yes, walk her home and "Biff, is something wrong?"

"Uh, no; no, of course not, preacher."

Sunlight on the sidewalk and red hair of the girl glistening like the luster of rubies and clear like the peal of the bells. They walk along the spring street through the sea of noise and the sand of time, which seem to flow endlessly before them. Arm of the girl suddenly around his and the walk until the hotel is in front of them, on the corner.

"Here," she says. "I'm on the fourth floor; just got in last night, you know."

"How long will you be here?" Jenner asks.

"Not too long; moving the latter part of the week."

God's earth made to live on and travel through, even unto the ends of the earth; the bells ringing again through the spring calmness.

The lobby, quiet, with the important-looking Negroes feeling important in their somewhat faded uniforms which fit too tight. Chairs filled with the business-men-behind-newspapers with the cigar stubs crushed in the ash trays at their elbows.

" . . . so you can come on up with me. . . ."

"But, Linda, I don't think . . . I mean, there's no use in my. . . ."

A new life and this girl still reminding him of high

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



—Sellers
"I wish I could combine their qualities. Donnie is gay, Bill is handsome and witty, Richard is rich and debonair, and Gilbert—the little shrimp—wants to marry me."

A Transmutation

of

The Immortal Shakespeare's

Venus and Adonis

by Boregarde Smith

Adonis the hunter ahunting hath gone
Ariding on Shortcake, his strawberry roan.
A handsome young man from his head to his tooth . . .
The idol of women wherever he goeth.

In these same woods wherein rideth Adonis
Venus, the goddess, arriveth anoneth.
In a tree doth she lighteth, this goddess so fair,
To idle the while, while affixing her hair.

Adonis now rideth right 'neath her limb,
And Venus looked down and espyethéd him.
"By Zeus!" she stateth, "By Minerva's spleen!
Yon's the best looking man I have ever seen!"

Wasting no words, the goddess descends
And grabbeth Adonis, the god among men.
"Wait, fair Adonis!" says Venus who smileth,
"Get off of your horse and talketh a whileth."

"Nay, I cannot," sayeth Adonis to she,
"Lest thou should try to make loveth to me.
For I am a hunter and my heart is pure . . .
I don't trusteth women . . . and that is for sure!"

"Don't be so bashful, my handsome young lad,
Thy modesty beginneth to maketh me mad."
And with this the fair Venus, who taketh his hands,
Pulleth him off . . . and beside her he lands.

"Now cometh," she sayeth, "and don't wasteth time.
Dost thou not seeth 'tis for thee that I pine?"
"Yea, truly," he sayeth, "Forsooth! I do seeth . . .
And believe me, with me, Love, it doesn't agreeth."

"For I am a hunter and fain would be gone,
For 'tis well nigh time to getteth on home.
My mother awaiteth her hunter so bold,
And supper for certain is gettingeth cold."

With this up he leapeth and runs toward his horse,
But Venus outwitteth Adonis, of course.
She causeth a mare to appeareth nearby,
And causeth poor Shortcake the mare to espy.

So doing this, Shortcake's stout heart gives a heave,
And from fair Adonis he taketh his leave.
He archeth his back and bristles his hair,
Stompeth his hoofs, and pursueth the mare.

"Damneth thee Venus!" Adonis doth curse,
"Thou could'st have done naught that would be any
worse
Than to conspire a foul treach'ry . . . and put it in
force . . .
Which separateth a man from his strawberry horse.

"I hate thee, foul Venus! Ah, yea! hateth thee!
Who hast driven my trusty brave Shortcake from me.
For truth, wicked goddess, against me thou sin,
And, by Zeus! I fain would'st not see thee again."

"Ah, me!" cryeth Venus, and with this she swooneth,
Which maketh Adonis to feel like a gooneth.
He gazeth on her, so helpless and pale,
And compassion within, his fair breath doth exhale.

"Alas! oh, Alas! now what have I doneth,
Which hath felléd fair Venus like a stroke from the
suneth."

He taketh her hand and he rubbeth it raw,
Caresseth her hair and slappeth her jaw.

"Ariseth, fair Venus!" He cries in alarm,
I did'st not intendeth to do thee this harm.
I do but awaiteth to hear your sweet bidding . . .
Ariseth, fair Venus! for I was just kidding."

To all his entreating, she doth not retort,
So Adonis resorteth to one last resort.
"Perhaps, if I kiss her," Adonis deviseth,
"I will be what is needed to make her ariseth."

Adonis his lips, then, doth press upon hers,
And Venus, reviving, commenceth to purr.
"Ah!!" sigheth Venus, "Kiss oneth my sweet,
Forsooth! I had rather to smoocheth than cat."

So Adonis doth gritteth his teeth and concur,
And for hours he yieldeth his kisses to her.
Finally, however, the dawn breaketh through,
And Adonis decideth to bid her adieu.

"Nay! ceaseth, fair Venus, anon and no more!
'Tis time that I leaveth to hunteth the boar.
My friends do awaiteth, my horse hath returned,
And further delay I needs now must spurn."

"The boar!" cryeth Venus, "Ah! By Cupid's bow!
Adonis, I pray thee, please say thou won't go.
The boar is a creature who's meaneth as hell,
And I fear should you hunt him, then, things won't go
well."

With tears flowing sweetly she pleadeth and wail,
But all she entreateth is to no avail.
"Fie!" scoffeth Adonis, "Fair Venus, I'll vow;
Dost thou not perceiveth, I'm a big boy now!"

"Yea, truly, Adonis, my love, you are strong,
But something, I feeleth, this day will go wrong.
The Titans hath taught us ('tis well known to all)
That the bigger they cometh, the harder they fall."

Adonis, he laugheth, and patteth her cheek.
"I must be away, Love . . . I'll see thee next week."
He jumps on his charger and rideth away . . .
(Adonis the hunter will rueth this day.)

Venus doth cryeth and feeleth forlorn,
And sayeth, "Adonis's love is forsworn."
She waiteth and throweth her arms in the air,
And ranteth and raveth and teareth her hair.

Some hours elapseth while Venus doth weep . . .
When the barking of hounds made her heart give a leap!
"The hunt hath beguneth!" wails Venus, "By Zeus!
My lover, Adonis hath cookethed his goose."

Full quickly she runneth, her heart beating sore,
To the place where Adonis is hunting the boar.
She sees not the hunter, but espyeth a hound,
"Tis wounded!" she screameth; her ears start to pound.

She sees that the bushes are covered with blood,
And the tears from her eyes rusheth down in a flood.
"Alas! oh, alas! I do fear 'tis my fate
That I should arriveth a moment too late."

Her eyes, then, do wander to the foot of a tree,
And her heart ceaseth beating at what she doth see.
For there is Adonis and 'tis easy to tell
That her fool-hearty hunter is wounded full well.

"Zounds!" she exclaimeth and runneth to him,
"My fair-haired Adonis is torn limb from limb.
Adonis!" she moaneth, and falls to her knee,
"Adonis! Love, cometh, Love, speaketh to me!"

But Adonis can't speaketh, as need not be said,
For the fearless young hunter is now fully dead.
Though a goddess doth love him, alas and alack!
All of her grieving will ne'er bring him back.

But the love of a goddess doth surely have power,
And for this, fair Adonis turns into a flower.

So gently she plucketh the bud from its stem,
And with sorrow her heart filleth up to the brim.
She presseth the flower right close to her breast,
So that next to her heart he will ever be pressed.

And with this tragic note our sad story doth end.
So we draweth three morals and sayeth, "Amen!"
That life is most bitter, and fortune unkind,
And a good man, these days, is sure hard to find.



—L. C. Carlton

You Never Can Tell

by Raleigh A. Holt

It was a long morning. Everyone, except Frances, had had their little joke, and when noon finally came Al Jackson sneaked out of the office alone. He was not hungry, but he had to go through the motions. He had just climbed onto his customary stool when he became aware of a girl at his elbow. He looked; it was Frances! She looked at him with sweet and understanding eyes and said, "I hate that Bill Power. He was mean to do that to you!"

Frances Bartell was small with pretty blue eyes and golden hair. But had she been a hungry lioness the effect on Al could not have been more devastating. Al nearly fell off his stool. After a moment, he said, "It's just an affair! You know," and he stuck his neck out of his collar as if he were choking, "easy come, easy go!"

She looked at him in dismay. "Oh," she said. "I thought. . ."

Right then, Al should have taken her hands in his and looked her dead in the eyes and said, "Frances, that

was a lie. There is no affair; there is no other girl. You are the first, and last; and I have been nuts about you ever since I laid eyes on you. I didn't mean it this morning when Bill started kidding me about taking you out, and I said I was already engaged. I was scared stiff."

He made the mistake of saying none of these things. Instead, his brain went blank, and he said belligerently, "You thought what!"

Frances, with a strangely distraught look on her face, did not answer. She half turned as if to go. Al, sick at the thought of losing her like this, croaked desperately, "Listen, why don't you come on and eat?"

She hesitated for just an instant. Then she smiled with unaccountable radiance and climbed up onto the stool beside him.

Forty-five minutes later he was amazed to find that he had eaten two dollars' worth of food, and the lie had grown like a monster. With an awful sense of helplessness he found himself telling Frances that his fiancée's

name was Francine, that she was rather small with violet-blue eyes and hair like honey. He did not find it difficult, although he was not aware of the fact that the girl he described was sitting next to him, drinking it all in. Then, when he came to Francine's apartment, he really let himself go! He told Frances all about it, and, to round out the picture, he even went into the matter of Francine's preference in literature. The lady, it seemed, was an avid reader of Mark Twain.

"Who?" Frances had asked, looking as if she did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Mark Twain," Al said, understandably naming his favorite author. "River boats on the Mississippi, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer. . ."

When Al got up to pay the check, he felt like a million dollars. He took her arm, and they started back toward the office.

"I enjoyed that," Frances said, glancing up at him. "Thank you for a nice luncheon, Mr. Jackson." Al flushed with pleasure. "Aw," he said, "you can call me Al, Frances."

He felt her hand tighten a little on his fingers, but what she said caused his blood to congeal.

"It's funny," she said, "that her name is so much like mine."

Al thought abruptly, "My Lord, I'm sunk." "Listen," he started and stopped.

He knew in an instant that it was not in him to confess the truth. Why, what would a girl like Frances think of a goof who got so flustered by a little kidding that he would pull a kid trick like that? He plodded miserably ahead, and Frances did not ask him what he started to say. In deep silence, they returned to the office. At the office Frances went to work at her desk, and Al decided to go see how Mrs. Anderson, whom he had just rented a house, was getting along.

As it happened, he did not see Mrs. Anderson. She did not happen to come by the park bench where he spent the next four hours. He went home and spent a restless night.

The next morning Frances greeted him with a bright smile, but in his confused state he thought he saw in her eyes a glint of derision. Was she, too, aware of his deception, as well as Bill Power? Shaken up by his thoughts, he left the office about 9:30.

The following morning, still unable to face the gleam in Frances' eyes, he was relieved to find he had developed a slight cold, which kept him away from the office for about three or four days. At midnight on the day before his return, the solution came to him. It was so simple. Why, all he had to do would be to go to Frances and tell her that Francine had proved too light a number for him, and he had given her the air!

The morning dawned gray and cold, but to Al it was the promised land of happiness. He rushed to his office and went straight to Frances' desk.

"Listen," he said huskily, "I want to talk to you about something I've been wanting to tell you. Look, let's have lunch together."

Frances looked puzzled. "Oh," she said, glancing toward Bill. "I . . . I'm going to be busy. I'm sorry. How do you feel?"

"Terrible." Al groaned, and he meant it. He had not missed that appealing look in Bill's direction. It told him many things, dire things. He whirled around and headed toward Bill's desk where he was brushing his finger nails.

"Listen, you . . ." he began. "What do you mean. . .?"

"Now, you listen," Bill interrupted. "What do you mean sneaking around to my clients behind my back? You've got me a cancellation with Old Blinderhorse on 56th street, and she asked Brown to transfer her over to our new dump in 47th, and 47th is your territory. Pretty cute, aren't you?"

Al was horrified, "Honest, fella," he said sincerely, "you've got me all wrong, I . . ."

But Bill was not to be mollified. "And the new tenant in Old Blinderhorse's apartment," he said, "is yours. I told Brown that the dump was off my list. . . There's a complaint already. You've got to go up there at seven tonight and soothe the dame."

"Honest, Bill, I never intended. . ."

"You be up there at seven," Bill said shortly.

It was a very rough night. The wind was up, and the thermometer down. He was cold and miserable. He thought, "Frances would be getting ready to go out; a restaurant, warm and gay; lights, music, and Frances in something swell, sitting across the table from him, no, not him; Bill Power, damn him, while Al Jackson tramped through a blizzard to listen to some tenant's squawk."

Arriving at Old Blinderhorse's apartment, he knocked savagely on the door. The door opened. He went back on his heels! He choked a little. "You," he finally got out. "What are you doing here?" Al asked. "I live here," Frances said. "As a matter of fact, I moved in last week, while you were sick."

Al looked blankly over her shoulder, and a light began to grow in his eyes. He stood still for a moment. Then he stepped into a room that was wonderfully familiar, even to the red binding of Twain's books in the bookcase beside the fireplace.

"It's nice, isn't it, Al?" she said.

"It's swell," he said. "It's just as if I had seen it somewhere before."

She smiled. "Oh, you couldn't have," she said. "You see, I got the idea from a girl named Francine!"

Al's eyes darted sharply to hers, and they stood looking at each other for a long moment. Then he moved slowly and tenderly toward her. The silence was broken by the rattle of the elevated train outside as it rumbled off into the night.



Marjorie Thomas wrote this prize winning Short Story in "The Student's" third annual contest

AND STILL A GARDEN

Spring had come once again to Wake Forest College bringing with it the sweet fragrance of clover, the intermingled melodies of birds, the warm radiance of sunshine, and the mild languor of students. On the surface it seemed like any other spring on the campus, yet somehow everyone knew that this spring of 1861 was different. There was something more in the air than just the smells of rich earth and growing things; there was the imminence of war—faint, intangible, but none the less pungent.

For quite a few years people had known that war was inevitable. The whole country had felt the tension mount as the winter months passed by, and now that spring was here. . . .

College students, particularly, felt the strain because, should war come, they would be affected most. Katherine Dunn, sixteen-year-old resident of the town and financee of one of the seniors at the college, kept a relatively consistent record of the occurrences around the campus that spring. The following are excerpts from her personal diary.

April 2, 1861

Dear Diary,

Secession, Republicans, Lincoln, Abolitionists—that's all Papa and those three hot-headed brothers of mine could talk about at supper tonight. They're all ready to march right up to Washington and show those Yankees what's what. Doug says any Southern gentleman could lick fifty Yankees with one hand tied behind his back, and a Wake Forest man would just have to look at one and he'd run. Steve added that even students from the University wouldn't have any trouble beating a Yankee because Northerners can't even shoot straight. Yet even though they make jokes about it, whenever they mention war it frightens me. I guess I'm just so afraid that something will interfere with all the plans I've made. Only two more months until I'll be Mrs. Richard D. McRae. I've had such wonderful dreams, but now with

the threat of war hanging over us, I sometimes wonder if those bright fancies will ever materialize. Perhaps, it's just the rain that's responsible for my morbid mood. . . .

April 9, 1861

Dear Diary,

Victory at last! The Philomathesian Literary Society won the annual Society Day Contest. It was the first time they had beaten the Euzelians in three years. Dick and Clayton Stewart participated in the debate division; the query was "Resolved: The U. S. was justifiable in fighting a war with Mexico." They were on the negative and won by a four to eight vote. Our whole family went over to the college to listen to the contest; everyone in Wake Forest was there. Mama invited the Phi's to our house for a party tonight to celebrate the victory. . . . The only things the boys could talk about was their militia company. They spend one afternoon each week learning how to drill. . . . Tonight really was quite an occasion—Dick found out today that he would be able to go to medical school this fall. Planning for med school and preparing for war—the two seem rather incongruous. I keep asking myself if there's any use in making plans for the future, when the future has suddenly become an elusive and insidious phantom. . . .

April 17, 1861

Dear Diary,

It's very late—yet I know I couldn't go to sleep now even if I tried. We got word today that a group of Southerners fired on Fort Sumter about five days ago. It was all the professors could do to keep the students at the college from riding off to fight this very day, and Dick was the worst of all. I think people were almost relieved when they found that some sort of action had been taken. Humans have a strange tendency to prefer taking a definite stand one way or the other, even though it may lead to bloodshed, to keeping a peace in which we have a war of nerves and vacillate among several

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



It looks like a little toy town with houses red, yellow and blue, small white fences and flower gardens here and there; but to the citizens of the trailer park, village life in the little town is very real.

There in the college trailer park twenty-eight couples are now making temporary homes while one or both members of the family complete their education. Living in a trailer has certain disadvantages, as any one of the citizens of the park will readily admit, but the advantages are what make life worth living there.

Of course there is not much room in a trailer for large dinner parties, or antique piano collections, or, as one resident pointed out, room to have fights with your wife; but modern designers have done wonders in arranging things so that every possible space is usable. Small refrigerators, cooking apparatus, and even television sets all have their place. The talk of the town right now is a big red trailer with picture windows and a bathtub.

Number one on the pro side of the trailer story is economy. Each lot is rented for \$13.50 a semester and many students have found they live much more cheaply this way than in apartments. They do not want to build, of course, because this is only a temporary home.

Trailer life is not really bad at all according to most of the residents; in fact, they like it. There is frequent visiting back and forth, very much borrowing, and a grand spirit of co-operation when anyone needs help. Last winter for example, the wife of one of the students was ill for some time and doctor bills were high, so the park took up a generous collection to help out.

In answer to a question about children one student replied with a grin, "Why this place is just like an incubator." Besides the youngsters, three other occupants

Glenn Mosteller (top left) helps Theo McTyre with a new paint job. The young lady with the new spring flowers is Mrs. Cathy Miller. Alden Hicks (third picture) settles down for a long night of studying, while in the kitchenette, his wife, Anne, starts supper.—PHOTOS BY VAN SWEARINGEN.

FE ON WHEELS

by Shirley Mudge

add to the homey atmosphere — a boxer, a cocker spaniel, and a Chihuahua.

Life in the trailer camp, however, is not always quiet and peaceful. Not long ago a little girl was playing in her father's car, and by accident she bumped the gear shift and rolled the car into a neighboring trailer. The little house was toppled from its foundations, but no serious damage was done and everything was restored to order very shortly.

Then there are the rainy nights when the outdoor telephone rings and everyone sits cozily inside waiting for a neighbor to answer. Finally some brave soul gives in and slashes out to the telephone booth only to find "Sorry, wrong number."

Hurricane Hazel is another big event the little town remembers. Tiny trailers must have looked smaller and smaller as the storm warnings grew. Frightened residents huddled into the cinder-block wash house for protection from the storm. Perhaps because of its rather low location and protection from surrounding buildings, the park suffered almost no damages aside from a few fallen limbs.

Some years ago residents of the trailer park decided that things might run more smoothly if some organized form of government was put into practice. A constitution was drawn up based on the mayor-council system of city government. The governing council is composed of the mayor and four representatives, all elected by the

The College Trailer Park provides a very comfortable home for twenty-eight student families.



trailer park citizens, each family being allowed two votes.

Laws listed in the constitution cover such items as parking places for cars and trailers, bill collecting, use and care of the wash house, and who shall be allowed to live in the trailer court. (No unmarried people are admitted.) Mayor Calvin Miller pointed out that this is a working constitution and people have been asked to leave who did not obey the rules and regulations. The present council, in addition to the mayor, is composed of Millard Crumpler, Jackie White, Mrs. Varion Spear, and Buddy Miller.

Even residents of the trailer village have not escaped the inevitable question, "What happens to us when the college moves?" Recently rumors were abroad that the Seminary intended to do away with the trailer park immediately, but a meeting of seminary officials soon straightened that out. According to their report, no radical changes will be made in the near future. Instead they plan a gradual program of improvement, possibly involving a later change of location and ultimately a modern, up-to-date park with large lots for each trailer, ade-

quate utility services, and playgrounds for the children.

In the meantime life will go on in the trailer park with new students coming in as others graduate. But contrary to the opinion of many, these people are not living like gypsies, nor are they merely eking out a poor existence. Instead they are studying, working, playing, proving conclusively that living in small quarters can be fun as well as economical.

The Trojan War

(Continued from page six)

friends. They would tell him enough for the book when they returned.

Homer left Ithaca long ago; had to leave, as the young chicken must break from the egg or die. Once in a great while a chicken will blind itself in breaking from the egg, either because the shell of the egg is too tough or perhaps because the trapped chicken thinks itself too weak for its task and tries too frantically. And thus it was with Homer, for Ithaca blinded him before it let him go; but that is another story.

A long time after he left, Homer mailed this story to Stavrakas, the stubby, befuddled Greek who had been his friend, and who owned the Parthenon Cafe. No one in the town knew that the boy had had such thoughts or had noticed such things. It seems that the epic which Homer had planned was not written. He watched the men come home. Many of them were maimed, and he found them very different from the persons that he had expected to see. After he had watched them for a time, he burned the headlines of the Great Victories. The men were not heroes; at least not as he had always viewed heroes. At first he was disappointed, but after a long time he saw something else. The story tries to tell what he saw.

The story was written with a soft pencil on yellow paper. Stavrakas still keeps the manuscript in a little glass cabinet in the Parthenon. All the people in Troy came by to read the story when it was first received,

and the edges are a little tattered on the sheets. But now the people rarely ask to see them. They have forgotten as people do. But Stavrakas, the stubby Greek has great reverence for the story. He has grown possessive and will permit its reading only after much persuasion. Many new people have come to Ithaca since it has grown prosperous. On hearing about the tale of Homer, they usually express their doubts that such a person ever existed. But then there is always the unexplained manuscript.

II. Wings

When George Phillips came back to Ithaca, it was summer and the leaves were pale green on the trees and the air was as soft and warm as a caress. George Phillips was the brother of Homer's best friend. When George had gone to the Great War, he was nineteen; when he came back, he was twenty-two, but his hair was snow white, and he was old.

Homer watched Phillips very closely and plied him with questions. The veteran, a tall, thin man with tiny ears, would talk a bit about the scenery of the towns that he had seen and related a few funny instances that happened in the course of Army life; beyond that, nothing.

Phillips did not seem to like to be inside the house. The Phillipses had a long airy front porch and it was there that the returned soldier spent most of his time. The father, a giant, red-faced carpenter, fixed his son a rest for his foot on the front porch so that he could sit comfortably; one of the son's heels had been frozen somewhere in his duty and the heel turned black if he wore shoes. Later in the summer, in the back of the house the father sank two posts and strung a hammock in the shade of an elm.

From George's younger brother. Homer learned that Phillips was unable to sleep except in the hammock in the daytime: in the cool summer nights, the soldier sat in the

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My Roommate, Sir . . .

Professor,
My roommate regrets he's unable to write today.
The reason he gave you couldn't expect me to say.
It was clothed in foul prat,
So we'll leave it at that:
My roommate regrets he's unable to write today.

Now don't get him wrong; why, he studied all night,
And early on into the day;
But it was *yesterday's* head
That laid him in bed . . .
My roommate regrets he's unable to write today.

He thinks your quizzes adorable, if your grader deplorable.
What more could he possibly say?
Though he shook while he wrote,
He scribbled this note:
"Bill Smith regrets he's unable to write today."

He knows that you'll deal with him later, kind sir;
He's aware of how dearly he'll pay;
I begged and I pled
To rouse him from bed . . . but
My roommate regrets he's unable to write today.

And now if you'll give us our little blue books,
We'll proceed without further delay,
We're resigned to our lot,
But there's one who is not . . .
My roommate regrets he's unable to write today.

Ogdom Nasthe

chair on the front porch, a blanket around his back, smoking through the long night. Homer knew this to be so because often when he got up early in the morning, the soldier would be still sitting there, often nearly asleep in the half-light that was thrown over Ithaca: sometimes not asleep, but smiling vaguely.

The soldier always pretended. "You're up early," he would say to the boy.

"You always beat me up though," Homer would say, curiously embarrassed at having to lie, and avoiding the man's eyes.

The soldier slept all day in the hammock which had been strung between the two posts in the back

yard of the Phillips' house. There were shade trees which threw shadows across the hammock so that the sun never touched it. The mother of the soldier woke him only for dinner, which the Phillipses ate on the back porch. Homer came upon them often as they were eating, as he came into the yard in search of the soldier's brother. The scene struck him as being beautiful in some way. The tall, yellow orange glasses of tea, the brown crisp tops of the biscuits, steaming corn, and over all hung a summer lethargy. The mother, tiny with gray hair; the father, huge and red-faced; the soldier, dressed in khaki pants and a white T-shirt, sleep crinkles still

in the side of his face where he had pressed against the hammock pillow, dreamily staring, eating silently, all silent.

After dinner, George Phillips slept again, gratefully. In the late afternoons, Phillips' mother sat beside him as he slept, she was always busy sewing, shelling beans.

One afternoon, Homer and the young Phillips boy were playing in the Phillips house. The boy's rear window looked out on the sleeping soldier. It was summer and the window was open.

Homer heard old Mr. Phillips' car enter the driveway and stop. He went to the window and looked down. The old man, stooped a little, burly like an old prize fighter, walked heavily into the yard. The mother sat in her place by the son.

"You're home early," she said softly. There was no displeasure in her voice.

"Too hot to work." The old man took a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. He looked at his wife.

"Pretty good day?"

"Not yet today," she said. "He looks like a boy, sleeping, doesn't he? Why . . ."

She stopped and the knitting fell from her nerveless hands. She stared at the sleeping figure in the hammock. Homer craned his head to see.

The face of the soldier became convulsed; he opened his mouth and seemed to shut his eyes tightly.

"Wake him . . . quickly!" the mother said. The carpenter moved toward the boy, but before he could reach him, the soldier drew himself into a ball, then screamed.

"GET ME OUT!"

He kicked his legs and arms wide as though he were trying to break a circle. One of his feet kicked into the old man's chest as he started toward the hammock. The father half-fell on the grass. The soldier lay in the hammock, eyes staring,

unseeing. The old man took him by the shoulders, shook him gently.

"Son, it's home. You're home."
"Oh . . . what?" He lay back and closed his eyes.

The mother picked up the knitting now and began the stitches again; the carpenter sat back down in the grass, put an arm on the arm rest of his wife's chair. She patted his arm. She spoke to the soldier.

"George, I've baked sweet potatoes tonight. You like those, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, not opening his eyes.

Then to her husband she said, "Do you know what today is? I'll bet you don't. It's July 21, the longest day in the year."

And Homer stood by the window and watched the silent three as the shadows darkened the land.

One Sunday the young Phillips and Homer and two of their friends were playing. One of the boys had a lump in his pocket.

"What's that?" asked Homer.

"Blockbuster."

The boy took out the round ball. It was a firecracker with sewing thread wrapped around it tightly, so that the powder was tightly compressed inside.

"C'mon," the boy said. "You wanta have some fun?"

The four of them sneaked to the window of the Phillips' and looked in. The veteran and his parents were listening to a symphony. The soldier was lying on a couch, with his eyes closed.

Homer said, "Maybe we better not."

"Ahhh" the boy with the match said softly and struck the flame. He threw the sizzling ball directly beneath the window. All four then crowded to the window which was over the couch and peered intently at the dozing soldier. Homer had not known the explosion would be so loud; it seemed to rock the house.

The soldier jerked up on the couch and as he came up, Homer looked full into his eyes. He had never seen eyes like that before; for what seemed like an eternity the soldier's face was not four inches away and the eyes and Homer's looked into each other, the soldier's unseeing. Meanwhile the old carpenter had rushed to the front door. Bearlike, he stood beside them now, his face terrible. He spoke to his youngest son jerkily.

"Get in this house. Now. The rest of you better get off my house — my porch — now," he said rapidly,

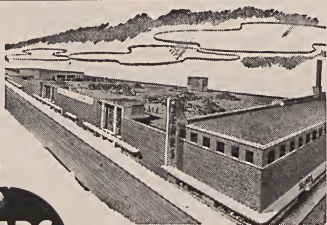
the face more frightening in anger because it was usually so gentle. Homer looked at the man dumbly. The eyes of the soldier were still before him in his mind. The other two boys, cowed, were half running down the yard.

"I . . ." Homer started.

"Just get off . . . get off." The old man started towards him. Homer ran, crying, the tears wet and cold against his cheeks in the October gloom that was settling over the town. And after that he never asked George Phillips any more questions about the War or the Great Victories.

About a year after the Sunday, George Phillips built a poolroom in Ithaca. His father helped him plan it, got the best lumber for him, and spent hours with his son, as though the boy were building a home. On the day when the poolroom opened, there was free beer. Homer went. There were long, green, baize covered tables. The walnut sides had been polished painstakingly; the gleaming cue sticks were stacked in rows down the side of the building. Many farmers came in from the surrounding country, great red-necked fellows with hairy, massive hands. They were the friends of George's father, the carpenter. On opening day they stood in groups; they played the free games, shooting awkwardly, stick laid over thumb and forefinger pressed together. Homer was to be George Phillips' rack boy; after today he would have to be sure all the games were paid for.

George and his father were talking with a coarse-faced little farmer at the front of the roomful of men. Homer had never seen the carpenter so happy. The old man spoke with containedness, as though he were afraid he would lose something, chose his words carefully, beamed at his son. Homer heard the little farmer begin to tell about a two-headed calf that had been born on his farm. He spoke with obvious relish, with much description, with the interest that those close to the soil have in freaks. The old carpen-



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ter listened politely, face bland, but Homer watched the soldier turn away in disgust. He took a cloth and began to rub one of the table rims with polish.

And thus it was that George Phillips began his life again in the town of Ithaca. In the poolroom, he sold the farm boys beer, and was impassive and silent as he watched them play for hours at the never-ending game. In hot weather he sometimes went barefooted; the heel of the frozen foot was white and dead. He could stamp out cigarettes with it. Homer worked in the late afternoons while Phillips ate supper and also on Saturday night which was the busiest time; then it took both Homer and the soldier to keep the balls racked.

About six months after the poolroom was opened, Homer was sitting in one of the high watching-chairs which are always lined up on the ends of the tables. It was a Saturday; the rain had fallen all day and still came down. Many farm boys had come into town; the rain prevented them from working and they came early. By late afternoon the building was packed. George was very busy at the Keno tables at the rear, since the game was played very fast.

A little before eight o'clock, a tall, cavernous-faced man came into the stuffy room. He was wearing a battered leather flight jacket which had turned white in spots. The fur on the collar of the coat was worn, and tufts of it were gone. The face

was that which Homer noticed more closely. There was something missing from the expression; he thought it had an odd blankness about it. The stranger sidled toward a group of farmers standing near the cold boxes where the beer was kept. The man, grinning ingratiatingly, reached in his pocket and drew forth something silver and shining and began to flip it in his hand. The glint caught Homer's attention; he looked closely, then recognized the object. The man had one of the silver wings which the Air Force gave to pilots in the War. Homer drew nearer, and looked toward the back. George Phillips was intent on the Keno game. The group of farmers became silent as the fellow drew near. He smiled, an idiot's smile.

"Beer," he said softly.

The farm boy whom George Phillips hired to work on Saturday reached into the cold case and got a can. He set it on the counter without opening it.

"Well?" he said.

The man reached for the can.

"No," the cashier said, "the money." The cashier put his hand around the beer. The man in the worn coat looked hurt; then he turned to the group of hands who were watching him intently. He smiled again and Homer turned his head. Something about that smile twisted the boy within.

The man opened the pin on the back of the wings. The pin looked long and sharp as he held it up so that the light could glint on it.

"Stick in my leg." He addressed no one in particular. "Bet a beer, stick in my leg." The voice sounded odd, as though it came from an empty cavern.

"Ahhh . . . he won't. Sssh."

The stranger watched them, his eyes gleaming. Finally one of the farmers said, "O.K., I'll bet."

"Bet beer."

"Yep, bet beer."

The man took the pin, placed the point against his thigh and drove his fist against the flat surface of the wings. And this is what George Phillips saw as he came to the front of his poolroom to investigate the crowd which had formed. In a glance he took in the whole meaning: the grimacing, half-crazed veteran, the pin dangling from the leg, and the staring farmers. Phillips' face turned livid.

"Bastards!" George Phillips screamed, "Bastards!" He grabbed a cue stick from the wall by the small end and began to swing about him with the butt. "Get out, get out."

They fled before him, choking the door and Homer ran with them. Outside the boy stopped and looked back through the window. Phillips was cutting the lights out on all the tables. In a few minutes the rest of the men who had been shooting came out, protesting, cursing. Phillips and the veteran were alone. The crazed man had the can in his hand, but it still had not been opened. He had drawn the pin out and laid it on the counter. He smiled

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at George, and looked suggestively at the can. George took it and opened it for him. The gaunt man drank it with his head tilted back, the way a small boy might drink a chocolate milk. Phillips picked up the wings, and stared at the dark blood on the pin. Then he laid his head on his arms, one of the arms curiously outstretched, holding the pin. The man with the beer smiled again, and tilted the can over his mouth.

III. Time

By the time of the August when the foreign girl came to Ithaca, George Phillips had gone a long way down. After the incident about the old pilot and the wings, all the young farmers refused to come to the poolroom and business fell, then dwindled to almost nothing. Phillips began to drink to pass the long afternoons; Homer stayed with the man although he was not paid some weeks, stayed with him and watched him grow tired and more and more bitter. When the girl got off the train in Ithaca one morning in the summer of the third year after George returned to Ithaca, she had much difficulty in making the station master understand her. Finally she made him understand what she wanted. He directed her to the poolroom. George was cleaning up in the building and Homer was helping. Except for the two, the building was empty. The two saw the silhouette of the skirt when the girl came in the door; no women ever came to

the poolroom. Phillips stared out from the half-darkness of the interior, started to speak, then stared more intently and walked toward the front. Then he saw her, standing very quietly against the door, eyes fixed on him.

"I've come to you," she said simply. Still he did not speak. He took her hands, then he took her in his arms, holding his face hard against hers; her soft hair brushed over his eyes.

"You," he said softly. "You."

Homer could see that she was a tall girl, with a broad, German face. She was not really beautiful, but she had calm gray eyes that made one's glance go back to her face. Her hands were around the back of Phillips; one of them was beautiful with long shapely fingers, the other was broken, the skin scarred and the fingers broken, pulled out of shape, the little finger almost wholly gone. Homer thought they would never move; Phillips stood there, his cheek hard against hers. Finally he turned, gave Homer five dollars and told him that they would not be open for a time, how long he did not know. So the boy left, looked back as he crossed the square and saw them still standing in that same embrace.

The poolroom was closed for a long time. Homer saw the two walking often in the town. The girl stayed at the Phillips' house; no one in the town knew who she was for a long time. In September the two were married in the frame

church where George had gone as a boy. The Phillips family had fallen in love with the girl too; on the wedding day the old carpenter gave the bride to his son, his weathered old red face beaming above the white shirt. After their marriage they lived in a little house that George and his father had built on a small farm a little way out of Ithaca. The land on the farm was fertile; black loam six inches deep, but for a long time, George did not plant anything. The two came in on Sundays to the little church where they were married; Homer was always conscious of the aura of strangeness about the German girl, the mystery of those mutilated and beautiful hands holding the worn hymn book to a strange god. George re-opened the poolroom after a few months and Homer went back to work; finally in the year that was always remembered in Ithaca as the year of the great winds, Phillips left the pool hall and began to farm the land around his house; he found a buyer for the hall and sold out. The winds came from the north, sweeping everything before their force, pulling and tearing at the earth, ripping away anything not securely moored, or any upright object which refused to bend before their blast. The citizens of Ithaca had erected a large wooden billboard sign in memory of all those who had served in the Great War. All the names were there; the dead were marked with stars. In the second week in which the winds blew, the sign buckled and fell in shambles. When they left the poolroom the day the sign fell, Homer watched the veteran stop at the sign, then get out of the pick-up, and walk over to the place where the wreckage lay.

It was very cold and the names were scattered across the dirt. Phillips picked up one of the wooden pieces. The name on the wood was the name of a man whom he had known as a boy; there was a star. He laid the piece of wood back on the ground and started to leave; he looked back at the wooden piece lying on the cold earth. He sat in the

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THE STUDENT OFFERS A CHANCE FOR FAME AND GRAFT TO EVERY WAKE FOREST SCHOLAR

This seventy-three year old publication, steeped in tradition, opens its doors this month to new talent. To assure yourself of a part in the new look planned for The 1955-56 Student come around to the office on Pub Row now, while the staff for this fall is being organized. If you aren't a Hemingway or a Rembrandt there are hundreds of other important but unprintable positions open. For those who can't find our hole-in-the-wall a card addressed to Box 32 will bring us looking for yours.

truck for a minute, then he got back out, picked up the fragment and put it behind the seat of the pick-up. The next day the citizens of Ithaca decided not to raise the money to erect a new sign. "The War has been over a long time," the man who brought the news to the pool-room said.

Homer watched the same wild rage come into Phillips' face that had come the night the farmers had let the old pilot torture himself, but in the days that followed something happened to Phillips that Homer did not understand; an old calmness came over the man. It was a short time after this that he sold the pool-room. The boy did not understand the change until a long time after, but he tried to find out. And gradually the pieces of the story fell together until he could be almost sure he understood, almost sure; for what human being really understands another?

Phillips had been a gunner in the belly turret of a bomber. The long raids over the burning land were a nightmare to him; he had to crouch constantly and he felt like an animal in a trap. On a raid one day the enemy fighters had blown out the bottom of his turret and he had slipped through, holding himself to the plane only by a death grip on a sharp shard of steel which cut into his hands, holding himself there until the rest of the crew could drag him back into the plane. But it was too late, for suspended in the mad-

ness of the whining machines, he had lost his mind.

He had met the girl in the ruined town where they took him to convalesce; she was a native of the enemy country, but she worked in the hospital where he was kept. He first noticed out of the blankness her hands; she had been tortured. With increasing awareness he fell in love with her but would not bring her back home, afraid now of what his mind had become and of the long blank spells that he had. But then she had come to him.

The night after he had heard that the sign was not to be replaced, he sat silently at supper, gazing out across his fallow land. Finally he said: "The memorial blew down yesterday."

"Oh — the sign — so — well," she said, moving toward the stove. "It was a hard wind."

"They decided not to put it back up." She was still silent and he threw the paper angrily at the floor. That night, for the first time in a long while, he had trouble sleeping. His wife lay beside him breathing gently, soft hair spread out on the pillow. He lay there and watched the cold moon through the half-misted glass of the window. How old the earth is, he thought, how little the War mattered, two groups of intelligent animals killing each other. All those I had to kill beneath those bombs, all for nothing, all to be forgotten, I hate these stupid people — our side, their side, these stupid . . . Finally he slept fitfully,

but woke again just before sunrise. He got up and put on his shoes and an overcoat, moving quietly so as not to wake her. He went downstairs and out into the little field beside his yard. It was covered with yellow broomsage; he scuffed along aimlessly.

"George!"

He turned and saw her standing in the doorway. She raised the hurt hand to fasten her collar and the pain ran through him as it always did when he saw it. She ran after him and caught his arm, and they walked along together.

"Where are we going?" she said, wistfully.

"I don't know."

"Not only in this walk, I mean."

"Why?"

"What is worrying you?"

"Ah—they're forgetting. They've forgotten already like it was nothing. Here, let me show you."

They walked back towards the truck, and he took the piece of wood from the seat and gave it to her. She looked at it in the gray morning light.

"He was your friend?"

"Yes."

She was silent. Then she said: "In my country there is a saying. Sometimes I also think it is cruel. Time and grass cover all things. But it is the way the world has always been."

"But to forget . . . to stupidly . . . oh, hell. All these bastards who set here so safe. They shouldn't be allowed to forget . . ."

"Sometimes you are like a child," she said. "Who is your 'they'? My father says war is a blind giant mower unleashed on the world. And it cuts men down — not only the ones who die, but in other ways. Sometimes in the grass when one mows there are higher places — why, who knows? — and when the mower goes there he cuts the roots too. But most of the grass comes back because it has to, it has to. No, they will not put the sign back and they will forget. You must too. There is no one to hate."

There is no one to hate, he

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"My type? Oh, hot and sultry, I guess."

thought, because really we are all in it. He stood there looking at her.

"I have thought many times," she said, "that because we do not do anything with our land, because it is barren as . . . but I have talked too much . . . I love you." She took his hand.

"No, don't be afraid to say it. You're right. I . . ." He bent down and took a handful of dirt from the ground and looked at its rich blackness. He poured it into her outstretched hand.

"Look," she said, "the sun."

And together they watched that ancient pilgrimage.

Sacred and Profane Love

(Continued from page twelve)

school and the girl who never invited him anywhere, but simply said good-bye when her opportunity presented itself.

The key in the lock turns slowly and the door opens into the room with the black negligee on the bed

and the brown leather suitcase on the floor. Closed windows which open and the flutter of the spring day rushes in, killing the sound of the bells.

"Won't be a minute, Doc," and she goes into the next room of the suite; she returns, kneels down to the suitcase and clicks it open.

Brown bottle and two glasses, like the smell of Mrs. Couller's flowers. And Dr. Jenner thinking about this girl with him here and thinking about the red hair and the shoulders and "do you want to mix them or do you want me to do it?" and then she disappears into the bathroom and the sound of the water running into the basin.

Baptism. Holy water and Brother So and So is immersed into the ritual above the ringing bells and the scent of Mrs. Couller's flowers; red hair and the running water and what would it be like to see her hair wet and hold her and lower her into the water and call her Sister and lift her out again?

But no; no, the sound of the bells again, far away now, "Hope you like this, Doc. Didn't make it too strong."

The feel of the cold glass and the brown liquid goes all over him and he sets it down on the dresser with her looking at him and drinking. She comes to him, standing almost in his face, her breath on him clouding the room, and the spring air.

"Something wrong, Doc?"

She sits on the bed, her leg propped up like the three-year-old in the first pew and the white flesh of God's women drowns the clear peal of church bells and scents—the tempting yellow flowers with their fresh smell; but death coming and so many things we must do before we die, the woman with the yellow flowers had said.

The flowers; the church had not cleansed them, had done them no good at all; they were made to look like that, tempting, with their smell. And after the ritual they had died and the church bells had rung despite them. Some things, made by nature to be like that. . . .

"What's wrong, Doc?"

"Nothing, my dear. Nothing."

Alone in the mid-afternoon of spring, walking along the sun-sprayed streets of Carlesdale with the thought of a red head, a hotel room and Mrs. Couller's yellow flowers. Jenner smiles and listens for the sound of the church bells. But Carlesdale is quiet with the rumble of spring and the smell of budding flowers. Oh, goodbye, my dear.

In later years, when the redhead was nothing but a pale memory, Jenner drew many moral lessons from the experience. He learned to appreciate the flowers which Mrs. Couller continued to donate in the spring and summer, and he grew very old and very wise. The girl, however, left town at the end of her week's stay in Carlesdale and her wanderings took her to other towns. She soon forgot the town and Jenner

and everything connected with them. She died very young and not very wise.

And Still a Garden

(Continued from page seventeen)

different policies. . . . Dick and the rest of the militia are planning to leave soon after graduation. That will mean a flurry of work for the next few weeks rushing up the plans for our wedding. Dick says the fighting shouldn't last over a few weeks, or a couple of months at the very most. Well, a few weeks is not too terribly long; I may as well resign myself to it.

May 4, 1861

Dear Diary,

Plans for the annual commencement exercises and all the parties that usually accompany it are well underway, but no one is very enthusiastic about it. Graduation has been moved up to the last of May because of the war. War, war—that's all I ever hear anymore. Why does something as stupid as war have to interfere with our lives? Will the time ever come when men can live together in peace and brotherhood? . . . Yet, if war must come to our land, I want to have some small part in it. There seems to be so little that a woman can do.

May 28, 1861

Dear Diary,

I think this has been one of the most memorable days of my life, not merely because of Dick's graduation, but because of what the president of the college said in his commencement address. . . . We were assembled in the auditorium; the President was speaking about what educated men owed to their country in time of war. I was struck by these words:

But may we not expect our educated young men — whose thoughts have been elevated with liberal culture, whose minds have been enlarged at the generous fountains of

The Plague

A few stand, many sit,
The political plague arrives,
And dies, and in its wake
A few stand, many sit,
Some lie.

Me too; I also ran.

—Osgood.

genius, may we not expect them to lift themselves above the prejudices of the hour, and looking forward to the time when the historian must stand with pen in hand to fill up the page of this eventful era, endeavor so as to enact their part in this great drama that their children may read its inspiring lesson and coming generations may glow as they take up the precious legacy. . . . And if after the carnage of this sad day is passed, you and I should be left on the stage of action . . . may we find awaiting us and smiling to greet us the charmed pursuits of peace. As Omar Khayam said many centuries ago:

Iram indeed is gone with
all its Rose, And Jamshyd's
Sev'n-ringed cup
where no one knows: But.

There he was interrupted by a messenger. . . . "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced gravely, "the enemy has attacked at Bethel Church thirty miles north of Wake Forest."

Dick will leave with the others in his company soon. I can't get that last quotation out of my mind. I'm sure I know the last of it, but I can't seem to remember the words.

July 16, 1861

Dear Diary,

The militia elected Professor James Foote as their commanding

officer and set out tonight to join General Lee's forces in Virginia. How brave and noble they looked as they rode off. I was so proud of them. My husband, and brothers, and the rest of the college boys whose only worries a few short months ago were found between the covers of a Greek or math book going off to war. What ironic twists life takes when time and fate conspire to shape it!

April 8, 1865

Dear Diary,

Peace! As I thumb back through the pages of this book, I suddenly realize what cataclysmic changes have occurred in my life during the past four years. . . . It is impossible to describe the shock and disbelief that I felt when the news of our surrender first reached us. Yet it's true — tired, ragged, hungry, bloody, and bowed. The day of our surrender will be one long remembered, for in the course of a few short hours an ideal crumbled and fell and a united nation arose from the ruins. . . . Thank God this hellish war is over. . . . I feel no more bitter recriminations over the South's defeat, only relief that the horror and bloodshed is finished. I've watched the cockiness of our people change to proud determination, their daring become tenacious struggles for life. Yes, I've changed a lot in the past four years. . . . Since June of last year the college building has been used as a Confederate hospital, and I've been acting as a nurse there. I've learned that war is not merely an irritating inconvenience to be impatiently tolerated for a short time, rather it's a merciless current that drags down all who venture through its waters to be engulfed in its Charybdis of death and destruction. . . . Yet somehow humanity can and does survive all that fate can deal her. For . . .

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And still a garden by the water
blooms.

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TO OUR CUSTOMERS

During the past month we have had many customers ask us if we would order one or more books for them. Each time this has happened we could not help but be surprised. It is a pleasure for us to order any book published, at any time. We are always glad to try to get books that are out of print. If you need one book or more why not let us order it for you? Our telephone number is 5681. All you need to tell us is the title, author and publisher.

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